

THE



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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Œuvres de Condorcet complétées sur les MSS. originaux : enrichies d'un grand nombre de Lettres inédites de Voltaire, de Turgot, &c. : précédées de l'Eloge de Condorcet, par M. F. Arago : publiées par A. Condorcet O'Connor, Lieutenant-Général, et M. F. Arago, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences.* 12 tomes 8vo. Paris, 1847-1849.

OF these twelve volumes the slenderest has 600 pages—the most corpulent reaches to 823. Of that first and monster tome 180 pages are given to a biographical preface by Arago; 65 pages to letters between Condorcet and Voltaire; 170 to correspondence with Turgot and others: the rest to academical discourses and other minor pieces considered as illustrating important steps in Condorcet's personal career. The second and third volumes consist of his *Eloges* on Academicians. There succeed three of '*Mélanges de Littérature et de Philosophie*;' one of them wholly occupied with the *Life* of Voltaire and *Notes* on his works—another with the historical *Essays* composed after Condorcet's proscription. The remaining six volumes are '*Economie-Politique et Politique*.' The arrangement and editorship are, we presume, wholly M. Arago's. Condorcet's daughter and her husband, the well-known General Arthur O'Connor, have supplied the inedited materials of the collection, and it is no doubt published at their expense.

Bulky as it is—more bulky in fact than the one of 1804, in twenty-one ordinary volumes—we miss here again several tracts which made noise enough in their day, and of which we possess the original editions with the author's name to them. Several others which M. Arago labels as now for the first time printed are also on our shelves as yellow tea-paper pamphlets of the revolutionary period—and it is probable that their text, as given from Condorcet's MS., may be distinguished only by wanting his final correction—but that is a point which we lack zeal to investigate. What is certainly new comprises almost all Condorcet's letters to Voltaire—perhaps half of Voltaire's to him—and the far greater part of the correspondence with Turgot. The prefatory narrative was printed a few years ago in the *Journal des Savans*

—but those quartos have, we suppose, very little circulation beyond the learned brotherhood; and M. Arago has now added an entertaining Epilogue, of which more anon. On the whole it seems very improbable that the cost of these huge octavos will ever be repaid; but the really novel and popular materials entombed in the ponderous cenotaph will soon be reproduced in a couple of handy duodecimos—at Brussels, if Paris be not on the alert. At all events there can be no doubt as to what concerns Voltaire.

For M. de Condorcet we cannot affect the enthusiasm which M. Arago proclaims. He seems to have been amiable—for his time and country exemplary—in his domestic relations; he was a man of vigorous talents and very extensive accomplishments; but why M. Arago should speak of the *nom glorieux de Condorcet* we are at a loss to comprehend. He was in no walk truly original—not in any sense of the word a genius—nor, as to mere acquisition, had he studied any one subject or science so profoundly as to merit a place among its first-rate masters. He was (to parody Johnson's phrase) a man of letters among the savants, a savant among the men of letters—the best possible Secretary and Eloge-maker for the Academy—*vix amplius*. The cleverest of the lighter pieces, viz., the 'Lettres d'un Théologien,' are such close copies of Voltaire's controversial tracts—of his peculiar style of sarcasm and insolence—that, to the Patriarch's annoyance, they passed at the moment for his own. Condorcet's Political Economy is, first and last, an elaborate expansion of Turgot—of his political writings prior to 1788 we may say the same thing. His conduct from the commencement of the revolution to the fall of the Girondists seems to us very unworthy of Arago's lofty eulogies. The history of his closing months brings out some striking features of resolution and self-command; but on the whole his public career was that of an uninteresting variety of the mischief-maker,—a sort of frigid fanatic who calmly inculcated on the multitude lessons that they were sure to carry out into atrocity, and who, though he might not have foreseen the extreme application of his own doctrines, was at least ready enough to exert all the resources of his literary skill in apologising for the practical results. When an Arago could extol such a man in the face of the Academicians of 1845 as a model of philosophic and patriotic virtue, the Guizots who listened to him might have suspected that they were yet to witness more fruits of the science of 1789.

Though M. Arago spends several pages in explaining why he gives not an *Eloge* but a *Biographie*, his bookseller's title-page speaks the truth, and his preliminary essay is in fact much more of a Panegyric than a Life. He has in truth very little feeling

feeling for anything connected with his hero except the mathematics and the politics; but of his studied contempt of mere practical information we need give no other instance than that you read the *Biographie* on till within a few pages of its close, without once finding the man designated as a Marquis—and the circumstance is then alluded to only because it was necessary to exalt the merit of Condorcet in moving a resolution of the Legislative Assembly that all patents of nobility, heraldic pedigrees, and other similar records and documents should be collected and burnt by the public executioner.

If we may put any trust in earlier and less worshipful biographers, Condorcet, down to the dawn of the revolution, was rather noted for the importance he attached to the advantages of his birth. The family name was Caritat. They were said to have been of Italian origin, but had been classed for many generations with the gentry of Dauphiny, and took their title from the little town and chateau of Condorcet. His father, however, was a younger brother and captain of horse, and from him the philosopher appears to have inherited little or no fortune.\* He was born at Ribemont, in Picardy, A.D. 1743. The Captain died early, and he was left to the guardianship of his mother, whom Arago describes as a devotee of the weakest credulity, and his father's elder brother, the Bishop of Lisieux, a prelate of considerable distinction, and notable not least for his Jesuitic connexions, tenets, and zeal. The lady, not being interfered with at first, devoted her son by some formal act to the special service of the Virgin, and, the better to guard his consecrated infancy, had him clothed like a girl. Till his twelfth year he was constantly disguised in a white frock and petticoat, and had little misses for his only playmates—a probation sufficient, in M. Arago's opinion, to account for some peculiarities both in the *physique* and the *morale* of his manhood. The abstinence from all rude, boyish sports, we are told, checked the proper muscular development of his limbs; the head and trunk were on a large scale, but the legs were so

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\* The utter laxity, under the later reigns at least of the old régime, as to the assumption of all titles below that of Duke, is so notorious that we may be contented with barely alluding to it. Whether the *Terre* of Condorcet had ever been erected formally into a *Marquisat*, we cannot say—we only know that no such Marquisate is to be found in the index to Anselme, or any other old *Nobiliaire* we have been able to examine. We are equally uninformed how, if there was a real Marquisate, the son of a younger brother came to be the *titulaire*. It is probable that the head of the family being an Ecclesiastic, may have obtained leave to resign the secular honour to his cadet. Whenever M. Arago mentions that gentleman, he calls him merely Captain Caritat—but this may be a bit of republican affectation. With our own radical newspapers the Bishops of London and Exeter are rarely more than Dr. Blomfield and Dr. Philpotts.

meagre that they seemed unfit to carry what was above them, and in fact he never could partake in any strong exercises or undergo the bodily fatigues to which healthy men willingly expose themselves. On the other hand he had imbibed the tender-heartedness of a delicate damsel—retaining to the last, for example, a deep horror for inflicting pain on the inferior animals. M. Arago quotes more than one letter in which he signifies that tyrannical man makes free with the life of sheep and bullocks merely in consequence of the want of foresight on the part of those victims;—the inference would be that he never ate beef or mutton—but of such *practice* the history affords no trace. As to insects, says M. Arago, ‘he never would kill them, *unless indeed they occasioned him particular inconvenience*’;—but this, we suspect, might be said of every man in the world except Caligula and the entomologists.

When he had reached his twelfth summer the episcopal uncle protested against the petticoats, and the gracility of his lower fabric was for the first time revealed to common eyes when he removed to the Jesuit seminary at Rheims. The mother wished him to prepare for a clerical career, but the Caritats strongly disapproved of this, and it was settled that he should follow the paternal profession of arms, of which, as the Bishop observed, many of the most illustrious ornaments, Condé, for instance, had been trained under the Company of Jesus. At this school Condorcet made rapid progress—in mathematics especially—and being transferred in 1758 to the college of Navarre at Paris, he there also carried off the highest prizes year after year, and became decidedly the most distinguished of its alumni. One of his prize-essays was read in the presence of D’Alembert, who prophesied that the youth would by and bye be an honour to the Academy. He had become so enamoured of science that he resolved to devote his life to it. No argument was of the least avail. The plan of taking orders was again urged by the mother—and the Bishop now sided with her; but the young gentleman had already adopted liberal notions on the subject of religion, and would on no account listen to them. In a letter to Turgot, of 1775, he states that his creed was settled by the age of seventeen. He appears to have left the college in 1762, and announced his resolution to depend on his own resources—from which it may be inferred that he had seriously displeased the Bishop, though they became good friends afterwards. The *Biographie Universelle* states that his earliest patron was the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and that through his influence he soon obtained ‘some pensions:’ but M. Arago, though he more than once describes the Duke as his ‘best friend,’ makes no allusion

allusion to this circumstance of 'pensions,'—which, if true, is a rather important one.

D'Alembert had never, it seems, lost sight of him, and to his encouragement and advice he now owed much: but his talents were early ripened, and in fact within the next three years he placed his reputation as a man of science as high as it ever was to be. It is no wonder that most exalted anticipations were formed, and we think it quite possible that if he had adhered steadily to his first line of study he might have left a name worthy of ranking with the Lagranges and Laplaces; but there are we believe few who now, measuring his actual attainments, place him in the first class of mathematicians: Arago evidently does not. He had the advantage of appearing at a season very favourable for the exercise of ingenuity, when the Calculus was in rapid development, and there was something for any sharp eye to discover. These eras are the Californias of science: a new source of wealth is opened which the first comers gather—and then follows a period of severer toil and slender gains until a fresh and unwrought region is again disclosed. Condorcet was an eager adventurer, but he found grains rather than lumps, and above all he did not persevere. His chief efforts were directed to extending the scope of the Calculus—to bring it to bear upon cases in which it had previously proved unmanageable. Unfortunately, however, his most ambitious *formule* are precisely those of which the value is most doubtful. He never attempted to apply them himself, and we believe they have not proved of the slightest service to the world. It may, we think, be asserted safely that science would have stood where it does if he had never lived. Skilful analyst as he was, he discovered no new principle—no great step can be ascribed to him. We observe that considerable importance is still attached by some English writers to his Essay on the application of the Calculus to judicial questions. He was not the first who worked on that ground—and if he went much more into detail than the two or three who had preceded him, he has in the sequel been very largely distanced, especially in our own time by Poisson. His treatise is very ingenious, and we may say amusing, but there is a radical flaw in all tentamina of the class—there are not, and never can be, real *data* for the application of the mathematical theory of probabilities to judicial decisions, or to any other questions in which allowance must be made for the incalculable variety in the talents, attainments, and moral qualities of men. But we do not presume to dissert on a subject as to which those who wish to pursue it can consult a scientific authority so high as M. Arago's. We merely repeat that at best he exhibited sagacity in a comparatively

paratively new application of the theory of probabilities. What immediately concerns us here is that when hardly beyond the limit of manhood, he had already established a brilliant reputation. The Academy of Sciences soon chose him for their Assistant-Secretary. Having filled up with applause a large *hiatus* in the academical *Eloges*, he not long afterwards was elected Perpetual Secretary—and in that capacity produced a very extensive series of similar panegyrics, some of which may still have a high degree of interest for a limited class of readers. The emolument of his office was not much, but the position was considered enviable—it gave him every opportunity of familiar intercourse with the lights of philosophy, and through them an easy introduction to the saloons and suppers of the influential ladies who had embraced the doctrines of the sect, and not a few of whom had condescended to form tender connexions among its Coryphæi.

Until 1770 he had continued to give his more serious hours to his mathematics; but—very unluckily as we believe for his ultimate fame—in the summer of that year his ambition received a new turn. D'Alembert had fallen into a condition of nervous irritability which afflicted all his friends, and grievously alarmed his celebrated *amie*, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. She urged on him the temporary abandonment of his diagrams, and implored Condorcet to find some substitute at the Academy, and undertake the care of the invalid during a winter of Italy. The Secretary agreed to make this sacrifice, and the pair started: but their reception at Ferney was so delightful that week after week passed away there until it was thought too late for crossing the Alps, or the restoration of D'Alembert seemed to authorize a return to Paris. This introduction to Voltaire determined the future career of Condorcet. From that time, if he did not lay aside his abstract science, at least he gave up all notion of forwarding its march, and contented himself with noting and recording, in a style of distinguished excellence, the trophies erected by steadier enthusiasts. Voltaire had been much struck with his literary facility, and inoculated him effectually with the passion for *philosophical* proselytism. In a word, he was now to be one of the most active contributors to the *Encyclopédie*; and Diderot, &c., became his most intimate companions at Paris, while his correspondence with Ferney continued to the close of Voltaire's life to be close and confidential. The King of Prussia in due time honoured him with many flattering communications. He was recognised throughout Europe as among the ablest agents of the Anti-Christian Conspiracy.

Voltaire's Letters seem, in England at least, to be very little read in comparison with some other classes of his writings; and

we wonder this should be so—for not only are they essential to the understanding of his actual proceedings, but many of them are hardly below any productions of his pen in the felicity of execution. When he is addressing a friend—not a King, or Prince, or great Lady—we may almost always fancy that we hear him talking at his own fireside. The ease and also the elegance are consummate—they are on a par with the undisturbed self-esteem, the unwearied self-seeking, the untameable vivacity and the insatiable malignity of the man. The Letters to Condorcet, and especially the new ones (which it is not difficult to account for Condorcet's suppression of during his lifetime), bring out some peculiar traits—illustrating very satisfactorily the profound self-control, without which no man can maintain himself through a series of years as the head of an energetic party. What Condorcet says (in a note to Turgot) of some of his pamphlets, is especially true of his letters to the juniors of his sect: 'these things are not done *pour la gloire*, but *pour la cause*—we must not consider him as author but as apostle;' his heart was in his pen—he never lost sight of the purpose.

M. Arago, whose conclusions as to the affairs of stars and their satellites few will question, extols the good nature of Voltaire as shown in these documents: we admire the politeness, the good sense—the far-seeing impervertible adroitness of the venerated chief. He had long before this time commended the saying of a monarch who practised what he preached—*L'esprit des hommes puissans consiste à répondre une politesse à une impertinence*;—but this was not a mere matter of manners. He was too wise not to appreciate the importance of such a resident at Paris as he had hit on in Mr. Secretary Condorcet—a sharp, cool-headed man—thoroughly imbued with *écrasez l'infâme*, but certain, unless his own authorly self-love were involved, to see more clearly than even an Argus at a distance could do, what would be the practical effect of any specific publication at any specific time on the mind of the Parisians. In every one instance accordingly when Condorcet suggests a pause or an alteration, the great leader complies—and that with such apparent frankness and simplicity of tone that we have no doubt many contemporary astronomers put the same interpretation that M. Arago does now on these astutest of rescripts. On the other hand, as M. le Marquis became more and more deeply engaged in the warfare of the Encyclopedists, it was not seldom the part of 'le Vieux de la Montagne'—as by a curious coincidence the founders of the future *Mountain* called him—to whisper caution from his remote citadel. When he himself in these latter days was resolved to issue anything that he knew and felt to be pregnant with combustion,

bustion, he never dreamt of Paris—he had agents enough in other quarters, and the anonymous or pseudonymous mischief was printed at London, Amsterdam, or Hamburgh, from a fifth or sixth copy in the handwriting of some Dutch or English clerk—thence by cautious steps smuggled into France—and then disavowed and denounced by himself, and for him by his numberless agents, with an intrepid assurance which down to the last confounded and baffled all official inquisitors, until, in each separate case, the scent had got cold. Therefore he sympathized not at all with any of these his subalterns when they, in their own proper matters, allowed themselves a less guarded style of movement. On one occasion Condorcet's imprudence extorts a whole series of really passionate remonstrances to him and his probable confidants—but the burden is always the same—'Tolerate the whispers of age! How often shall I have to tell you all that no one but a fool will publish such things unless he has 200,000 bayonets at his back?' Each Encyclopedist was apt to forget that, though he corresponded familiarly with Frederick, he was not a king of Prussia; and by and bye not one of them more frequently exemplified this mistake than Condorcet—for that gentleman's saint-like tranquillity of demeanour, though it might indicate a naturally languid pulse, covered copious elements of vital passion. The slow wheel could not resist the long attrition of controversy, and when it once blazed the flame was all the fiercer for its unseen nursing. 'You mistake Condorcet,' said D'Alembert to one of the philosophical dames; 'he is a volcano covered with snow.'

Among the *inedited* essays is one on the constitution of scientific bodies which our secretary (still a young man) was good enough to compose for the enlightenment and direction of the Spanish government of that day. Chiefly noticeable in our eyes as a specimen of French presumption, M. Arago lauds it for profound wisdom and dexterous logic, especially in arguing against any inquiry about the religious tenets of members. Here the biographer finds nothing but cause for admiration in his hero's brave contempt for the whole system of opinion as well as law beyond the Pyrenees. He condescends, on the other hand, to allege consideration for the rooted prejudices of Spain as a sufficient excuse for Condorcet in advocating the admission into the proposed new Academy of a class of noble amateurs. 'It would have been merely absurd,' he says, 'to plan a Spanish institution from which Dukes of Osuna and Medina-Celi were to be hopelessly excluded.' M. Arago, while on this topic, reports a saying of Louis XIV., which we are tempted to repeat:—'Do you know why Racine and M. de Cavoye, whom you see down there, like

like so well to be together? Racine, with Cavoye, fancies himself a gentleman; Cavoye, with Racine, fancies himself a genius.'

Our readers would not much thank us for entering into other points of Condorcet's programme, on which Arago enlarges with a zest and sometimes with a bitterness that must have been prompted by feuds less remote than those of D'Alembert and Buffon. The pure mathematicians were in those days little disposed to acquiesce in the high pretensions of zoologists, geologists, or any of the kindred classes now so esteemed: and the Patriarch of Ferney countenanced them. 'A grand reputation,' he says in one of these letters to Condorcet, 'is not to be acquired more easily than by demonstrating how the globe was constructed, or describing a new species of bug.'

We understand better the importance which Voltaire's immediate disciples attached to their Academies than the revelation of the same sort of feeling in Condorcet's new biographer. In those days the philosophers had a serious battle to fight, and it was of vast consequence that the troops should know each other, have confidence in their officers, and omit no art to inveigle follies or neutralize influences. At present, as against the great original objects of hostility, the battle has been fought out and won—or if anything in the nature of a prejudice ecclesiastical, aristocratical, or monarchical, still shows a sign of life, there are facilities enough for assailing such obstinate remnants elsewhere than in assemblies professedly devoted to the advancement of scientific researches. At all events it was sufficiently so in France when M. Arago wrote this Life. Here no motives of the class now alluded to have ever been even suspected; nor, until rather recently, were any of the educated classes of Englishmen apparently much given to those appetites for garrulous congregation and pompous exhibition that have from Julius Cæsar's time to President Buonaparte's distinguished the theatrical nation so near to us in locality and in everything but thought, sentiment, taste, and manners. We are at a loss to account for the change so visible, and not doubting that there is a mixture of good in almost every novelty, we own we on the whole continue to regret this one. You hear and read eternal vituperation of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square; but, whatever may be the defects in its construction, we could wish to see certain great features of its practical system imitated by bodies which assume to be of statelier importance, and, unlike it, reserve their chairs for *Cavoyes*. The R.A.s work each at home in his own studio; once a-year they allow each other and all the world to see what they have been doing, and the Exhibition is opened with a dinner, to which they invite such grandees as have acquired a reputation for  
what

what our antique friend Sir Thomas Urquhart calls 'an emacity' in the department of modern master-pieces, or for being likely, in case of any parliamentary cavilling, to indicate a just recollection of the turtle and the fraternal hour. These seem sensible arrangements. What good could come of meeting one night every week in the season to parade sketches and models? Does anybody suppose that a really fine statue or picture would gain by such a process? Does anybody doubt that at the end of the year there would be a fierce and degrading clamour about stolen hints? The system of hebdomadal manifestations and speechifications, with the autumnal interludes of provincial starrng and mountebanking before women and weavers, will never, we hope, be emulated by our Michael Angelos, Bramantes, and Raphaels. The inevitable waste of time, worry of temper, lowering of tone, craving for excitement, exacerbation of shabby grudges and coddling of childish vanity, would not be atoned for by an endless chorus of newspaper applause, nor even by a profuser participation in the scientific honours of knighthood.

The *camaraderie* of the learned bodies was, as we have said, a matter of serious business in the earlier period of Condorcet; and the female society in which he and his friends mingled, was animated by the same spirit and conducive to the same ends. From the more bustling whirl of fashionable life he soon withdrew utterly. 'I had no relish,' he neatly says, 'for dissipation without pleasure, vanity without motive, idleness without repose.'

Another philosopher who had as little turn for the tumult and glitter of the *beau monde* was by twenty years his senior, but among the most intimate and, ere long, the most influential of his friends, M. Turgot. He was of a far more important family than Condorcet, but, being a third brother, hardly better off at the outset in point of fortune. Turgot was brought up at the Sorbonne, and inspired all his teachers there with the confidence that he would be one of the most distinguished lights of the Gallican church. The first performance that attracted notice beyond the walls was a Discourse on the Evidences of Christianity; it was extravagantly lauded by the clerical party, and moved in a corresponding proportion the bile of the wise men. But, whereas Dr. Chalmers appears, after being for several years a parish minister, to have first imbibed a real belief in revealed religion while preparing an article on the evidences for Sir D. Brewster's Encyclopædia, there seems reason to infer that a similar course of study had ended in a very different manner with Turgot. Shortly afterwards, to the confusion of his professors and heavy disappointment of his relations, he announced that he had changed his mind, and would not enter  
into

into holy orders. He alleged to them modest distrust of his own qualifications, but to intimates said candidly—‘I cannot walk through all the days of my life with a mask on my face.’ He turned to the law—in due time obtained promotion—and for a course of years acted vigorously with the government minority in the parliament of Paris, and in opposition to the refractory majority which was headed by one of his own elder brothers, the President Turgot. This conduct led to the Intendancy of the Limousin, in which office he soon made himself remarkable by some excellent administrative reforms, but in the sequel still more so by the audacity of his proposals and plans for sweeping changes in the whole department of taxation and internal economy. He was among the first that adopted in France the new science of political economy, and he pushed its doctrines to extremes that never found favour with Adam Smith himself. Among the rest he was a strenuous church reformer—indicating more and more distinctly his opinion not only that all church property should be fairly taxed for state purposes, but that the property itself ought to be redistributed, small sees united, the emoluments of great ones cut down, monastic establishments of all sorts got rid of, and—decent provision being made for existing lives—the general surplus considered and dealt with as at the command of the financial minister of the crown. These suggestions were in the beginning accompanied by constant professions of Turgot’s sincere respect for religion and the church, whose real interests were, he continually reiterated, nearer to no man’s heart than to his own. The true sentiments of the reformer, however, could hardly escape detection—provincial eyes are close watchers, and of all men Turgot was the most awkward in every thing but the use of his pen. None had less command over his countenance—none could less bear the trouble of affectation in small habits and daily things. The clergy about him soon understood the man, and they, as rural churchmen usually are, were too much in earnest to control their indignation. People at a distance, even the shrewdest of the Anti-clericals, seem to have been taken in at first. When the Intendant was about to visit Switzerland, D’Alembert gave him an introduction to Voltaire, in which he takes pains to assure the Patriarch that he might receive him with confidence—‘You will find him an excellent *Cacouac*, though he has reasons for not avowing it—*la Cacouaquerie ne mène pas à la fortune*.’ To which Voltaire replies by and bye—‘I have been charmed with Turgot—if you have three or four sages like this among you, I tremble for *l’infâme*.’ After having performed his *kotow* at Ferney, he redoubled his zeal in the ecclesiastical direction, but still observed as to his *cacouaquerie* a prudent reticence, which Voltaire now appreciated

appreciated and often recommended to the Parisian conclave as exemplary. 'Your friend Turgot is admirable,' says he to Condorcet—'no man understands better how to shoot the arrow without showing the hand.'

We may pause for a moment to say that in general Condorcet's letters to Voltaire, like all the rest of the sect, are characterized by a humility of submission, an extravagance of adulation, worthy of the Cadis and Muftis of a Commander of the Faithful. But behind his back, in their epistles to each other, it is somewhat different. All alike—the grave D'Alembert, the austere Turgot, and the snowy Condorcet—are in raptures when Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse communicates to them, and insists on their handing over to their prime patroness, whom Arago styles 'la respectable Duchesse d'Enville,' the intelligence she, Mademoiselle, had just received from Geneva of a visit paid to Ferney by a 'Messaline de cette ville,' with some alarming consequences. It is like the merriment of a set of young monks on discovering a lapse of father Abbot. Again, Condorcet, when on a tour, writes to Turgot that he had been gratified in a country-house with the perusal of a Commentary on the Bible by *Emilie* (Mad. du Chatelet—'Venus-Newton') in ten volumes; and adds that he thought he could detect here and there the assistance both of the 'Vieux de la Montagne' and 'son jeune amant'—i. e. St. Lambert. To which Turgot answers that he had himself many years ago seen 'Emilie's Bible,' but that it was then in four volumes. 'However,' adds he, 'there is no doubt that between *le Vieux* and *son jeune amant* Emilie was likely enough to expand her dimensions.' A cruel enough joke, when we recall the circumstances of her death in childbed, on which occasion her disconsolate husband, whom Lord Brougham calls 'a respectable man' (they are all honourable men), finding Voltaire and St. Lambert in tears together, said, 'Gentlemen, you best know which has the most reason to weep—I have at least this consolation, that I had no hand in the misfortune.'—Such were the morals and such the taste of this philosophical school!

We need not go deep into Turgot's history after 1774. Amidst the financial perplexities that surrounded the monarchy at the accession of Louis XVI., Maurepas, though personally distrustful of his views and intentions, was induced to invite him into the administration—it was judged necessary to conciliate the rising sect, and Turgot's birth and connexions were considered as pledges against his going into an actual revolution. The *Biographie Universelle*, in mentioning that and some similar appointments, says, 'this epoch marks the commencement of our *hommes d'état écrivassiers*;' and it was truly the commencement de la  
fin.

*fin.* Turgot, Minister of Marine, immediately nominated Condorcet to a post in his department—an inspectorship of canals—and when he removed by and bye to the ministry of Finance, the younger philosopher became ‘Inspecteur des Monnoies.’ How soon the rashness and *gaucherie* of Turgot involved Paris and half France in famine, confusion, revolt, and massacre, we need not remind our readers. His wildest measures had all been defended in journals and pamphlets by his subaltern; and Condorcet had especially distinguished himself by a bitter answer to Necker’s anti-Turgot disquisition on corn laws. The passage that, according to our philosophic biographer, gave the deadliest offence was in the last page, where Condorcet, apologizing for his plain words, said he had the consolation to think they could do M. Necker no harm, and quoted a certain high functionary who published some poem, and being told by his friends to prepare himself for sharp criticism, replied, ‘Make yourselves easy as to the reviewers—I have got a better cook.’ This cut the *Amphitryon* banker was not, it seems, to forgive. He succeeded Turgot as minister of finance, and Condorcet wrote to his friend that he also would immediately resign his inspectorship—rather than be dismissed, as he candidly says he had no doubt he must be, on the first decent opportunity. Whether the resignation was actually tendered, or accepted, we have some doubts—which shall be explained by and bye. However that may have been, both Turgot and he redoubled their diligence as economical essayists: but the *Biographie Universelle* thinks it needless to spend many words on Condorcet’s writings of this class, because, it says, ‘We have in vain sought for a single particular in which he does not follow the lead of Turgot.’ Like him he started from the doctrine of the perfectibility of man, and ascribing all social mischiefs and moral defects to bad laws, iniquitous burdens, absurd superstitions, and primarily and finally the want of an universal and of course compulsory system of *liberal* education—hardly affected to throw any longer a plausible gauze-work over his *cacouacquerie*.

We may pause for a moment on one eloquent piece of 1776, because, though read at that time before ‘an academy,’ it seems never to have been printed until M. Arago recovered the autograph. The subject is—‘Should popular errors be eradicated?’ In this treatise—which is perhaps by a shade or two more explicit than those he published *at the same period*—Condorcet utterly denies that any religious motive whatever is requisite or can be relied on for controlling the moral conduct of men. He says:—

‘If the people are often tempted to commit crimes in order that they may procure the necessities of life, it is the fault of the laws; and as bad laws are the product of errors, it would be more simple to abolish those

errors than to add others for the correction of their natural effects. Error, no doubt, may do some good: it may prevent some crimes, but it will occasion mischiefs greater than these. By putting nonsense into the head of the people you make them stupid, and from stupidity to ferocity there is but a step. Consider—if the motives you suggest for being just make but a slight impression on the mind, that will not direct the conduct—if the impressions be lively, they will produce enthusiasm, and enthusiasm for error. Now the ignorant enthusiast is no longer a man: he is the most terrible of wild beasts. In fact,' adds our arithmetician, 'the number of criminals among the men with prejudices is in greater proportion to the total number of our population, than the number of criminals in the class above prejudices is to the total of that class. I am not ignorant that, in the actual state of Europe, the people are not, perhaps, at all prepared for a true doctrine of morals: but this degraded obtuseness is the work of social institutions and of *superstitions*. Men are not born blockheads: they become such. By speaking reason to the people, even in the little time they can give to the cultivation of their intellect, we might easily teach them the little that it is necessary for them to know. Even the idea of the respect that they should have for the property of the rich is only difficult to be insinuated among them—*first*, because *they look on riches as a sort of usurpation, of theft perpetrated upon them, and unhappily this opinion is in great part true*: *secondly*, because their excessive poverty makes them always consider themselves in the case of absolute necessity—a case in which even very severe moralists have been of their mind; *thirdly*, because they are as much despised and maltreated for being poor as they would be after having lowered themselves by larcenies. It is merely therefore because institutions are bad that the people are so commonly a little thievish upon principle.'—v. 360, 361.

*Nil sub sole novum!* We find here almost in identical terms, and fully in meaning, M. Proudhon's maxim of maxims: *La Propriété c'est le Vol!*

Then follows another remarkable specimen of his coolness and also of his logic—admire the calculator *par excellence* :—

'In speaking of the establishment of false religions and of their reform it is not necessary, for showing how well facts are in accord with our reasonings, that we should assume any one of them in particular to be false. It is clear that there are *at least* as many false religions, *minus ONE*, as there are known religions. Now, whichever it may be that we regard as the true one, the history of the evil which *the others* have done suffices to prove the truth of our assertion.'—*Ib.* 369.

'We conclude then, that the truth is always useful to the people, and that, if the people holds by errors, it is expedient forthwith to remove them. We will only state *four* exceptions.'

At the head of these excepted errors is—

'1<sup>re</sup>. La croyance d'un Dieu rémunérateur et vengeur—qu'il ne  
faudrait

faudrait pas attaquer chez un peuple dont la morale serait fondée sur une religion fausse, à moins que cette religion ne fût *détruite*—  
and what substituted for that *false* religion?—

—‘et qu’une morale fondée sur la raison seule ne fût bien établie.’—  
*Ib.* 392.

It is known to all that Voltaire had written and published in his later days some Notes on the *Pensées de Pascal*, intended to attenuate the authority of the Christian philosopher. They appeared, however, too moderate in the eyes of Condorcet, who prepared a new edition of the *Pensées*, garnished with copious notes of a far more audacious character, and transmitted the MS. to Ferney. Voltaire was delighted—‘You have laid open the head of Serapis,’ he writes, ‘and shown us the rats and the spiders.’ The old man volunteered to have the work printed in Switzerland under his own eye—and this was done in 1778. He died a few months afterwards—and the gay young Count d’Artois (Charles X.) pronounced his epitaph: *La France a perdu un grand homme et un grand coquin.*

In 1782, the secretary of the Academy of Sciences obtained the long coveted honour of a place among the Forty of the Académie Française. The delay is ascribed to the antipathy of Maurepas and the ‘men with prejudices,’ who alleged, it seems, as their ground of objection, Condorcet’s refusal to write the *Eloges* of some academicians of their own colour, and the warmth with which he had extolled all defunct *Cacouacs*. Immense importance was attached to the canvass. He beat his rival, Bailly, only by one vote. ‘This victory,’ writes D’Alembert, ‘delights me as much as if I had discovered the quadrature of the circle.’ Grimm says, ‘The science of M. de Condorcet had been sufficiently rewarded by the Académie des Sciences. His literary claims are nothing beside M. Bailly’s. But the government had recently named a man of distinguished piety to the archiepiscopate, and the Philosophers felt the urgency of a demonstration. Hence this successful struggle in favour of a candidate more than usually atheist.’ We need hardly observe that Baron Grimm, in his earlier letters, used to extoll Condorcet in the warmest terms.

In 1783, his constant friend and supporter D’Alembert died, and left him the whole of his property. In the same year died also the aged Bishop of Lisieux—and his nephew no doubt inherited whatever remained of the family estates in Dauphiny. Of this succession not a word occurs in any Life of Condorcet that we have met with; but among other remarks in a pamphlet ‘sur Condorcet,’ published at Lausanne in 1792, by ‘Chas, homme de Loi,’ it is said that ‘till the Revolution was at hand he seemed

seemed to attach as much consequence as any one of his class to his titles *and his fiefs*.' That he had no fiefs prior to 1783 is apparent from the whole course of his proceedings.

Not long afterwards the volcano made a most unlooked for eruption. The flame was suddenly kindled by the bright eyes of a young and well-born beauty, Mademoiselle de Grouchy, and the Secretary, now turned of forty, married her in a great hurry—even, remarks M. Arago, without having brought her family to book on the weighty question of dower. M. Arago becomes unusually animated here, and is not ashamed to place his hero's proceedings in favourable contrast with those of Lagrange. D'Alembert heard from a third party at a distance that that brother sage had made '*le saut périlleux*,' and wrote to express some surprise at not having the intelligence from head quarters. 'For the rest,' said he, 'it is no doubt the duty of a mathematician to calculate *son bonheur*—you have, I presume, made that calculation and found the solution to be *marriage*.' Lagrange answered, 'I know not whether I have calculated ill or well, or rather I believe I have not calculated at all, for if I had, I should probably have been like Leibnitz who by dint of reflecting never resolved. I will confess to you that I have never had any taste for marriage; but circumstances decided me to invite one of my cousins to take care of me and all my concerns—and if I did not write, it was because the thing appeared to me too indifferent to be worth mentioning to you.' Condorcet's marriage was a happy one. After a little observation of the young lady, even the Duchesse d'Enville said to the secretary, *nous vous pardonnons*. And no wonder, for Madame de Condorcet was eminently an *esprit fort*. The *Biographie des Contemporains* adorns the wedding with some romantic details, which Arago rejects. It tells us that the lady had formed a passion which incurred the paternal *veto*—that when Condorcet addressed her, though she did not conceal her admiration for his talents and society, she avowed her unaltered feeling—and that the philosopher, on his part, having been smitten mainly with her mind, proposed that they should be united 'upon a Platonic understanding,' to which the fair one agreed. We concur with M. Arago in preferring dates on this occasion to the *Biographie*. The philosopher's wedding was in 1786, and the future Madame O'Connor, whether she was the first-born or not, is mentioned as a girl between five and six years of age in 1793.

We are approaching graver events. From the first Condorcet proclaimed himself enthusiastically for the cause of our American colonists; and when Franklin arrived in Paris none welcomed him with more zeal—not even Turgot; who however reached a felicity

felicity of compliment never approached by Condorcet in his famous Inscription :

*Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.\**

As that war advanced, Condorcet's language became more and more violent, and as soon as the first streaks of fire appeared on the domestic horizon, he threw himself with equal force into that more interesting movement.

It is stated in various accounts of our philosopher that, liberal as he had always been, his conversion to the Republic was the result of his personal intercourse with Mr. Thomas Paine. But that gentleman did not honour France with his presence until the revolution had passed through several important stages; and M. Arago, though without naming Paine, is anxious to prove a much earlier date for the final orthodoxy of his hero. Turgot died in 1781—and Condorcet's Life of him, though not published till 1786, had probably been in hand all the intervening years. From the date of its appearance, however, there could be little doubt of Condorcet's extreme politics. M. Arago quotes and eulogises many prominent passages, which, as he tells the Academy, prove that *notre confrère's* full illumination far preceded the events of 1789. He dwells with particular zeal on the lofty denunciation of nobility in this performance: and we think he is quite warranted in inferring that the Marquis, who condemned aristocracy in 1786, had become in his heart an enemy of monarchy before 1789. Furthermore, if he did not openly proclaim his hostility to the Crown in 1786, or even in 1789, we hope to be pardoned for suspecting that M. Arago (had it pleased him) might have explained that circumstance on sound principles of calculation. We noticed Condorcet's share in the grand battle between Turgot and Necker on the corn-laws, and his *announcement* of his intention to resign the office which Turgot had given him, when that minister was replaced in the Finance department by Necker in 1776. Neither in his Introductory *Eloge* nor elsewhere does M. Arago intimate the least doubt that the resignation took place accordingly; nor does he drop the remotest hint that Condorcet was ever again connected with the administration of finances. Now observe—M. Arago reprints five '*Mémoires sur les Monnoies*' which were published in 1790, but he does not reprint the original title-pages (now before us) on which the author designates himself as '*M. de Condorcet, Inspecteur-Général des Monnoies.*' We find him in like manner officially recorded in the '*Almanac Royal*'

\* The merit of this is hardly lessened by its being only a singularly fortunate imitation of a line in the Cardinal de Polignac's *Anti-Lucretius* :—

*Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phæboque sagittas.*

for 1789 (prepared of course in 1788) as 'Inspecteur-Général des Monnoies'—and his residence is thrice given in that volume as at the 'Hôtel des Monnoies.' Another authority shall be quoted presently. We suppose, then, there can be no doubt that if he ever did resign the post which he owed to Turgot, Condorcet had found means to reconcile himself with Necker before that minister resumed his power in 1788. It is possible enough that he may have been restored to his office by De Brienne: it is certain that he held it under Necker, whose name appears as Finance minister-in-chief on the same page with his own in this Almanac of 1789. Whether he had ever in fact lost connexion with the Finance department between 1776 and 1789, we cannot at this moment decide; but even on the former supposition, he had all along, it is to be inferred, retained hopes of recovering such a connexion; and therefore could hardly be expected to denounce the Crown while the Crown was still the patron. As to the sequel—the office of Inspector of the Mint was abolished in 1790—but Condorcet was immediately afterwards appointed a *Commissioner of the Treasury*—which place he retained to the last, and we have evidence before us that he also continued in his old official residence at least as late as January 1st, 1792. M. Arago may think it absurd to dwell on matters so small as these; but we are at present in a sublunary sphere, and it seems to us not wholly unworthy of note that the philosopher was also a placeman—held a lucrative office under the Crown before the Revolution began, and continued—with a very short, if any, interval—in the enjoyment of it until he incurred the mortal violence of the power which he had aided in the abolition of the Monarchy and abetted in the murder of the King.

If we may trust Madame de Genlis and M. Grimm, the Life of Turgot had at the time but little success.\* The Life of Voltaire,

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\* The Life of Turgot was published at Amsterdam and London in October, 1786. In April, 1787, appeared *La Religion considérée comme l'unique base du bonheur et de la véritable Philosophie: ouvrage fait pour servir à l'éducation des Enfants de S. A. S. Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans, et dans lequel on réfute les principes des prétendus Philosophes modernes. Par Mad. la Marquise de Sillery, ci-devant Mad. la Comtesse de Genlis.* In this comprehensive volume the lady offers the following benevolent remarks on M. de Condorcet's new performance:—'The author, cold, serious, starched, proposes calmly the total overthrow of laws and customs, religious, political, social. He is wild, yet never animated; his madness never rises to delirium—it comes not in fits—it is continual, uniform, phlegmatic—alike extravagant and dull—so monotonous, that it excites neither curiosity nor surprise. The fate of the book has been as odd as the book itself: it attacked everything—and it made no noise.' Grimm treats the work with equal disrespect; but is fair enough to quote, a few pages lower, part of a new *Eloge* by Condorcet, in which he amused the Academy by glancing at 'the attractive orthodoxy of certain admired authoresses who know how to reconcile rigidity of dogma with laxity of manners.'

first printed at Geneva in the following year (1787), was, on the contrary, read with universal curiosity and very general approbation. This skilful and noxious specimen of the art which Condorcet had so assiduously cultivated was, in the course of a few months, amalgamated into the great Kelh edition of the works of Voltaire, the Notes to which were chiefly by Beaumarchais (the editor), Decroix, and Condorcet. These last are now printed by themselves, and fill, as we mentioned, a considerable space in Arago's fourth volume. We think it right to copy one of them—'On the Condemnation of Charles I. King of England:—

'The minutes of this procedure have been preserved. A legitimate tribunal which upon such grounds should condemn a ragamuffin to a month of the house of correction, would commit an act of tyranny; and if we add, that neither according to the particular law of England, nor (supposing the English to have been at that time absolutely free) according to any principle of public law which a man of good sense can recognize, could that tribunal be regarded as a legitimate one, we shall have a just idea of this extraordinary judgment.

'Charles replied with a moderation and a firmness which do honour to his memory, and contrast with the harshness and the bad faith of his judges.

'It is said that highway robbers, when magistrates fall into their hands, have occasionally had the fancy to subject them to a formal mockery of trial before perpetrating their murder. Nothing can more resemble the conduct of Cromwell and his friends. Nothing but the full atrocity of fanaticism could have hindered that sentence from producing a rising of all parties, to prevent by general indignation the possibility of its execution; and fanaticism alone has ever ventured to make its apology.'—vol. iv. 172.

How soon after Voltaire's death the commentator began his labour, or in how far he might have been restrained in it by the scruples of others, we cannot say; but this passage—which subsequent incidents invest with a singular importance—does not well harmonize with the ultra-liberalism of the apparently contemporaneous Life of Turgot—and the Notes contain many other things on which we should have expected M. Arago to offer some little explanation. We are, for instance, somewhat scandalized by the contrast between Condorcet's respectful eagerness at the opening of the revolution for the co-operation of the clergy with the *tiers état*, and a Note of 1787 on the reforms of Joseph II., where, especially praising the reduction of marriage to a civil contract, and the making divorce attainable on the mere request of the married couple, he says, 'this great example will be followed by the other nations of Europe when they shall begin to feel that, in matters of legisla-

tion, it is not more rational to consult divines than rope-dancers.'—*Ibid.* 445.

Condorcet considered himself as having inherited much of the authority of the dead masters whom he had celebrated. When the expectation of an assembly of the States-General became universal (early in 1788), he published a lofty and detailed conspectus of his views as to the proper construction of legislative bodies—intimating very distinctly that the government of the country was to be thenceforth a strictly representative one. A large space is given to the needlessness and inconvenience of two chambers! This publication was of course an announcement of his own willingness to occupy a place in whatever congregation might result from the ferment of the time. Such pretensions in a *savant* were somewhat contemptuously criticized in certain higher circles where he had formerly been patronized. 'And is it so very absurd,' writes Condorcet, 'that a geometrician of 45 should offer his conclusions and his services to his fellow citizens?' 'We have lived certainly,' says Arago—in 1845—'to see it considered as quite a settled point that a man may not only be a fit senator, but a fit minister, without having *fait ses preuves* in any line of study whatever.' And we have lived to see M. Arago himself holding at once the two ministries of the Army and the Navy—the least fitted, one should have thought, for a theoretic geometrician. Nay, we have seen the Government, of which he was a member, issue an authoritative circular, signed by another eminent *savant*, M. Carnot, as *Minister of Public Instruction*, proclaiming (March 6, 1848) to the universal constituencies of the French Republic, that *ignorance* should be no objection to a candidate for the National Assembly!

Condorcet, however, was not selected by any constituency of 1789. He had to console himself with a seat in the Municipality of Paris, whose Mayor was also a *savant*, his own old competitor at the Academy, the astronomer Bailly. What an active and influential part the civic body took in political discussion while the representatives of the nation were sitting at Versailles, is well known—nowhere described with such clearness as in Bailly's own Memoirs. Condorcet's zealous behaviour here, together with his activity in pamphlets and journals, especially the success of *La Feuille Villageoise*, a paper set up and conducted by him in company with the notorious Cerutti, advanced him rapidly in popular favour; and in 1791 both he and Cerutti were elected to the Legislative Assembly by the department of Paris—among the earliest of the triumphs of journalism, afterwards so frequent, and so fatal to successive governments.

We have already noticed that he had been appointed Commissioner

sioner of the Treasury in 1790—and we shall not here go into any of the small scandal connected with that appointment by Rivarol and other censors. But the office, having been conferred by the Crown, was, under a law of the former Assembly, incompatible with a seat in the new one. He therefore had to resign his office. But—to copy the words of the Lausanne critic already quoted, who here at least says nothing but what the public documents confirm—‘Our philosophical calculator, desirous of satisfying at once his pride, his ambition, and his cupidity, had been making it the object of his researches to discover some means by which he might sit on the Legislative bench and yet be a Commissioner of the Treasury; and to attain this double result he moved resolutions—1st, that the Legislative body should deprive the Crown of the nomination of all officers connected with the administration of the national treasure; and, 2ndly, that deputies might hold offices of that class when bestowed by *the people*’—i. e. by the same usurping Assembly.

He therefore preserved his place at the Treasury with his seat in the Assembly. They at their first sitting appointed him and his co-journalist Cerutti as two of their Secretaries: and he was called to the chair as President, by a majority of near 100, on the 5th February, 1792—the very day that Cerutti’s death was announced to the Assembly. In this new dignity his first act was to sign the celebrated *Letter to the King*, in which the Assembly demanded that the words *Sire* and *Majesty* should be dropped, and that when the Chief Magistrate came into the Assembly or received a deputation from it, if he chose to sit or to be covered, these citizens also should be seated and wear their hats on their heads. The composition of this illustrious state-paper was intrusted to a special committee, but there is no doubt that they had called to their assistance the sharpening hand of the new President, who had himself complained personally of the mode in which he had been received at the Palace.

Condorcet was not a fluent orator:—he also wanted both voice and nerve for the tempest of revolutionary debate—and he made a very inefficient President as to keeping order; but nevertheless, so long as the Girondists were in command of the majority, he was regarded as in the very first rank of influence—and even while President, the more important addresses—circulars—proclamations of the Assembly, were for the most part drawn up by his practised pen. It must be allowed that no pen ever produced writings which obtained a more unbounded circulation, or excited profounder emotions.

We are not attempting an abridgment of the history of the Revolution. M. Condorcet’s marking labours in its cause are  
omitted

omitted in none of the comprehensive works on the subject. To him, for example, belongs the honour of having brought forward the motion 'sur la nécessité d'ôter au clergé l'état civil des citoyens.' But, above all, it was the representative of Turgot who, both within the Assembly and in his journals and pamphlets, took and kept the undisputed lead as advocate of the two great principles of Revolutionary Economics—namely, 1.—the abolition of all indirect imposts—and 2. the *impôt progressif*—that is, the principle of a sliding scale of taxation, passing wholly over all citizens who live by the pay of their daily labour, and taxing those above that class more and more heavily according to the proportion of their means. These are the Alpha and Omega of *Democ-soc* finance—and in our own country we have already made a first beginning—practically as to A—theoretically at least as to  $\Omega$ .

Condorcet's course, however, gave no satisfaction to many different sections of the revolutionists. Though determined in his hostility to the church and the aristocracy as institutions, he was on the side of personal gentleness to an extent which displeased even the majority of his friends the Girondists. They were, for example, disgusted with his proposal to allow all dispossessed clergymen life-pensions to the value of a third of their benefices. Their oracle, Madame Roland, said, 'On peut dire de l'intelligence de Condorcet, en rapport avec sa personne, que c'est une liqueur fine imbibée dans du coton;' to which M. Arago adds triumphantly, 'We shall see by and bye whether he could not be cotton as respected men but bronze as to principles.' We too shall see. Another lady used a similitude which had greater vogue, if not greater justice. She called our philosopher the *mouton enragé*—the sheep gone mad. On the other hand, the Parisian electors could by no means understand his dallying between Girondin and Jacobin;—with them the influence of the latter faction was already supreme, and bitterly of course did they vituperate many of his reserves—especially that, on the proposition for making it *penal* to use any of the abolished titles, he produced an amendment to the effect that it was below the dignity of the Assembly to treat such *fréloques* in a serious manner, and that it would be sufficient to declare *all citizens* at liberty to assume, from that time forth, any name, title, or designation whatsoever, according to individual fancy. This is talked of by some of the biographers as a characteristic piece of *irony*. We suspect that Condorcet had a fixed and not unnatural dislike to the vulgar neologism of 'Citizen Caritat'—at all events he continued to call himself by the name which was in fact a title. At best, however, such *irony* of the ci-devant Marquis—so lately the denouncer of *Sire* and *Majesty*—must have failed

failed of its object. It was the small sword of the fencing-master against pikes and bludgeons—and it was nothing the better for him that his own voice had had no small share in evoking and exciting the ‘stupid enthusiasm from which there is but one step to ferocity.’ The Girondins as a party were much in the same situation with this their ‘*Señeca of the Revolution*,’ as M. de Lamartine styles him. That party claimed in the sequel the honour of having mainly stimulated the insurrections of June and August, 1792—of which the first utterly degraded the crown, and the second, after sacking the Tuileries and massacring its few faithful defenders, and many helpless inmates, ended with the imprisonment of the King and his family. Nor was their claim a vain boast—nor, of all who usually acted with them, did the responsibility of those terrible scenes rest more heavily on one than on Condorcet. On both occasions the preparatory inflammation was largely the work of his pen and of his voice.

We have already alluded to his motion for the public burning of all *documents nobiliaires*. M. Arago is indignant that some modern historian should have dubbed him ‘the Omar of the revolution,’ and expatiates on the absurdity of exalting ‘patents and pedigrees’ into ‘materials of history.’ We are at a loss to understand this acerbity. However sincerely he may hate, however studiously he may affect to despise nobility, he can hardly deny that to individuals of the noble classes his country had owed a very large proportion of whatever, either in arts or arms, dignified her ancient existence before the eyes of Europe: at all events he cannot venture to deny that the claims, pretensions, struggles of the French aristocracy constituted a very considerable element in the political development and career of the nation; nor could any one but an astronomer fail to see that it would be utterly impossible for a historian of France to make the subject intelligible in the absence of truthful documents concerning the origin and alliances of her high families. But waiving controversy on these heads, what we complain of is, 1st, that M. Arago slurs over the extent of Condorcet’s motion—which was ‘That although the Assembly had already decreed the incrementation in the capital of the immense volumes which attest the vanity of *that class* [*i. e.* the books of the Crown-heralds], this was not enough; that vestiges of the same vanity existed in the *public libraries*, in the *Chambre des Comptes* [the exchequer], in the *Archives*, and in the *houses* of the genealogists; and that all these *dépôts* should be enveloped in a common destruction.’ The Assembly ‘declared urgency,’ and passed the law unanimously—nor among all the acts of that Assembly can we point to one either of more contemptible

temptible folly or of more audacious tyranny. But, 2ndly, M. Arago, with all his love of exact science, passes wholly *sub silentio* the date of the motion—and the date is the key to its motive. Condorcet produced this harangue and this new law on the 19th of June, 1792—the very day before the insurrection. His proceeding was evidently part and parcel of the Girondin preparation of the revolt. That party were eager to convince the populace that they were as good haters of nobility as their rivals the Jacobins—and the motion devised as evidence of this their republican purity was of course to acquire additional weight by coming from almost the only man of noble birth who condescended to follow the guidance of that knot of shallow and impudent *parvenus*.

We cannot pass from the 20th of June without observing that that day was in fact fatal to the first and best patron of M. de Condorcet—the Duke of Rochefoucauld. This nobleman's mother, already more than once mentioned, may be said to have spent her life in active hostility to the monarchy; yet she had herself received signal and special favours from the crown. She was born in 1716—the only child of the last Rochefoucauld of the direct line, the grandson of the author of the *Maxims*. On her marriage with a cousin, the Comte de Roucy, he received in compliment to her the title of Duke d'Enville, and the ancient dukedom of Rochefoucauld was in due time revived in favour of her male issue. She brought up the young Rochefoucauld in the principles of her philosophic friends, and when Turgot was no more, he followed mainly the political guidance of Condorcet, who had in earlier life owed so much to his influence and liberality. As the revolution advanced, the great lord fell by degrees behind the march of his Mentor, and at length their alienation had become complete—a total breach. We have not space for the particulars—we hope it was not the fact that the amiable and generous Duke had reason to accuse Condorcet of having violated his confidence by an unauthorized communication of something said in private through one of the ultra-democratic journals—but there was a quarrel in form, and from that time, while Condorcet wavered between Girondins and Jacobins, the Duke so conducted himself as to earn the combined enmity of both. He was head of the *Commune* of Paris, and in that capacity approved of some proceedings against the Mayor, Pétion, for the *attentat* of the 20th of June. After the 10th of August he was arrested—and the sequel is told by Maton de la Varenne, a conscientious and trustworthy writer, in more detail than elsewhere, and with expressions so seriously implicating Condorcet that we are astonished at Arago's utter, though no doubt

doubt dignified, silence as to the whole matter. The passage is as follows:—

‘Santerre, *sollicité, dit-on, par Condorcet*, profita des fureurs populaires pour signer un ordre d’arrêter le Duc. Un commissaire de la Commune en fut chargé, et se rendit à Forges; mais, plus humain que ses confrères, il l’avertit du danger, et le fit consentir à se rendre à sa terre de la Roche Guyon, où il le garderait. Ils partirent dans la même voiture. En passant par Gisors ils furent rencontrés, le 14, comme par hasard, par un détachement des égorgeurs de Paris, qui demandèrent à grands cris la tête du Duc. Des forces vinrent à son secours. Il traversa la ville au milieu d’une quadruple haie de Gardes Nationaux, de leur Commandant et du Maire. Une charrette embarrassait un chemin étroit à la sortie de Gisors; un assassin se trouva près du Duc, *et lui lança un pavé qui l’atteignit dans les bras de Madame d’Enville, sa mère, âgée de quatre-vingt treize ans*, et le renversa sans vie.’

Observing that the authors of the ‘Pictorial History of England’ (who have bestowed very great care on the details of the French Revolution) accept La Varenne’s words as cruelly decisive against Condorcet, we think it right to say, as M. Arago should have done, that the *on dit* reported by La Varenne might be correct, and yet the fact not leave Condorcet under the hideous imputation handed on by later writers. He might have suggested the arrest of his old friend and patron in the hope of saving him from massacre by the mob; and it seems, by the relation, that the police agent acted in that design. We hope and believe that this is the right interpretation. It is, however, no wonder that Condorcet’s character should have been irretrievably degraded in the eyes of such a man as La Varenne by his alliance with the execrable conspiracy—be it Girondin or Jacobin—of June and August, 1792.

All know how the policy of the Girondists was rewarded. Condorcet fared no better than his allies in the crisis which their cunning cowardice had made inevitable. The metropolitans refused to nominate him for the Convention—but four provincial constituencies competed for the honour—and he took his part in the ulterior proceedings against the King as deputy for the department of the Aisne.

We have seen what he said in 1787 of the trial and execution of Charles I.—and, notwithstanding all his hatred of monarchy and the offensiveness of various of his writings and motions as regarded Louis XVI. personally, it must be allowed that the views which he announced when the trial of Louis was first formally broached in the Convention, were not *on all points* in opposition to those of the passage we quoted from his Notes to Voltaire. He argued vigorously (Dec. 22nd, 1792) that the Convention

Convention derived no right from the constitution to sit in judgment on the King—that, if he were to be tried, *the Nation* must interfere directly, and the tribunal be composed of judges elected *ad hoc* by each Department. Furthermore, he avowed that ‘an assembly at once *législatrice, accusatrice, et juge s’offrait à ses yeux comme une monstruosité de l'exemple le plus dangereux.*’ ‘In all times’—he said—‘and in all countries, it has been held that the accused was entitled to reject the judge who had previously expressed an opinion on his guilt or innocence; now, the Convention had already pronounced the culpability of the King.’ Condorcet ended with a solemn repetition of the doctrine which had already been proclaimed over and over by him in every shape, that all capital punishments were barbarous. ‘Their abolition will be one of the most effectual means for perfecting the human species, in destroying that tendency to ferocity which has so long been its dishonour. Punishments which admit of repentance and amendment are the only ones which can suit the regenerated race of man.’ We despair of translating adequately the few sentences in which M. Arago hurries to close this section:—

‘La Convention, dédaignant tous les scrupules que Condorcet avait soulevés, se constitua tribunal souverain pour le jugement de Louis XVI. Notre confrère ne se récusa point!’

‘Était-ce là, cependant, je le demande, un de ces cas où, dans les corps politiques, les minorités doivent se courber aveuglement sous le joug des majorités? La plus criminelle des usurpations est, sans contredit, celle du pouvoir judiciaire; elle blesse à la fois l’intelligence et le cœur; sur un pareil sujet, le témoignage de sa propre conscience peut-il être mis en balance avec le résultat matériel d’un scrutin?’

‘Ne portons pas, toutefois, notre sévérité à l’extrême: songeons qu’en pleine mer, au milieu de la tourmente, le plus intrépide matelot est quelquefois saisi des vertiges que le citoyen timide, assis aux rivages, n’a jamais éprouvés. Il eût été certainement plus *romain* de refuser les fonctions de juge: il était plus *humain*, dans les idées de Condorcet, de les accepter.’

‘Condorcet refusa de voter la peine de mort. Toute autre peine lui semblait pouvoir être appliquée. *Il se prononça pour l’appel au peuple.*’—vol. i. p. cxxiii.

We do not pretend to strike the balance between *Romain* and *humain*; but several other phrases appear to have been selected for the purpose of mystification, and we must therefore state shortly and plainly what Condorcet’s procedure throughout this business was. From first to last his system was evidently *evasion*—a compromise between his natural instinct of justice and decency and the risk and peril of his personal position. We have seen on what grounds he objected to the trial *in limine*. After the Convention had decided on the trial, Condorcet, being more *human* than

than *Roman*, 'did not refuse' to co-operate in what he had so lately characterized as 'a monstrosity of the most frightful example.' Four votes followed—the first on the 15th of January, 1793, 'Is Louis guilty?' To this Condorcet answered 'Yes'—thus being, contrary to his own principle, both judge and jury. The second question, on the same day, was, 'Shall the sentence be submitted to the ratification of the people?' To this Condorcet answered—

'Supposing the Assembly to have given sentence of death, my wish would be that its execution might be suspended until the Constitution had been settled and published, and the people had then pronounced in its primary Assemblies according to the forms which the Constitution should have regulated. But consulted *to-day*, in virtue of a decree, if there ought to be an appeal to the people, I say *No*.'

The third question was on the 16th and 17th, 'What shall be the punishment?' Condorcet answered:—

'All difference of penalty for the same crimes is an outrage against equality. The penalty for conspirators is death: but that punishment is against my principles. I will never vote for it. I cannot vote for solitary confinement, for the law recognises no such punishment. I vote for the severest punishment short of death. I ask the Assembly to discuss the suggestion (*réflexion*) of Mailhé, for it deserves it.'—*Moniteur*, Jan. 20.

The 'severest punishment short of death' would be, or might be inferred to be, perpetual labour *in fetters*!—and for this, therefore, he voted—though he had an instant before denounced it as a sin against Equality to vote for any punishment but that assigned by law to the crime of conspiracy—viz., death—and explained that he could not vote for solitary confinement, because that was a punishment unknown to the law—as if it could make any difference, especially in a trial before an in his opinion illegal tribunal, whether they decreed a penalty unrecognized in their code, or a penalty different from that assigned by their code to the alleged crime.

The '*réflexion de Mailhé*' (a previous speaker) was whether, after passing sentence of *death*, it might not be *expedient* to suspend its execution. Now mark the sequel. On that 17th the majority voted for death. The fourth debate was on the 19th—its subject distinctly this '*réflexion de Mailhé*'—the question 'Shall execution be suspended?' Condorcet's '*Opinion*' spoken from the tribune, and next day published by himself on a flying sheet, is certainly among the curiosities of the Revolution. He said:—

'CITIZENS! whatever your decision on this important question may be, it will expose our country to great dangers. I have endeavoured to

to weigh them, and I acknowledge that I do not feel my hand firm enough to hold that balance. There is nevertheless one danger on the side of a prompt execution which has seemed to me to merit your attention. It is the only one of which I have been really afraid; but I believe that it is in your power to parry it. I will therefore speak of that danger alone, and the means of escaping it. Hitherto we have only had to combat kings and their armies trained to a servile obedience. Those kings are now labouring to inspire in other nations their own hatred for France, and for this end their instrument—that so familiar to courts—is Calumny. They will say that the Convention has immolated Louis merely to satiate its vengeance—they will paint us as men greedy of blood. Citizens! this is the only means they have for injuring us; but if we be united, if our conduct be worthy of our cause, we may brave it.

‘When I saw my colleagues ascend the tribune to give their vote, I observed that many of the firmest patriots did not pronounce the word *death* without a shudder. *Eh bien!* abolish the pain of death for all private offences, and reserve for your examination whether it should be kept to in crimes against the state. That question is different. Considerations which are without force when we have to do with private offences acquire in that case a high importance—while, on the contrary, the most powerful arguments for abolishing the penalty of death, lose a great part of their weight.

‘Citizens! a speedy judgment is a duty of humanity: and yet in Paris there is a complaint that the prisons are full of persons under accusation—dark murmurs are rife as to their fate—we hear of movements in preparation. What is the cause of this? It is that in Paris there is only one tribunal! The law has determined that there shall be one for each Department—but this apparent equality conceals a real inequality:—what equality is there in having here one tribunal for 800,000 men, there one for 200,000? I propose that the number of tribunals for Paris shall be raised to three.

‘You have hitherto testified an active solicitude for the maintenance of liberty—you have even been charged with exaggerating it. I do not propose to you to renounce it, but I ask you to add to it a solicitude of benevolence! Hasten to enact laws which shall establish Adoption! Hasten to secure the lot of children born out of wedlock! Take such steps as that the words *Foundling* and *Bastard* shall pollute no longer a republican language!

‘The necessities of the state require taxes: but there exist means to prevent them from pressing any longer on the poor. A respectable citizen, Dusaulx, has prepared a report on that Lottery, *ci-devant* Royal, which is at once an oppressive tax, a well-spring of poverty, and a hotbed of corruption. Hasten to listen to him. It will not be difficult to suggest measures which, while making up the loss to the revenue, so far from being burdensome to the poor, will offer them new resources.

‘Submit to the scrutiny of humanity and of justice those useless and barbarous laws that give a creditor a power over the liberty of his debtor,

debtor, for which neither nature nor the true interests of commerce can be appealed to.

'The organization of public charity asks all your cares—but humanity demands also provisional measures. When we see our streets, our public walks filled with wounded, mutilated men reduced to an evident impossibility of providing for their wants, how can we recognize a Nation in which Equality has been solemnly proclaimed? If society wishes that this equality should not be a vain name, does it not owe to these men a retreat and a subsistence?

'Such, citizens! are the laws with which the necessity of repelling a dangerous calumny makes it your duty to occupy yourselves: then, if the despots should still dare to reproach you with the judgment of Louis, you will say to them:—*We have punished a King, but we have saved a hundred thousand Men!*

'There exists in Europe a nation which loves liberty sincerely, though it deceives itself both as to the nature of that sacred right and as to the means of preserving it. The ministers of England are now trying to excite that nation against us! Do you believe that they will dare to persist in their calumnious declamations when you can say to them: *We have abolished the punishment of death, and you maintain it for a theft of a few shillings. You surrender your debtors to the rapacity and spleen of their creditors: our laws know how to respect poverty and misfortune. Judge between yourselves and us!*

'Citizens! if you adopt the severer course, whatever dangers may threaten you, they will not be able to reach you, provided that by wise, humane and just laws you render yourselves respectable and dear to humanity everywhere outraged, everywhere oppressed!'—*Œuvres*, vol. xii. p. 307.

Such was the 'Opinion'—when it was his turn to vote he said, *Je n'ai pas de voix.* (*Monit.*, Jan. 24.)

We cannot afford room for a commentary, which would require to be as long as the last of these speeches; but we think our readers will already have appreciated both M. Arago's prophecy as to *cotton for men, bronze for principles*, and his statement that Condorcet pronounced for the appeal to the people—which statement, be it observed, is introduced *after* the mention of his vote on the nature of the punishment, and cannot, therefore, apply by any means to his argument of the 22nd December. But to what else can it apply? To the second question of the 15th of January, 'Shall there be an appeal to the people?' he distinctly answered *No*; and though he then intimated that, in case sentence of death had been passed, he would have voted for an appeal to the people—nay, though in voting on the third question, 'What shall be the punishment?' he two days later recommended a discussion of the '*réflexion de Mailhé*'—yet when the Assembly came to a distinct vote on the question of *sursis* (suspension of execution) upon the 19th—he pronounced indeed a long-winded speech—

speech—and—amidst its miraculous rigmarole about new hospitals, new taxes, and new tribunals! bastards, foundlings, and lotteries!—it included at least as many hints and suggestions towards as against 'the severer course'—but he refused to vote at all—*je n'ai pas de voix*.

We have only one thing more to remark. M. Arago, in his *Biographie*, makes no allusion whatever to the series of addresses and proclamations to the French people, to the armies of the Republic, to foreign governments, foreign nations, and foreign armies, drawn up by Condorcet in the weeks immediately succeeding the King's death—justifying the whole procedure against him as a most legitimate exercise of national right, and not obscurely recommending similar processes in respect to other crowned delinquents. Of all these papers, among the most remarkable specimens of Condorcet's talents—for assuredly the *vertigo* only pointed his rhetoric—it did not seem expedient to say a word when this *Life* was written, nor even when it was re-edited in 1847. Several of the documents appear, however, in the twelfth of these volumes, published in 1849.

The historians of the revolution, with few exceptions, consider Condorcet as not only a Girondin, but, after Brissot, Vergniaud, and Isnard, the most important member of that party. His own biographers, on the contrary, all disclaim this—according to them, he was above being of any party but that of the Nation. The truth is, that Condorcet had a very lofty notion of his own dignity and consequence all along; and it was the most enduring as well as the wildest of his dreams to conceive himself qualified and entitled to hold the balance between the two great parties into which the Movement ultimately split. He had been an early member of the Jacobin Club, and he continued to sit in it after Brissot and others had withdrawn—indeed his personal relations with their arch-enemy Danton were of old standing, familiar, and confidential, and this intercourse appears to have been friendly until the final struggle was near at hand. Condorcet made very many efforts to reconcile the factions and avert that struggle. His favourite phrase was, '*Don't abuse the Jacobins, try to guide them;*' but those were not days for Whig tactics. The Girondins, after having been deeply involved in the anti-regal insurrections of June and August, 1792, found the mob-power turned against the Assembly itself—all but the Jacobin minority, whose audacity and insolence of course became intolerable—blockading their doors, and continually interfering with their discussions. These trimmers were then compelled to give open battle to the Mountain within their own hall—and there can be no doubt that Condorcet, *particeps criminis* in their previous intrigues, adhered to them

both

both in that course and in the attempts they made to moderate the rancour without by a most paltry series of flatteries, concessions, compromises. He shared the natural fate of such policy in such times. The attempt against Marat was a desperate one—when it failed, the shrewder of the Girondists read their own doom—but one more chance offered itself, and they all accepted it. They sacrificed all their own principles by voting for the trial of the King—most of them even went the length of voting for his death—after he was murdered, they all, and conspicuously Condorcet, adopted and justified the deed:—it was Condorcet, for instance, the solemn protester *in limine* against the competency of the tribunal, who, in February, 1793, drew up the letter to Pitt, saying,—

‘ Mais vous en voulez à la Convention Nationale d’avoir osé punir un conspirateur qui s’était appelé roi. Est-ce qu’un peuple perdrait le droit de punir un magistrat infidèle et parjure, *sous prétexte qu’on a oublié d’insérer dans le livre des loix le mode de le juger?*—xii. p. 324.

And all this truckling and twisting was in vain. They had but sharpened the knife for their own throats. The framing of the new constitution, the proper business and express object of the Convention, could be no longer deferred—and on this the parties were finally forced to join issue—Condorcet again being prominent, for he was one of the committee named for drawing the programme by the Girondins, and among the various schemes suggested within that committee his was the one adopted by the party. The Jacobins produced their still more extravagant plan—and the tumult at the gates and in the galleries having driven away many voters and overawed others, the majority was, for the first time, on the side of the Jacobins as directly against the Gironde. The victory was followed up forthwith by the proscription of Brissot and a long list of Girondins who had been forward in the debate. Their subsequent history is well known. Condorcet, not having spoken, was in the first instance spared. But soon afterwards a letter of his to his constituents of the Aisne was intercepted in the hands of the Post-office—on the 8th July, 1793, the apostate Capuchin Chabot read it in the Assembly—pointed out some passages in which the writer asserted the notorious fact that the late decision had been come to under the influence of terror—expatiated on his insolence *passim* as daring to criticize the Constitution!—and, loudly denouncing all aristocrats, moved the arrest (among others) of ‘Caritat ci-devant Marquis de Condorcet’—which was carried by acclamation.

Some of his friends received intelligence in the morning of Chabot’s intentions for the evening, and, foreseeing all the consequences, they instantly went in search of a retreat for him.

The

The house they fixed upon was No. 24 in the Rue Servandoni, near the Luxembourg—a lodging-house chiefly for students, where one of themselves had occupied a chamber not long before—kept by a Madame Vernet, the widow of an architect nearly related to the celebrated painters. The widow had married again, but privately, and retained Vernet's name. Her new husband was a cousin of her own, Sarret, who passed merely for one of her lodgers. When she was asked if she would give shelter to *un proscrit*, she asked, 'Is he a man of virtue?—is he an *honnête homme*?' and being satisfied with her friend's assurances, declined to hear the name—which was not told her till some time afterwards by Condorcet himself. He was conveyed to her house during the evening sitting of the Assembly, and in such hurry that he had with him no money whatever. It would have been imprudent for his friends to venture on any subsequent communication with him—so he remained for weeks utterly ignorant as to what had become of his wife. Her noble family were, like most of the class, in suspicion and difficulty. Her attached brother, the young Marquis de Grouchy, had been expelled from the army in which he ultimately attained the highest rank, and was wandering in anxious obscurity. She herself was reduced to extreme difficulty; but she was a woman of gallant spirit, and by and bye found means to provide for herself and her child. She took a lodging in a village near town, and began practice as a miniature-painter, the chief employment of her pencil being, according to the *Biographie des Contemporains*, among the political victims with whom the prisons were crammed. 'The relations of these unfortunates were eager for parting memorials, and her skill in catching a likeness was very remarkable.' We only wonder by what influence she got access to the prisoners. When she had collected some money she set up a small haberdashery shop, and the back shop was her *studio*. She also employed her pen in leisure hours on a series of Notes to Adam Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' which were subsequently appended to the Translation of that work by Roucher.\*

\* A miniature of this M. Roucher, executed within the walls of the Conciergerie by Leroy, was sent to the family of the sifter with these touching lines in his handwriting:—

*Ne vous étonnez pas, objets chéris et doux,  
Si quelque air de tristesse obscurcit ce visage;  
Lorsqu'un crayon savant dessinait cette image,  
J'attendais l'échafaud et je pensais à vous.*

Roucher had some reputation as a poet. He had been an exalted Jacobin, and celebrated in verse the 10th of August—which, however, proved as fatal to him as to M. de la Rochefoucauld, or, we may add, to M. de Condorcet. He was included in the last but one of Robespierre's batches.

Madame de Condorcet lived till 1822. Her last publication, we believe, was a pamphlet in defence of Maréchal Grouchy's conduct in the campaign of Waterloo.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile Madame Vernet, on finding who her guest was, exerted all the influence which her most generous kindness gave her in persuading him to undertake some work of literature which would divert his thoughts from painful reflexion. He began accordingly the *Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain*, and when he had finished that—an essay of considerable length—proceeded to the *Tableau* itself, which he seems to have carried to its conclusion, though the MS., as recovered, has many and large gaps. Working as he did without books, that these last of Condorcet's productions should be very open to criticism as to dates and details was inevitable; but certainly, all things considered, they are an extraordinary monument of his mental activity, elasticity, and accumulated knowledge.

He adheres to his old dogmas—that there is no God, and that the admirable organization of the first of earthly animals is in all its compartments, intellectual, moral, and physical, susceptible of improvement, not indeed to an extent which can in strict mathematical language be called *infinite*, but so immeasurably beyond what has ever been dreamt of, that it may be pronounced *indefinite* (vi. p. 274). When we bear in mind (says he) that out of every fifty whose peculiar organization fitted them for attaining eminence in science, literature, or art, at least forty-nine, on the lowest calculation, have hitherto received such felicity of material structure to no purpose, because its properties were undeveloped by education, it is an easy task of arithmetic to arrive at the sum total of geometers, economists, poets, sculptors, &c. &c. &c., who will have adorned the world within the first, the second, the third century—and so on—after a just system of education shall have been applied to the whole mass of these indefinitely perfectible machines (*ib.*, 254). The calculation as to the increased product of illustrious physicians, anatomists, chemists, and botanists is pregnant with assurance that disease will, within a limited allowance of centuries, have disappeared; so that, while it would be absurd to anticipate immortality, death shall only be occasioned by accident, or—at a gradually but prodigiously extending distance of time—by exhaustion or evaporation of the essential gas or vital principle (*ib.*, 273). It does not escape the author that some may anticipate inconvenience from the re prolongation of human life to the averages of the antediluvian epoch—and first as respects nutriment. To this he answers that agricultural improvement will keep pace with that in other departments—we shall have fifty *high-farmers* in every generation for one that we have now, and there is no assignable limit to the development of agricultural chemistry:

but furthermore, you are forgetting the contemporary advancement in the intellect generally. You are not allowing for the universal practical philosophy of the new æra. Supposing it possible that under universal liberty and *universal equality of education*—and when just laws shall have abolished every restriction upon the commercial intercourse of the human species—there should still occur, from any unforeseen circumstance or accident, a risk in any quarter of population getting beyond the means of subsistence, the organization in its then state of progress will at once apply a remedy. The rate at which the calculating machine usually multiplies will be spontaneously altered :—

‘Les hommes sauront alors que s’ils ont des obligations à l’égard des êtres qui ne sont pas encore, elles ne consistent pas à leur donner l’existence, mais le bonheur; elles ont pour objet le bien-être général de l’espèce, et non la *puérile idée* de charger la terre des êtres inutiles ou malheureux.’—(*ib.* 258.)

In the same style he overthrows all suggestions as to the hazard of political ambitions multiplied in a ratio analogous to that of the breed. Universal education implies universal self-denial and self-devotion. It is not to be questioned that some organizations will still show a certain superiority over others as respects the qualities for government and administration; but, while these varieties will be very willing to perform the functions for which they may be peculiarly adapted, the others will have too clear a perception of this their adaptation not to wish to see it exercised;—the cause of the superiority being recognised as physical or fatal, there will be nothing of that envy and grudging wherewith men now contemplate a superiority ascribed by them to the injustice of social and educational arrangements fairly within the control of human reason.

Woman is a delicate topic. From various peculiarities in her *physique*, and functions therewith connected, she may be said to be more or less a *malade* until she has passed the middle stage of existence. It is probable that even when female life reaches to some hundreds of years, the effect of these arrangements may still be discernible; but even so, that weaker division will have partaken in the general march—and there can be no doubt woman will be *indefinitely* better qualified for the highest intellectual, moral, and political exertions than man as we now see him is.\*

Among

\* This chapter reminds us of a lively conversation between Diderot and the celebrated Abbé Galiani (the great friend of Madame d’Epinay), which is recorded in the rambling and gossiping work called *Mémoires de Condorcet*, and professing to be in part compiled from his Notebooks (1821):—

‘Diderot. How do you define woman?’

‘Galiani. An animal naturally feeble and sick.

‘Did.

Among other prophecies of the *Esquisse* is one of an universal language—not oral but graphical, and ‘easy as algebra’ (*ib.* 270). We need not go farther into detail.

Soon after Condorcet’s death the MS. containing all this mass of atheism and insanity was submitted by the Convention to their Committee of *Public Instruction*—and the printing and diffusion thereof were, at the recommendation of that conclave, unanimously decreed.

This philosophy has still its advocates. Even while we are writing we receive a volume from the London press of 1850, entitled ‘The Purpose of Existence popularly considered,’ and which announces very much the same views as the results of *fifty years’* studious meditation and observation. There is indeed one important difference. This English writer, agreeing with Condorcet that ‘spirit’ is merely an ‘exquisitely refined development of matter,’ does not agree with him in deciding that when the visible machine human at last ceases to play, its gas or soul has been worked out, and is done for ever. He, on the contrary, holds that, all matter being absolutely indestructible, the gas escapes only to be purified and refined in some new combination—and the repetition of such processes constitutes his chain of perfectibility. Any prolongation of consciousness in the gas is not supposed—at each change the extinguisher of

‘*Did.* Feeble? Has not she as much courage as man?’

‘*Gal.* Do you know what courage is? It is the effect of terror. You let your leg be cut off because you are afraid of dying. Wise people are never courageous—they are prudent—that is to say, *poltroons*.

‘*Did.* Why call you woman naturally sick?’

‘*Gal.* Like all animals she is sick until she attains her perfect growth. Then she has a peculiar symptom which takes up the fifth part of her time. Then come breeding and nursing—two long and troublesome complaints. In short they have only intervals of health until they turn a certain corner, and then *elles ne sont plus des malades peut-être—elles ne sont que des vieilles.*’

‘*Did.* Observe her at a ball—no vigour then, M. l’Abbé?’

‘*Gal.* Stop the fiddles—put out the lights—she will scarcely crawl to her coach.

‘*Did.* See her in love.

‘*Gal.* It is painful to see any body in a fever.

‘*Did.* M. l’Abbé, have you no faith in education?’

‘*Gal.* Not so much as in instinct. A woman is habitually ill. She is affectionate, engaging, irritable, capricious, easily offended, easily appeased—a trifle amuses her. The imagination is always in play. Fear, hope, joy, despair, desire, disgust, follow each other more rapidly, are manifested more strongly, effaced more quickly than with us. They like a plentiful repose—at intervals company—any thing for excitement. Ask the doctor if it is not the same with his patients. But ask yourself—don’t we all treat them as we do sick people—lavish attention, soothe, flatter, caress—and get tired of them?’—(*Mem.* i. 150.)

Condorcet, shortly after this conversation (the Abbé must have been a pleasant clerk) writes a letter on the same grave controversy in which—(it is printed by Arago)—reluctantly confessing that there was a good deal in what the Abbé had said, he concludes thus:—‘I see I must put some limit to my anticipations. *I do not insist upon it as probable that woman will ever be Euler or Voltaire; but I am satisfied that she may one day be Pascal or Rousseau*’—a deep question in equations.

Lethe is no doubt applied—but still the gas goes on improving;—and this must be more than enough to console us for non-adhesion (apparently) to Condorcet's prophecy of Methuselamic extension for the light in its present candlestick. As to the practical department of the treatise, it is very nearly in accordance with the *Esquisse* of the Rue Servandoni. We observe, however, a few prudent condescensions to the still prevalent prejudices of this country. For example, the author would not cancel the regal office—at least not for some time to come. Neither would he at once abolish the peerage—he would be satisfied with limiting the crown in the issuing of writs for the Second Chamber, or Senate, to a selection from a list of eminent teachers drawn up by a committee of the House of Representatives. As to ecclesiastical matters, utterly and scornfully denying the inspiration of the Bible, he regards 'Jesus of Nazareth' as a virtuous and intelligent individual, to be broadly distinguished from his ignorant and corrupt followers, called Apostles and Evangelists, and he is for entrusting the whole education, and very much of the practical administration of the country, to a body of teachers (already alluded to) who shall inculcate, *inter alia*, those few and simple maxims that can be rationally identified with the teaching of 'Jesus of Nazareth' himself—to the utter exclusion of all the figments of churches and sects. These teachers are to hold schools for young people on weekdays, and on Sunday mornings are to preach in every parish the lessons of sound morality, science, and polity. They are to hold any religious tenets they or the majority of their congregations please, and offer no obstruction to the indoctrinating of children at home in any particular faith that may find favour with the parents. They are to elect one of their own body to preside over them and the district. He also is to be chosen without any reference to his religious notions—but to obviate hypercritical objections, he shall be styled for an indefinite period *the Bishop*—and he shall himself be a working teacher—he shall be the regular minister of the largest meeting-house in his diocese, and also the head-master of its chief or normal school. This work, though published by Mr. Chapman, who deals principally in American articles, seems to be really from an English pen! It is, we must add, written with considerable ability: in many passages there is a flow of diction which will fairly bear a comparison with the *Esquisse* and *Tableau*.

Condorcet appears to have also given some of his solitary days to a work of a different class—a *New Method of Accounting*—and to this resumption of his earliest studies he may probably have been prompted by Sarret, who was himself the author or compiler

compiler of various Elementary Manuals for Youth, among the rest one on Arithmetic.

The recluse seemed for some weeks to be so absorbed in his literary industry as to have almost forgotten his actual situation; but when the newspapers announced the execution of several friends who had been proscribed at the same time with himself, and, further, that the Convention had declared the penalty of death against all who harboured one included in such a vote, his reflections on the risks to which his hostess exposed herself were cruel. He next morning had a communication with her which, says M. Arago, 'I must, under pain of sacrilege, reproduce without the change of a single word:—

*'Vos bontés, Madame, sont gravées dans mon cœur en traits ineffaçables. Plus j'admire votre courage, plus mon devoir d'honnête homme m'impose de ne point en abuser. La loi est positive: si on me découvrirait dans votre demeure, vous auriez la même triste fin que moi: je suis hors la loi—je ne puis plus rester.'*

*'La Convention, Monsieur, a le droit de mettre hors la loi: elle n'a pas le pouvoir de mettre hors de l'humanité. Vous resterez!'*

'This admirable answer,' continues Arago, 'was immediately followed by the organization of a system of *surveillance* in which most of the inmates of the house, and particularly the humble portress, had a part. Madame Vernet knew how to impregnate with her virtue all who surrounded her. From that day forth he made no movement without being observed. And here I must not pass an incident which will show the high intelligence of Madame Vernet, her profound knowledge of the human heart. One day in ascending the stairs to his chamber, Condorcet rubbed shoulders with Citizen Marcos, a deputy for the [newly created] department of Mont Blanc, and who belonged to the section of the Mountain; he had been for some days one of Madame's lodgers. Under the disguise he wore Condorcet had not been recognized; but was it possible to count on a continuance of the same luck? The illustrious proscribed imparted his uneasiness to his hostess. "Stop," said she, "I will soon arrange this affair." She mounts to Marcos's room, and without any preamble says to him, "Citizen, Condorcet is lodged under the same roof with you—should he be arrested it will be you that have denounced him—if he perishes, it will be you that have caused his head to fall. You are a man of honour—I need say no more." This noble confidence was not betrayed. Marcos even entered, at the peril of his life, into personal relations with Condorcet. It was he who supplied him with novels, of which our colleague devoured a vast quantity.'

We may here mention another trait of Madame Vernet. It seems that another proscribed Conventionalist besides Condorcet was at this time sheltered by her, and that, unlike Condorcet, he remained there until the fall of Robespierre. When Madame O'Connor many years afterwards asked Madame Vernet the name of

of this gentleman, she answered with proud calmness, 'I have never seen nor heard of him since the 9th Thermidor. Do you expect that I should now recall his name?'

It appears that among her numberless consolations, Madame Vernet from time to time inscribed to Condorcet copies of verses, and that the philosopher responded, as in duty bound. Of his prison rhymes, however, we shall content ourselves with one sample, which all students of June and August, 1792, and of January and February, 1793, will allow to merit preservation. This couplet occurs in an epistle to his wife:—

‘*Ils m’ont dit : Choisis, d’être oppresseur ou victime !  
J’embrassai le malheur et leur laissai le crime.*’

After copious comments on the severer labours of his hero's closet, M. Arago says:—

‘When he at last paused and the feverish excitement of authorship was at an end, our colleague rested all his thoughts anew on the danger incurred by Madame Vernet. He resolved then (I employ his own words) to quit the retreat which the boundless devotion of his tutelary angel had transformed into a paradise. He so little deceived himself as to the probable consequences of the step he meditated—the chances of safety after his evasion appeared to him so feeble—that before he put his plan into execution he made his last dispositions. In the pages then written I behold everywhere the lively reflection of an elevated mind, a feeling heart, and a beautiful soul. I will venture to say that there exists in no language anything better thought, more tender, more touching, more sweetly expressed than the *Avis d’un Proscrit à sa Fille*. Those lines, so limpid, so full of unaffected delicacy, were written on the very day when he was about to encounter voluntarily an immense danger. The presentiment of a violent end almost inevitable did not disturb him—his hand traced those terrible words, *Ma mort, ma mort prochaine !* with a firmness which the stoics of antiquity might have envied. Sensibility on the contrary obtained the mastery when the illustrious proscribed was drawn into the anticipation that Madame de Condorcet also might possibly be involved in the bloody catastrophe that threatened him. *Should my daughter be destined to lose all*—this is the most explicit allusion that *the husband* can insert in his last writing.’

The *testament* is short. It was written on the flyleaf of a History of Spain. In it Condorcet directs that his daughter, in case of his wife's death, shall be brought up by Madame Vernet, whom she is to call her second mother, and who is to see her so educated as to have means of independent support either from painting or engraving. ‘Should it be necessary for my child to quit France, she may count on protection in England from mylord Stanhope and mylord Daer.\* In America, reliance may

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\* M. Arago constantly writes *Dear*. This friend of Condorcet's, Basil Douglas, Lord

may be placed on Jefferson and Bache the grandson of Franklin.' She is therefore to make the English language her first study. He intimates that she may expect pecuniary assistance by and bye from the Grouchy family, and that 'perhaps, when the day of justice returns, she may also derive benefit from her father's writings.' From these words we must infer that there was no other property of which he could contemplate the restoration:—and this is a circumstance of some importance, though, as usual, the biographers take no notice of it. Having inherited (apparently) a considerable fortune from D'Alembert, and whatever the Bishop of Lisieux had to leave—having been (to say nothing of the early pensions stated by one authority) in receipt of one salary ever since 1764, and of another during most, if not all, the years from 1774—and having been certainly a most industrious and popular author and journalist,—it might have been expected that he should refer to considerable funds as confiscated under the vote of the Convention. It may be surmised therefore that, notwithstanding his usual gravity of demeanour and regularity of personal habits, he had been the reverse of a prudent man in respect of pecuniary affairs. He had probably got rid of 'his fiefs' before he renounced his title.

The *Conseils à sa Fille* occupy thirteen printed pages; and we agree with M. Arago in admiring their language, as well as the tender affection so elegantly expressed. Many sentences, when we consider the writer's position and antecedents, are eminently curious; so much so that we think we shall gratify our readers by making some extracts:—

'Mon enfant, si mes caresses, si mes soins ont pu, dans ta première enfance, te consoler quelquefois, si ton cœur en a gardé le souvenir, puissent ces conseils, dictés par ma tendresse, être reçus de toi avec une douce confiance, et contribuer à ton bonheur !

'Prends l'habitude du travail, non-seulement pour te suffire à toi-même sans un service étranger, mais pour que ce travail puisse pourvoir à tes besoins, et que tu puisses être réduit à la pauvreté, sans l'être à la dépendance. Quand même cette ressource ne te deviendrait jamais nécessaire, elle te servira du moins à te préserver de la crainte, à soutenir ton courage, à te faire envisager d'un œil plus ferme les revers de fortune qui pourraient te menacer.

'Rien n'est plus nécessaire que de t'assurer des moyens dépendants de toi seule pour remplir le vide du temps, écarter l'ennui, calmer les inquiétudes, te distraire d'un sentiment pénible. Ces moyens, l'exercice des arts, le travail de l'esprit, peuvent seuls te les donner. Songe de bonne heure à en acquérir l'habitude. Si tu n'as point porté les arts

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Lord Daer, elder brother of the late Earl of Selkirk, was endowed with extraordinary talents, but died young in October of this very year, 1794. He is lamented both in the verse and the prose of Robert Burns.

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à un certain degré de perfection—si ton esprit ne s'est point formé, étendu, fortifié par des études méthodiques—tu compterais en vain sur ces ressources : la fatigue, le dégoût de ta propre médiocrité, l'emporteraient bientôt sur le plaisir. Emploie donc une partie de ta jeunesse à t'assurer pour ta vie entière ce trésor précieux.

‘ Je ne te donnerai point l'inutile précepte d'éviter les passions : mais je te dirai d'être sincère avec toi-même, de ne point t'exagérer ta sensibilité, soit par vanité, soit pour flatter ton imagination, soit pour allumer celle d'un autre. Crains le faux enthousiasme des passions : celui-là ne dédommage jamais ni de leurs dangers ni de leurs malheurs. On peut n'être pas maître de ne pas écouter son cœur, mais on l'est toujours de ne pas l'exciter ; et c'est le seul conseil utile et praticable que la raison puisse donner à la sensibilité.

‘ Mon enfant, un des plus sûrs moyens de bonheur est d'avoir su conserver l'estime de soi-même, de pouvoir regarder sa vie entière sans honte et sans remords, sans y voir une action vile, ni un tort ou un mal fait à autrui, et qu'on n'ait pas réparé. Rappelle-toi les impressions pénibles que des torts légers, que de petites fautes t'ont fait éprouver, et juge par là des sentiments douloureux qui suivent des torts plus graves, des fautes vraiment honteuses. Conserve soigneusement cette estime précieuse sans laquelle tu ne saurais entendre raconter les mauvaises actions sans rougir, les actions vertueuses sans te sentir humiliée. Si tu n'as point de reproches à te faire, tu pourras être sincère avec les autres comme avec toi-même. N'ayant rien à cacher, tu ne craindras point d'être forcée, tantôt d'employer la ressource humiliante du mensonge, tantôt d'affecter dans d'hypocrites discours des sentiments et des principes qui condamnent ta propre conduite. Tu ne connaîtrais point cette impression habituelle d'une crainte honteuse, supplice des cœurs corrompus. Tu jouiras de cette noble sécurité, de ce sentiment de sa propre dignité, partage des âmes qui peuvent avouer tous leurs mouvements comme toutes leurs actions.

‘ Les mauvaises actions sont moins fatales par elles-mêmes au bonheur et à la vertu, que par les vices dont elles font contracter l'habitude aux âmes faibles et corrompues. Les remords, dans une âme forte, franche et sensible, inspirent les bonnes actions, les habitudes vertueuses, qui doivent en adoucir l'amertume. Alors ils ne se réveillent qu'entourés des consolations qui en émoussent la pointe, et l'on jouit de son repentir comme de ses vertus.

‘ Sans doute les plaisirs d'une âme régénérée sont moins purs, sont moins doux que ceux de l'innocence ; mais c'est alors le seul bonheur que nous puissions encore trouver dans notre conscience, et presque le seul auquel la faiblesse de notre nature et surtout les vices de nos institutions nous permettent d'atteindre.

*Hélas ! tous les humains ont besoin de clémence !*

—i. p. 620.

Throughout this document—perhaps it is needless to mention it—there is no allusion whatever to religion—not the slightest hint to warrant us in hoping that Condorcet, in the immediate contemplation of death, had been shaken in his old conclusions that  
there

there is no God, and no future life for man. Whether what we have quoted may or may not indicate any touch of misgiving as to the most painful passages in his political conduct—our readers will form their own opinion.

These papers were both, it seems certain, written on the morning of 5th of April, 1794. At 10 o'clock he left his chamber in an artizan's jacket and large woollen cap, his usual disguise, came down to Madame's little parlour on the ground-floor, and entered into conversation with her husband. He chose a subject in which Madame could take no interest, but seemed as if he meant to say a vast deal upon it, and plied Sarret with Latin quotations—but Madame, like a good sentinel, stuck to her post *de pied ferme*—till he was on the point of despair. At last the good-natured woman, observing that he missed his snuff-box, forgot her caution and ran up stairs to fetch it. He seized the moment and rushed into the street. It was unusually crowded. At the first turning Sarret was at his elbow—'Your disguise is incomplete—you don't know your way—you will never escape the numberless agents of the Commune. I will not quit you till you reach your point, wherever it may be.' They 'all but miraculously' escaped the police at the Barrière du Maine and proceeded towards Fontenay-aux-Roses; but Condorcet's weak legs, after nine months' total disuse of exercise, were little suited for such a walk, and it was three o'clock ere he reached the country-house of his brother-academician Suard. They had been intimate friends for more than twenty years—as the Correspondence shows. Madame Suard too (sister to the great publisher Pancouke) may be said to have been an important member of the philosophical sect; she was much in the confidence of Voltaire, and had often been of great use to him as well as to his allies and successors. M. Suard appears to have kept himself as much as possible aloof from the troubles of the recent time; it is probable that Condorcet had selected him as the friend who might afford him shelter for a limited space and then set him on with the needful appliances of purse and passport, at the minimum cost of hazard to himself. One of the biographers asserts that Condorcet had no design of asking the Suard to lodge him even for a night—that he was at 3 P.M. as he had been at 10 A.M., annoyed with the want of his snuff-box, and intended no more than to borrow one and proceed. M. Arago says the accounts are so discordant he must decline to offer any opinion. It is agreed, however, that Condorcet dismissed good Sarret at M. Suard's door, which seems to prove that he considered his travels as ended for that day at any rate—and furthermore that M. Suard lent him a snuff-box—and a Horace! The rest of the ascertained circumstances are few. How long

long he stayed with these friends is not one of them—but he found his night's lodging among the neighbouring quarries of Clamart. Some reporters say that, though M. and Madame Suard found it necessary not to retain him under their roof, they let him out by a postern in their garden, assured him that both that door and a little summer-house adjoining should be left on the latch, and were much distressed next morning to find no signs of his having been in the summer-house. What Madame Vernet says is, we may be very sure, true—that her front-door, back-door, and side-door were all on the latch during a week, and that on one of the days she walked to Fontenay-aux-Roses, and loitered for hours about M. Suard's premises—but returned without having received (probably without having ventured to ask for) any information. Condorcet remained in the quarries from the evening of the 5th until the afternoon of the 7th, when driven forth by mere hunger he appeared in a cabaret of the village of Clamart, and describing himself as a carpenter out of work, called for an omelet. His address excited doubts, which were strengthened by a little observation of his hands, but especially when, being asked how many eggs should be put into the pan, he answered *a dozen*—and then proceeded to eat the mess with the eagerness of a famishing man, but still with a certain aristocratic management of spoon and fork. He was recommended to the notice of the village authorities, who considered the Latin book (on which he had written some notes with his pencil) an insufficient substitute for a passport; so he was immediately arrested and sent towards Paris. One of his limbs was now in a very helpless state, and a vine-dresser, seeing him limping along between a couple of officers, kindly offered the use of his horse, which was accepted and allowed. It was dark, however, ere they got as far as the little prison at Bourg-la-Reine, and here the sergeants deposited him for the night. When the gaoler entered his cell on the morning of the 8th he was a corpse. 'He had swallowed,' says Arago, 'a concentrated poison which he had carried about with him for some years in a ring; what it was is not known, but it is understood that that of which Napoleon wished to make use at Fontainebleau in 1814 was of the same composition and dated from the same epoch.' The editor of the *Memoirs of 1824* has a little more on this point. According to him, in the tempestuous summer of 1792, the Cardinal de Brienne, formerly prime minister to the King, though he had voted at some elections of Sens, with the bonnet rouge (not that of his ecclesiastical rank) upon his head, was greeted with such looks and cries that he never recovered his nerve. He requested Condorcet to procure him the means of self-destruction

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in case of need—Condorcet obtained the prescription of an eminent physician—gave the Cardinal enough for his purpose (which was soon afterwards enacted), and retained a dose for himself. Condorcet was only in his 51st year.

‘Thus died a man who honoured Science by his works, France by his high qualities, the human family by his virtues.’

So originally ended M. Arago’s *Biographie*, and so it still ends; but it has now a tailpiece of respectable dimensions, occasioned by ‘divers passages relating to Condorcet in the History of the Girondins.’ Arago says his attention was directed to these ‘blemishes in a beautiful work,’ by Madame O’Connor, who had read its two first volumes with natural eagerness, and laid them down with natural indignation, as she found her father misrepresented wherever he was named. Not doubting that M. Lamartine had, from mere haste, allowed himself to follow the hints of obscure traducers, Arago communicated to him Madame O’Connor’s remarks and replies, which he received ‘avec cette bienveillance *fascinatrice* (the italics are Arago’s) dont toutes ses connaissances ont éprouvé les effets. He even did me the honour to request a perusal of my Life of Condorcet, as yet in MS.; and I need not say that I immediately complied with a request so flattering to me.’ The result, however, is that M. de Lamartine has neither in subsequent revisions of his earlier volumes, nor in any epilogue or appendix, modified one of the ‘divers passages.’

We do not imagine our readers would thank us for going into most of the details of this controversy between the two illustrious colleagues of the Institute and of the Provisional Government; but we make room for one topic—the treatment of the escape of the 5th of April, 1794. M. Arago had bestowed all due pains on the history of that incident. M. de Lamartine takes it up in his character of historical romancer:—

‘Condorcet,’ says he, ‘might have been happy and saved, if he could but have waited; but the impatience of his ardent imagination exhausted and destroyed him. He was seized on the return of spring, and at the reverberation of the April sun against the walls of his chamber, with such a craving for liberty and movement, such a passion for beholding once more nature and the sky, that Madame Vernet was forced to watch him like a real prisoner, lest he should escape from her benevolent care. He could speak of nothing but the delight of roaming among the fields, of sitting under the shade of a tree, of listening to the song of birds, the murmur of leaves, the flow of waters. The first verdure of the trees of the Luxembourg, which his window had a glimpse of, carried this thirst for air and motion to an actual delirium.’

In dealing with these ‘puerilities,’ as he does not scruple to call them, M. Arago begins as becomes a man of exact science.

‘If,’

'If,' says he, 'Condorcet had been dominated by the desire of seating himself under a tree and listening to the murmur of leaves, he could have found that satisfaction without quitting Madame Vernet's house, for there were five large lime-trees in her court. At all events the trees of the Luxembourg, which it seems caused a vertigo in the ex-secretary of the Academy, must be put out of the account, for I believe they were not at that time visible from the Rue Servandoni—and I can affirm positively that they were entirely invisible from any window of Madame Vernet's house. I will add, that if Condorcet's passion had been for hearing "the flow of waters," he must have been ill-inspired when he directed his steps to Fontenay-aux-Roses—a flat locality where there existed neither a river nor even the smallest brook, and where in fact he could have no chance of hearing the flow of waters unless in the moment of a heavy shower.'

M. Arago proceeds, however, to say that M. de Lamartine's 'inexactitudes' have had one good consequence: they led him to hunt out some surviving acquaintance of Sarret's, and one of these possessed a copy of Sarret's own little *Traité d'Arithmétique*, in the preface to which volume he had given a full and precise account of the incidents with which he was so creditably connected. From this evidence it appears that 'on the evening before Condorcet quitted his asylum,' a man called there on pretext of looking for lodgings, but whose very particular questions and remarks soon betrayed that he had some different errand. Among other things 'he mentioned searches then going on for saltpetre; and observed, that whoever had any valuables would do well to look to them, for that the agents of this inquest were not the most scrupulous people in the world.' Condorcet, his door being ajar, heard the whole of this, and did not conceal the impression it made on him. M. Sarret does not doubt that the stranger was some well-wisher—and he adds, that in point of fact next morning's post brought a letter to Condorcet, without signature, but expressly warning him that the house was to be searched that very day—there being a suspicion that it harboured fugitives from the south; which letter was found on his table after he had fled.

M. Arago's summing up is—

'On ne trouve point, comme on voit, dans cette relation aucune trace de l'impatience juvénile qui, suivant M. de Lamartine, amena la fin déplorable de Condorcet.'

Certainly not; but the result will astonish no one who has bestowed any attention on the *Histoire des Girondins*. Nor, we must add, is there any perversion of fact even in that meretricious farrago more gross than some which disfigure this Life of Condorcet by a graver Academician.

- ART. II.—1. *Le Conservateur de la Vue*. Troisième Edition considérablement augmentée. Par J. G. A. Chevallier. Paris, 1815.
2. *The Economy of the Eyes*. By William Kitchiner, M.D. Second Edition. 1826.
3. *Hints to Students on the Use of the Eyes*. By Edward Reynolds, M.D. Edinburgh, 1835.
4. *Vision in Health and Disease, the Value of Glasses for its Restoration, and the Mischief caused by their Abuse*. By Alfred Smee, F.R.S. 1847.
5. *Practical Remarks on Near Sight, Aged Sight, and Impaired Vision, with Observations upon the Use of Glasses, and on Artificial Light*. By William White Cooper. 1847.

THERE lived in the west of England a few years since an enthusiastic geologist,—a Doctor of Divinity and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, overtook him shortly afterwards while seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, and then exclaimed in mingled tones of pity and surprise, ‘What, Doctor! be *you* come to this a’ready?’ That there could be philosophy in stones had never crossed the mind of the farmer in his most contemplative mood. They were constantly in his thoughts, but always under the aspect of hard materials admirably adapted to employ paupers and mend roads. He would sooner have expected briars and thistles to yield him corn than that quarries should supply instruction to a divine and magistrate. In the physical no less than in the moral world familiarity breeds contempt: from his infancy he had beheld the petrified animals of distant ages laid open to the light of this living world by the blow of a hammer, and years before he grew to man’s estate the disclosure excited in him equal emotion with a flaw in the stone. Such is the usual fate of natural appearances with uninquiring minds. An officer in Anson’s squadron showed a mirror to the Patagonians. As often as they caught the reflection of their faces they stole nimbly round to discover who was hid at the back of the glass. A lecturer on the laws of light, who had appeared among them while their wonder was at the highest, would have found a breathless audience. In England, multitudes, who could tell little more than the savages of Patagonia, would hear him, if they listened at all, with chilling composure. An immemorial acquaintance with the effect makes them heedless of  
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the cause. A striking advance in science always affords an illustration of the principle. The discoveries in electricity, about the middle of the eighteenth century, excited hardly less sensation than the American war. The intelligence spread as if the electric fluid had been concerned in its propagation; everybody was in haste to study the laws and witness the experiments. A thousand pages of the book of nature, long since deciphered, remained unvalued and unread; the new page alone could stimulate curiosity. Electricity had its reign, and the crowd, to whom science was not a regular pursuit, dropped at once from wonder to indifference. The influence of novelty is not at all less conspicuous in letters than in science. The last ephemeral production of the day is sought with impatience, and the time-honoured classics—the heir-looms of literature—are left to cumber the shelves.

The distaste for all except new-born science has usually defeated the numerous attempts to dissociate from the bulk of Natural Philosophy the portions which are of general and constant concern. Of this class of works none have experienced greater neglect than treatises on the means of assisting vision. Opticians and oculists who remarked the mischief occasioned by ignorance, supposed that the public could only be waiting for an opportunity to be wise. They forgot that their callings, acting like glasses upon rays of light, brought cases to a focus, which make but a faint impression when dispersed. Since the subject had nothing attractive, it required in fact that the books should be read to learn the importance of reading them. Their limited circulation is chiefly among persons of ruined sight, who have always a satisfaction in becoming wise after the event, like a navigator that refused to consult his chart throughout the voyage, and studied it when his ship had gone to pieces on a shoal. Dr. Johnson expressed his surprise that even the inventor of spectacles was regarded with indifference, and found no biographer to celebrate his deeds. Deeds, however, there are none to celebrate; his very name is doubtful, and his life a blank. His invention is his history, and a history which merits attention for the information it conveys, though it is now too late to confer honour on the assemblage of letters which form the words *Salvino and Spina*.\*

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\* A monk, named Rivalto, mentions in a sermon, preached at Florence in 1305, that spectacles had then been known about twenty years. This would place the invention in the year 1285, which coincides with the period when the reputed rivals for the honour flourished. Popular opinion has pronounced in favour of Spina. His opponents allege that the very passage of the monkish chronicle, on which alone his pretensions rest, is fatal to the claim. It is there stated that another person, who is not

A quarter of a century ago Dr. Kitchiner published a treatise on the 'Economy of the Eyes.' He boasted in a preface to the second edition that the single dissentient voice in the chorus of approbation came from an interested optician, who complained that the public would be made as wise as the trade. If the Doctor had personated the anonymous optician, and penned his own panegyric, he could not have discovered a better device to promote the sale of his book, which was undoubtedly the object nearest his heart. He had the effrontery to request that every reader capable of gratitude would refuse to lend the work, and by tempting commendations seduce friends and acquaintances to buy copies for themselves. There was to be economy of eyes, and economy to opticians, but economy towards Dr. Kitchiner was 'most tolerable and not to be endured.' When a tradesman is apprehensive that the sale of spectacles will be diminished by the treatise, the Doctor chains him to his chariot-wheels, and drags him along in derisive triumph; but every purchaser of the treatise itself was to turn hawker to the Doctor, and endeavour to force it into an unnatural circulation. No one, in short, was to be selfish except the author of the 'Economy of the Eyes,' who had the weakness to confess his infirmity to the world, and ask their sympathy and assistance. But his views of gain were not confined to a single treatise. He was the author of several works, and to help off the whole collection, he quoted and commended all in each. A page at the middle of the dissertation on eyes is disfigured by an advertisement, in capital letters, of a dissertation on telescopes, in which, he tells us, will be found 'arguments so true, so convincing, so plainly stated, that they will be perfectly satisfactory, and will finally settle certain important points, which, without such illustration, seem likely to remain puzzled with mazes and perplexed with errors.' This prophetic strain is common with the Doctor, who numbered among the important points which had been finally settled, the transcendent merit of his own productions. Telescopes and spectacles are near relations; but the 'Art of Invigorating Life' was remotely connected with

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not named, had been before him in the discovery, but on telling the result, and refusing to divulge the means, Spina divined the secret, and proclaimed it to the world. An Italian antiquary found, in a manuscript in his possession, an epitaph which records that one Salvino, who died in 1318, was '*inventor degl' occhiali*.' The testimony would have been strong if the epitaph had existed in the original marble, but the private manuscript of an antiquarian collector often proves nothing except the credulity of the owner. There is no evidence, however, to forbid the notion that Salvino was the selfish predecessor, who felt an additional satisfaction in seeing because nobody else, in need of his invention, would be able to see. The circumstance detracts little from Spina's originality, and not the least from his title to the gratitude of mankind. If it be granted that Spina was indebted to Salvino for the hint, the world are indebted to Spina for the spectacles.

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the art of preserving and aiding the sight. The Doctor's ingenuity supplied the link. To see at night there must be candles or lamps; lamps may be contrived to heat a saucepan; the saucepan can be furnished with tea or broth, and whoever reads the 'Art of Invigorating Life' will be instructed how a variety of disorders may be cured by a draught from the reservoir kept bubbling by the bed. Not a soul who believed him, and suffered from sickness, would remain an hour without a book which promised ease in gratifying the appetite. Even the magic balsam of Don Quixote could hardly sustain a comparison with Kitchiner's broth. Cookery and optics were never considered to be kindred sciences. The Doctor contrives, though with some violence, to bring them into contact. Magnifying glasses will make a small delicacy appear a huge mass, and the epicure, who wears them, may join to the pleasures of gluttony the virtues of temperance. Eating once mentioned and the transition is easy to the fifth edition of the 'Cook's Oracle.' A harder task remained. To a passion for medicine, cookery, and optics, the Doctor added a passion for music, and published a volume of airs which appealed to a sense that had no alliance with vision. He was not to be baffled. Opera-glasses are used in theatres, and in theatres it is common to sing 'God save the King.' This was sufficient to introduce the assurance that those who would enjoy the national anthem in perfection must have recourse to the 'Grand Selection of the Loyal, National, and Sea Songs of England.' But the Doctor's pen had also been employed on the vocal art, and he believed he was the first who showed how 'God save the King' should be sung. Thus much he reveals to pique curiosity, that in the line 'God save great George our King,' the only words to be sung were 'God,' 'save,' and 'King.' Those who desired to learn what was to be done with the remainder—whether they were to be omitted altogether, or whether they were to be spoken, or groaned, or whistled, would obtain satisfaction by the perusal of the 'Observations on Vocal Music.' In chanting his own praises, the elliptical method, though claimed as his proper invention, found no favour with the Doctor.

The 'Economy of the Eyes' was put forth with the usual pretensions of the author. Everybody, he said, was in need of the information because nobody had given it—an assertion refuted by his own quotations—and he came forward to supply the deficiency with the materials furnished by thirty years of study. He demanded in consequence unlimited deference. The majority of persons were apt to be wise in their own conceit, and unless 'they rectified their prejudices by the invariable standard of irresistible truth, they could derive no benefit from the book'—

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this invariable standard of irresistible truth being a synonym of the Doctor for himself and his opinions. The essay, the subject of so much toil and self-approval, was a useful compilation, which required little time or thought to put together, and was chiefly distinguished from others of the class by the interpolation of a variety of those village-dame maxims that formed a prominent part of the Doctor's genius. The doctrines of this description which pervade the treatise, we suspect to have been the portion which justified, in his own estimation, his parental praise. He evidently passed through life under a delusion. The whole of his writings, medical, musical, optical, and culinary show that he possessed the disposition of an elderly female—conspicuous among her sex for weak nerves, fidgety habits, prim comforts, and vigilant economy. He appears to have descended to his grave in the belief that the masculine part of the creation were only manly from the want of knowing better, and he sat down to instruct them how to become like himself, or, in other words, how to cease to be men. Many who heard of him through his best, and really excellent treatise, 'The Cook's Oracle,' always imagined that some careful housekeeper had assumed a name in accordance with her functions, and in defiance of her sex, and chose to call herself Dr. Kitchiner, since Sterne had appropriated the more suitable title of Dr. Slop.

In Mr. Smee's treatise on Vision there is, for the money, a profusion of paper, print and engravings, but we would advise no one to buy it who has any love for a shilling. Those who cry themselves up provoke others to cry them down. The unpretending tone of Mr. Cooper's little volume on Near and Aged Sight would be calculated, on the other hand, to win favour, although the merit of the book had not been equal to the modesty of the author. But it is the best of the kind as well as the latest, nor could a better be desired. He has thought more of the public than himself, and while omitting nothing which a general reader could desire to know of glasses and eyes, not a sentence has been devoted to the display of his learning at the expense of his judgment. If ostentatious pretenders were wiser in their generation they would discover that the world is neither so entirely in its dotage, or its infancy, as to be ignorant that everybody who parades a pearl has not dived to the bottom for it.

A few sentences will explain how glasses assist the sight. The minutest point of an illuminated object darts out rays in every direction, which diverge like the spokes from the nave of a wheel, and strike the eye through the whole extent of its outer surface; or, to speak with more exactness, the light assumes the form of a cone—the point of the object being the apex, and the eye the

base. What is true of one point is true of all. Millions of points are each discharging its cone of light upon the eye, which, before it can become a perceiving organ, must be able to disentangle the jarring rays and reduce them to order. A property of light is to bend on entering a new substance that is either rarer or denser than what was previously traversed. By virtue of the difference between the parts of the eye, and the eye and the atmosphere, all the rays from the same point of the object without, are gathered together in a bundle by themselves till they once more meet in a point within. The action of the eye is simply to reverse the previous effect. The spreading light is again drawn close, and becomes at the goal what it was at the starting-place. Yet it is not enough that a picture should be formed; it must be painted on the retina at the back of the eye, and if the rays are brought together before or behind, instead of upon it, the sight is confused. This is the evil which glasses correct.

In advancing years the eyes lose a part of their bending power, for the ball and crystalline lens get flatter, and their globular shape has a principal share in producing the effect. The rays are not drawn inwards with sufficient force, and arrive at the retina before they can meet in a point. A curved glass operates upon light like the eye itself, and interposed before it does a portion of its work. The rays are bent in passing through the glass, and the eye which was incompetent to the entire task is able to complete what the glass begins. When the organ is nearly equal to its duty, a slight curvature, just enough to make good the deficiency, is given to the spectacles, and as the eye fails their rotundity is increased; an exact proportion is thus kept up between the demand of nature and the supply of art.

Though near objects require spectacles to show them distinctly, those more distant may be seen in perfection without their assistance. Since the rays from a point keep separating as they travel, all which branch out widely are soon too far asunder to fall within the narrow circle of the eye. The least divergent alone hit it, and these are the easiest reduced to union. But an eye brought close to the object catches the divergent rays at their source, and, if its capabilities are diminished, is unable to master them. Here spectacles are a necessary aid, while the lesser task is readily performed by the naked eye. One of the earliest indications of an alteration in the sight is the holding a book further off than before to get rid of the unmanageable part of the light.

Some eyes, which are over-round, refract the rays in excess, and bring them to a focus in front of the retina; the result is shortness of sight. The eye must come nearer to what it wants to distinguish, and imbibe those spreading rays which demand an additional

additional bending equal to its own superfluity of power. Hollowed or concave glasses obviate the need for greater proximity. As round or convex spectacles draw in the rays, so these turn them out till their increased divergence is equivalent to the superior force of the eye. Thus spectacles are a remedy for opposite defects. One sees obscurely what is under his nose—another is blind to all that is not—and a glass gives the mole the range of the eagle, and suffers the eagle to confine its vision like the mole. The Earl of Bath assured Lord Chesterfield in his deafness that he should always be happy to lend him an ear. With truth more consoling than compliment and wit, it may be said to the thousands whose sight is defective, that the inventor of spectacles has lent them an eye. He has added to the pleasures and independence of age—he has lengthened life in protracting its usefulness. Venerable genius, unable to read or write, must often, without him, have been a clouded sun, incapable of imparting its fire to the world. He has continued to wisdom the treasures of knowledge, he has preserved to the public the riches of wisdom, and for all degrees of men he has, times out of number, kept the curtain from falling till the play was at an end.

A tool becomes a weapon in careless hands, and even spectacles worn before they are required deteriorate the sight they were meant to restore. By some mechanism, which at present is imperfectly understood, the eye alters its conformation for every distance, in order that the bending, or, in technical language, the refracting power may vary with the work. This capacity of change is dependant upon habit. A student seldom sees well at a distance, for his eyes are exercised upon near objects, and get fixed in the shape which they commonly assume. With a sailor it is the reverse. He is for ever striving to penetrate into space, and at last sees more of the horizon than his hand. The same process is carried on in a vigorous eye when forced into harmony with the new refractions which glasses produce. It takes and retains a fresh bias, which encroaches on the resources reserved for the wants of future years. Soldiers, who used to exhaust ingenuity to procure their discharge, discovered that straining their eyes to distinguish objects through concave glasses, would make them what they desired—too short-sighted for the service. If they marred their vision they recovered their liberty; but the tyranny of fashion has wrought greater havoc than military servitude, and could offer nothing in return except present self-conceit and future regrets. A few years previous to the appearance of the Tatler, the public were seized with this ambition of seeming not to see. The eye-disease was more contagious than the plague. Acquaintances deemed it essential to

their personal importance to withhold their mutual recognition till they had narrowly examined each other through a glass. 'However,' writes the Tatler, 'that infirmity is out of favour, and the age has regained its sight.' But the age continues to lose it periodically, and has been blind within the memory of the present generation. When the mania returns—as return it will with some revolution of the moon—those liable to be infected would do well to consider, whether for the sake of being ridiculed by men of sense in their youth it is worth their while to be purblind in their prime. Unless they are superior to vanity, a mirror which could enable them to view themselves as they are seen by others, would work of itself an immediate cure.

Though the malady is only epidemic at intervals, it never quite disappears. Whether it be a peculiarity of the medical profession to imbibe the wisdom by aping the infirmities of age, or that they see further into a case the less they can see of anything else, the delusion is common with the junior brethren of the craft that spectacles make the physician and procure the money which makes the man. Those who trust to artifice may be suspected to have little acquaintance with their art, or they might rest assured that the possession of wisdom dispenses with the necessity of injuring their sight in attempts to look wise. An old head is not long disparaged by young shoulders.

There are others with eyes unimpaired by time, who, deceived by the aid which glasses afford to less fortunate coevals, expect a cure where there is no disease. To customers difficult to suit, the celebrated Ramsden presented spectacles with common glass, and in the blandest accents told them they were the species adapted to their case. An exclamation of delight invariably followed;—'Ay, these will do! These are capital!' A pair of empty rims are sometimes tried with the same success, and by the force of imagination add lustre to the scene. Plain glass is the most harmless contrivance for those who insist upon looking through a window to avoid the simplicity of ungarnished eyes. But that part of mankind who wear spectacles for use, and not for show, and always have them of an actual power, must beware of inferring the decay of sight from the lapse of years. Ramsden said he had a harder task to persuade favoured mortals that their sight was good than to cure defects where it was really bad. A lady who at 79 could thread a needle with her naked eye, complained that nature had debarred her of a privilege: 'My acquaintance are always telling me how charmingly they read and work with glasses, and surely it is very hard that I cannot enjoy the same advantage.' Everybody is not a Ramsden to teach optics when their calling is to sell spectacles. The  
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gainful error is often fostered. The will consents though the eyes rebel, and the purchaser submits to see worse for the present, beguiled by the promise that a brilliant prospect will open before him when he and his spectacles are better acquainted. As the glasses will not fit the eyes, the eyes are tortured into fitting the glasses—till they regain a part, and only a part, of their former power, with the consolatory addition that they have been forced on a step towards darkness and decay. M. Jourdain was not the last to wear tight shoes because his tradesman asserted that the pain was imaginary.

Those who are ashamed to grow old, and think a badge of infirmity a badge of disgrace, take the other extreme. How they see is entirely subordinate to how they look. But Time leaves his footmarks wherever he treads. The ocular exertion which instinct prompts betrays at once their weak ambition and their waning sight. Their eyes and their minds are in strict keeping, for self-conceit is the blindest of passions, and while exulting in its work withers by its touch every garland it attempts to weave. When the question lies between vanity and spectacles, it should be easy to decide which of the two is the most valuable possession. Prudence induces many to prolong the contest, convinced that the years which are snatched from the reign of spectacles are so much added to the duration of vision. The contrary is the truth—if the eyes are strained. The art which preserves them from unnatural efforts husband their strength. According to Dr. Kitchiner the majority express a fear that if they once wear glasses they will never be able to leave them off. There is no occasion to speak with doubt; the result is sure. As Falstaff says of the consumption of his purse, 'the disease is incurable,' and spectacles 'only linger and linger it out.' But borrowed aid here is better than bankruptcy, and bankruptcy is best averted by not exhausting common resources before the extraordinary are called in. A lady, mentioned by one of the writers on vision, brought her eyes to such a state that her first pair of spectacles were the last on the optician's list. Even these are sometimes useless to the damaged organ, and at the period when others are renewing their sight, the victims of vanity and prudence are doomed to 'darkness visible' for the rest of their days.

Nothing is more variable in the constitution of man than the age at which near objects first appear confused. Dr. Johnson, blind in one eye and purblind in the other, dispensed with a glass to the close of his life; and Romaine, unspectacled, read small print in his 80th year. Nature doles out privileges like these with a sparing hand. The greater part of mankind require assistance by forty-five: yet most at this age are taken by surprise, and

and seldom at the outset suspect the evil. The first symptoms occurring by candle-light, which is much less efficient than the light of day, the dim-eyed man complains to the chandler when he should go to the optician. But when repeated changes of lamps and candles, and numberless manœuvres with the wick, produce no relief—when he finds that his family are in a glare while he himself is in a mist, he begins to remember that he is older than he was, and that there is nothing which time favours less than eyes. He purchases spectacles, and is delighted with the acquisition. The haze is dissipated, and he seems to gaze upon a renovated world. Often, at no long interval, the objects recommence to lose their brightness; a light film is spreading itself afresh, and that he may brush it away he alternately rubs his glasses and his eyes. The operation is unsuccessful. The dusky hue which hangs upon the scene is not to be treated like a time-soiled picture, and, warned by past experience, he immediately traces the evil to its source. He calls again at Mr. Dixie's and asks for spectacles of a higher power; the pleasure is renewed and the disappointment follows. He is now alarmed at his vision advancing by such rapid stages to the realms of darkness, and, as he is long past the confines of unassisted nature, he fears to be soon beyond the reach of art.

This is an extreme case of what generally happens in a less degree. The effect of spectacles diminishes with use, and offers a temptation to hasten the change from focus to focus till art and nature are both run out. A confusion of the letters in reading or writing gives warning of the necessity for older glasses, and greater refinement is too costly a luxury for declining eyes. The same focus will often serve for several years, and fortunate is the man who lives to wear the series to the end; whereas spendthrifts of sight must be prepared to put on their last glasses for the last time long before their eyes are closed in death. A comic story, told by Dr. Kitchiner, has had its parallel in tragedy. A lad extracted the glasses from his grandfather's spectacles. The old man looked through the unglazed frames and exclaimed with horror, 'Mercy on me, I have lost my sight!' With nervous agitation he took them off to wipe them clean: his handkerchief came on unresisting air, and now he cried with redoubled terror, 'Heavens! I have lost my feeling too.' It was well for him that they were his glasses which were gone and not his eyes.

The point settled that spectacles are required, the next consideration is to choose them with judgment. Dr. Kitchiner avers that many have no idea that it is requisite to choose at all. They disinter from the buried effects of the last generation a pair  
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of family spectacles, and the older was the ancestor who wore them, and the dimmer were his eyes, the greater they suppose must be the virtue of the glasses which enabled him to see. If the practice be indeed common, spectacles ought to be broken over the coffins of their owners, like the wand of office on the grave of royalty. To begin where grandfathers and grandmothers left off is to put 20 or 30 years upon the eyes in a short six months. The selection should be made by trials in the shop of the optician, and the lowest power taken which shows the work for which they are intended at the ordinary distance. The divergent rays from an object held closer call for stronger refraction to unite them on the retina, and may lead to the choice of too high a power, or to the adoption of spectacles where none are required. By drawing attention to the diminished space between the book and the eyes, M. Chevallier, an eminent French optician, often convinced persons, who would have mounted spectacles in haste to repent at leisure, of the serious error they were about to commit. Whoever makes a mistake buys a master instead of a servant; his eyes will be tyrannized over by his spectacles and be worn out in their service.

The novice expects the glasses which enable him to read will be equally good for an extended view. He glances from his book down the street, and exclaims that what brightens the page darkens the prospect. A glass cannot change its form like the eye; if it has power enough for a small distance, it will overrefract the rays from a greater. 'An two men ride of a horse,' says Dogberry, 'one must ride behind.' Forensic spectacles, which originated, as the name denotes, in the courts of law, have the upper circle pared down to a straight line, and the counsel, by lowering his eyes, looks through the glass at his brief, and by raising them, looks at his audience over the edge. To a by-stander he appears as if at one while he saw with half a pair of spectacles, and at another with half an eye. A humourist said that he always felt he was guilty of a liberty in looking through glasses at a certain peer of his acquaintance,—his face was so ugly; but the forensic pattern was not devised out of respect to the court, in the apprehension that the view disclosed by those of the ordinary make could take dignity from the judge, or give it to the jury. The arrangement is most useful in securing clear sight at variable distances, and permits the gaze to be averted at intervals from the glass, which adds the minor comfort of a cool eye to the commanding advantage of a cool head. Nor is the benefit less in the study than in court. By the adoption of forensic spectacles in reading and writing the heated organ gets refreshed in the casual pauses of thought,

thought, without shifting the machine and interrupting the employment.

When not engaged upon near work the economist of sight will look about him with a free eye; and if an impenetrable mist should gather he must have a second pair of spectacles, less powerful than the companions of his sedentary hours. At present, he has only to ascertain that both eyes see equally well at a single distance, or whether one does not require a different focus from the other. If the page is looked at alternately with each, any variation in the effect will be immediately perceptible, and the two compartments can be fitted with glasses of varying power. It is common, though we are unconscious of it, for the eyes to wear unevenly; the left lags behind, and leaves his fellow to perform the work. All who use a single glass, and always apply it to the same side—especially artisans who, like watchmakers, pass hours in this position—are in a particular manner exposed to the defect. The idle eye, enervated and not preserved by indolence, is sure to be the worst. Moderate action is essential to the health of every part of the body; and the dislocation of a limb upon the rack would not be more destructive than protracted repose. Both methods are tried upon the eyes,—the right is racked with labour, and the left is depraved with ease. A practice, which is universal among those who are compelled to employ a single eye at a time, must be supposed to possess an undoubted advantage, or it would seem a simple resource to work each by turns. With a want of his usual sagacity, Franklin applied the doctrine to the hands. The right, he complained, was educated with care; the left was rebuked if it touched a needle or a pen, and for a cause which he overlooked, that in proportion as the neglected sister is brought forward the favoured is thrown back. The power is not doubled; it is merely transferred, to the sacrifice of grace. The prerogative assigned to the right hand is no refinement of civilized life; the entire race obey the instinct, and the reason is founded in the nature of things. To divide the practice would be to divide the skill; Franklin would have printed with only half his manual dexterity,—the very word, if he had attended to its derivation, might have suggested the fact,—or it would have taken him twice as long to acquire his art. His solitary argument for the innovation is the occasional attacks of rheumatism and cramp to which flesh is heir, though he again forgot that disease is no respecter of sides, that it cripples right and left together, and that it would be hardly worth while for the world to grow clumsy to alleviate an occasional and uncertain exception. But the nature which has made the left hand the auxiliary of the right has been impartial to the eyes; and

and to condemn one to sloth is a violation of her laws. The readiness with which the organs of vision are habituated to alternate action suggested to John Hunter a singular idea. In wounds of the chest, the injured half of the lungs is often hindered from expanding, which checks the movement of the healthy side; and he thought it a pity we should not learn sometimes to work either lobe separately, while the other was at rest. Except for his high authority, we should have supposed the feat to be impossible; and, notwithstanding his authority, we believe it to be inexpedient. To go into training in anticipation of every imaginable casualty, however rare and remote, would make life a burden; and the perplexed scholar, worn out with his lessons, might take it into his head not to breathe at all.

The right focus found, it is necessary to ascertain that the centre of the glass is directly opposite to the centre of the pupil. Though the width between the eyes is far from uniform, Mr. Cooper remarks that little attention is paid to the circumstance. There is not less reason that the frames of spectacles should be adapted to the shape of the face, than that a hat should be fitted to the size of the head. The inconvenience of glasses which are not precisely in front of the eyes will be quickly felt; but the cause of the inconvenience may remain long undetected. The aching sensation is a common consequence of using spectacles at first; and possessed with this idea the wearer continues both figuratively and literally to wink at the fault. The remaining points of importance are soon decided. To see that the glass is without a speck or a vein it has only to be held before the flame of a candle: to learn that the substance is uniform, and the shape exact, it suffices to ascertain that in raising the spectacles from a book towards the eyes none of the letters appear distorted; and both the lenses will be known to be of one focus if the effect is the same when they are looked through in succession with the same eye. The best form for the glasses is the common double convex for long sight, and the double concave for short. Periscopic spectacles, the contrivance of Dr. Wollaston, show a wider prospect—an advantage which can be equally gained by a turn of the head—and show it less perfectly, which is a serious evil that admits no relief. Of the numberless other inventions, which are for ever being thrust before the eyes of the public, it is needless to speak. Mr. Adams, an optician of the last century, and the author of an excellent treatise on his art, ascribed them to a craving for extensive business. What is new is seldom much more than a Greek name, of which the learned look and lofty sound may sometimes impose upon those who know nothing but English, and lead them to believe that the  
term

term implies a multitude of recondite virtues, which it defied the poverty of their mother tongue to express.

‘Better to shun the bait than struggle in the snare.’

Every one must feel it an unsatisfactory thing if he goes to buy spectacles, and has dust thrown in his eyes by the optician. For the rest, pebbles are dearer than glass without being better, except that they are difficult to break and scratch: the mounting is a matter of taste, and not of science; and all that is needed besides is health to wear the spectacles, and money to pay for them—particulars in which it is beyond our power to afford assistance.

George Hakewell, a worthy who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, published a treatise on the ‘*Vanitie of the Eye*,’ which he composed for the comfort of a ‘gentlewoman bereaved of her sight;’ but however deep may have been his conviction of the vanity of the gentlewoman’s eyes, we question if he would have been willing to lose his own, or, having lost them, would have found his ‘moral medecine’ an adequate remedy for the ‘mortifying mischief.’ All who are not of Mr. Hakewell’s stoical school should take care of their sight while they have it, and be cautious of throwing their capital away in the desire to obtain an exorbitant interest. The organs of vision are affected by constitution and habit; and until every man is cast in the same mental and physical mould it is vain to attempt to lay down general rules. Persons, whose business lies with morbid eyes, are apt to consider the world an aviary of owls, and put a prohibition upon practices which millions pursue without injury to their sight and to the great advantage of everthing else. Fontenelle was told that coffee was a slow poison. ‘Very slow, indeed,’ he replied, ‘for it has been eighty years in killing me.’ The prudent plan is to pay attention to sensations, and not neglect their warning in the vain hope that it may be neglected with impunity. Pepys returned from the play, his eyes ‘mighty bad,’ and recorded that it taught him ‘by a manifest experiment’ that the candles of the theatre made them sore; but his passion ‘to gaze on the fair who caused his care’ still brought him back to gaze on the light which hurt his sight, and there—when he was expecting total blindness, which was almost, he said, the same as to see himself step into the grave—he sat a suffering spectator,

unable to conceal his pain:

And winked and looked, winked and looked,  
Winked and looked, and winked again.

Overwrought eyes are often tasked from better motives, and more urgent needs, but often also from want of knowledge and thought,—  
from

from ignorance that excessive fatigue, unlike the transitory pictures of vision, sets its stamp in the substance of the organ. With a vizard over his face, and two tubes projecting from his eyes to defend them from the light, Pepys—looking more a monster than a man—was obliged, that he might further deepen the shade, to resign his accustomed seat in front of the window, and take up his position on the other side of the table. He relates the change with strange satisfaction, and rejoices that now ‘the fire in winter will not trouble his back.’ This was cold comfort. If his calamity had permitted it, he might have had a screen at his back, instead of on his face, and been neither troubled by fire nor light. He was reasoning, however, after the event, and was right to console himself the best he could; but those who have still the issue in their own hands may be confident that the present advantage of squandering sight is about the same, compared to the future loss, as the advantage to Pepys of losing the use of his eyes that he might shift his chair from the hearth.

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ART. III.—*Dr. Johnson; his Religious Life and his Death.*

By the author of ‘*Doctor Hookwell*,’ ‘*The Primitive Church in its Episcopacy*,’ &c. 8vo., pp. 528. 1850.

AMONGST the audacities of book-making we remember nothing so bold as ‘*Doctor Hookwell*.’ The religious and literary world do not need to be reminded that the vicarage of Leeds is worthily filled by Dr. Walter Farquhar Hook, well-known for his various theological publications, and for the higher merit of an intelligent and indefatigable discharge of his pastoral duties. This eminent divine, the author of ‘*Doctor Hookwell*’ has made the hero of a three volumed *novel*, with no other veil than the syllable added to his name, but prefixing his initials—W. F.—and subjoining in full letters his description as *Vicar of Leeds*. This strange indelicacy of bringing forward a living clergyman as the hero of a work of fiction becomes practically less offensive from the extreme absurdity and insipidity of the performance. It is foreign to our present purpose to inquire whether there are any doctrines attributed to *Doctor Hookwell* that Dr. Hook need disclaim, though we can have no doubt both his modesty and good taste must be offended by the very gross and clumsy panegyrics pronounced on his shadow. But what concerns us on this occasion is that the mode in which that work was concocted is evidently repeated in this new one:—namely, that the author being in the habit of keeping a common-place

mon-place book, took on the former occasion Dr. Hook, and now takes Dr. Johnson as the text on which he may spin out into a bulky publication all the scattered and frequently worthless scraps of his desultory reading;—secondly, that this is done by one who, extensive as is his *common-placing* may be, seems incredibly ignorant or negligent of matters that everybody else knows;—thirdly, that he has entirely and, as it seems, intentionally misrepresented a leading and important circumstance of that which forms the professed object of his work.

Of his expertness in the noble art of tumefaction our readers will see, that—to avoid the same error—our examples must be sparing. The Chapter headed

‘*His Superstition*’

is a collection of anecdotes concerning superstitions, and belief in witches, fairies, ghosts, &c. in ‘The Ancient Greeks and Romans’—‘Alexander the Great’—‘Pliny’—‘the Haunted House at Athens’—‘the P. et Prudentius’—‘Sir M. Hale’—‘Dr. Cotton Mather of Massachusetts’—‘a waggoner in the county of Salop’—‘a second waggoner in Shropshire’—‘a Lady in the Isle of Mull’—‘Mrs. Pallister’—‘a Manx servant maid and a hare’—other ‘Manx enthusiasts,’ &c., &c. And having spent ten pages in these heterogeneous, and most of them ludicrously trivial stories, he at length remembers Dr. Johnson—

‘But let us come to what may be called Dr. Johnson’s superstitions.’

And after another dozen pages of similar rambling—barely rational—he winds up the whole chapter of ‘Johnson *Superstitions*’ with—

‘Johnson was not superstitious;’

which is very like the celebrated chapter of Horrebow’s *Iceland*, which he might have found in *Boswell*—

‘CHAPTER LXXII.—CONCERNING SNAKES.’

‘*There are no snakes to be met with on the island.*’

So also, because Dr. Johnson wrote a few epitaphs—none of them very remarkable, but all full of grave and dignified feeling—we have a chapter of

‘*Epitaphs*;

in which, after slightly mentioning four or five of Johnson’s, our author says,

‘Perhaps in no one department of writing has the varied talent of mankind been more displayed than in the writing of epitaphs. Some inscriptions are of a witty, or serio-comic nature; some laudatory of the dead, at the expense of the characters of the living; some enigmatical; some expressing lamentations in true poetry. We find  
specimens

specimens of these sorts largely abounding in Grecian and Roman, as well as in English literature. Let a few examples, from modern sources, be given.'—p. 439.

And then he proceeds to copy out of his common-place book some couple of dozen epitaphs, of which the two or three that were worth copying even into a scrap-book, are to be found in every collection, and hardly one of the rest would deserve admission into any. What do our readers think of the following as illustrations of the *Religious life and death* of Doctor Johnson:—

'Reputed to be inscribed on a tombstone in the churchyard of Llandinabo, in Herefordshire:—

*Templum, Bellum, Spelunca,  
De Terrâ in Arcû.*

Reader! you must at once be given the meaning of this, for probably you would rack your brains in vain. Here it is:—

CHURCH-WAR-DEN  
OF LLAND-IN-A-BO.'—p. 443.

Or of this:

'Here lies I, at the Church door:  
Here lies I, because I's poor!  
The farther you go, the more you pay:  
Here lies I, as warm as they!'—p. 441.

Or of his quoting as an *epitaph* six out of eighteen lines of a doggerel libel which appeared in the periodicals of the day (1747), against (which our author does not seem to have suspected) the celebrated Vice-Admiral Lestock?

By a similar process, whenever Johnson, or any one else, happens in Boswell's great repository of table-talk to mention any name that our author can find, either in his own common-place book or the Biographical Dictionaries, he seldom fails to favour us with a digression, shorter or longer, concerning not only the person thus named, but any other persons that he can *hook well* or *ill* into the same category. For instance, Johnson saw Dr. Blacklock—the blind poet—twice in his life, at two breakfasts: on the first occasion, Johnson says, with a warmth accounted for by Blacklock's misfortune, 'Dear Dr. Blacklock, I am glad to see you.' This casual expression of Johnson's sympathy and civility our author exaggerates into—

'Dr. Johnson showed *much friendship* to the blind poet and divine; and then runs off into six pages about blind poets, in which he takes occasion to inform the world that Milton also was a blind poet, and that a certain Dr. Lucas was a blind divine. And he further, on Lucas's authority, acquaints us that

'Homer, Appius, Cn. Aufidius, Didymus, Walkup, Père Jean l'Aveugle, &c., all of them eminent for their service and usefulness' were as blind as Lucas.—p. 268.

But

But let it not be supposed that he always makes these digressions without due apology and justification. For instance, when mentioning the curious fact that Dr. Johnson had a mother, he takes occasion to say that other people also have had mothers and even fathers, and have found them very useful helps, particularly to their first steps in life:—

‘Here we may be permitted—[“*prodigious bold request*”]—to observe the *usefulness of parental education*. How many children, before escaping from the nursery, have learned lessons of virtue from a mother or a father, that have never been forgotten!’—p. 11.

And then he goes on to enumerate several distinguished persons who, ‘like Johnson,’ were under obligations to their mothers—for instance, Adam Clarke, and Lord Byron:—

—‘but of all maternal patterns the mother of St. Augustin ranks the first.’—p. 11.

though if our author knows no more of Saint Monica than he evidently does of poor Mrs. Byron, his praise of a *maternal pattern* is not worth much. He further thinks it necessary to quote the very passage in which the ‘*Rev. Robert Cecil*’ does not hesitate to confess that ‘he was much indebted to his MOTHER,’ and even ‘felt the LOSS of his FATHER’ (p. 11). The capitals are in the original, and mark very properly the singularity and importance of the facts they refer to.

These scanty specimens must suffice to explain our first objection, namely, that Johnson’s name is made the peg on which to hang up—or rather the line on which to hang out—much hacknied sentimentality, and some borrowed learning, with an awful and overpowering quantity of twaddle and rigmarole.

Our second, though not applying so extensively, is, as regards any reliance on the compiler’s authority, still more serious. To begin with his anachronisms. He calls Addison ‘the *contemporary* of Johnson.’ It is true they were alive together for a few years. So were William III. and George II. for a longer period, but who ever thought of calling them contemporaries? He thinks

‘probably that excellent paper, in the Rambler, on capital punishments, was written with the fate of poor Dodd in his view.’—p. 188.

The Rambler terminated early in 1752. Dodd’s misfortune was in 1777, just a quarter of a century later.

He censures the ‘*fulsome eulogy*’ of Pope’s dedication of Parnell’s Poems to Lord Oxford, ‘although it was *during his lordship’s descent* from the height of political power’ (p. 259). Lord Oxford’s fall, as every body but this writer knows, was in 1714, and Pope’s verses, about the most feeling and elegant that he ever wrote, were in 1721.

He

He talks too of 'Prynne the regicide' (p. 379). It seems strange that one who seems to have books about him should not have known that the wayward Prynne, after his early opposition to, and sufferings from, the Court, had, before the King's trial, become almost if not quite a royalist.

These, and twenty others of the like, though very strange in a gentleman who ascends so high a chair of instruction, might be passed over as mere proofs of a bad memory; but here is a deliberate, complicated, and yet flagrant blunder, which so astounded us that it is not without some degree of lingering hesitation that we believe our own eyes while we copy it. Every one at all acquainted with either the history of Johnson, or the history of England, is acquainted with Mr. Windham, the friend of Burke, of Fox, of Pitt, and of Grenville—a distinguished statesman in an age of statesmen—an eloquent orator in the midst of the greatest orators the British senate can boast—a man in all respects among the most conspicuous of his day. Well! Mr. Windham we all know, amongst his many distinctions, had that of Johnson's friendship, and of having eminently deserved it. To him Johnson when dying gave with his own hand a copy of the New Testament, with this affecting allocution—'*Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*;' and to Mr. Windham's generosity he bequeathed a kind of guardianship over the welfare of his poor servant Francis. On this the author remarks—

'Thus was Johnson faithful to the last to the poor and friendless, and Mr. Windham no less declared by his willing compliance his own acknowledged manliness of mind.' \*—p. 490.

To which he subjoins the following note:—

'\* For example of *this*, see Mr. Windham's published speeches in Parliament, delivered in the House of "Clinabs," (Commons,) under the disguised name of "Gumdahm;" at least so was it in Dr. Johnson's days. Windham was one of the most eloquent of that respectable body of patriots that leagued together against Sir R. Walpole; who, while almost all the men of wit and genius opposed him, is said to have paid in vain above fifty thousand pounds to paltry scribblers in his defence.'—*ib.*

And then he proceeds to extract some anecdotes of this Mr. Windham-Gumdahm, from the 'Memoirs of his intimate friend, Mr. Wilberforce.' Our youngest readers partake our astonishment! The author, they see, imagines that Burke's, Johnson's, and Wilberforce's friend Mr. Windham, who died in 1811, was no other than Sir William Wyndham, the friend of Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke, who died in 1740—and that Mr. Windham's speeches in the *Times* and the *Morning Post* were the same that had been published sixty years before in the *Gentleman's Magazine*

as the orations of *Gumdahm*, in the House of *Clinabs*, in the parliament of Lilliput!!!

We invite our readers to think over what a mass and complication of blunders and ignorance of English politics and literature these paragraphs reveal, and what we are to think of the sagacity and reading of an author who imagines that the Tory baronet of Queen Anne's reign was the Whig statesman of George the Third's.

All these blunders are, however, so obvious, and of course so innocuous, that we should not have thought them nor the volume which enshrines them worth our particular notice, but for a gross, and we fear an intentional, misrepresentation of an important point in what is avowed to be the chief topic of the reverend author's work—the religious feelings of Dr. Johnson.

The writer, with his systematic see-saw of quotations, can be wholly consistent on no subject: but he generally does Dr. Johnson the justice of representing him as a steadfast, devout, and affectionate member of the Church of England:—it would seem that this was what he mainly desired to inculcate; and, by closely following Boswell, he substantially adheres to that text, till at the last moment he is pleased to revive a couple of silly sectarian fables—to the effect that Dr. Johnson in his dying moments, though attended by two near and dear friends, clergymen of the Established Church, endeavoured to obtain more religious comfort from two other persons, one, a Mr. Latrobe, a dissenter, and the other one, Mr. Winstanley, a clergyman who seems to have been thought of for some peculiarity in his opinions different from those of Johnson's own religious attendants. Both these stories, besides being in themselves flagrantly absurd, were completely refuted by Mr. Croker in his edition of Boswell, and by ourselves in our review of Hannah More's *Letters* (*Q. Rev.* vol. lii. p. 431); but when, after having been thus demolished, they are brought forth again—and one of them with an additional falsehood—by an author who professes to be at once a strenuous churchman and a sincere admirer of Dr. Johnson's religious feelings, it becomes a duty to repeat the denial and expose over again the imposture.

We need not again enter into the details of these pious frauds, but as regards this reproduction of them, we must observe, in the first place, that this writer—after professing (p. vii.) that he will adopt 'no *Johnsoniana*,' nor any less authentic work than Boswell's, and that only (he adds) in Croker's last edition (the single volume 8vo.)—reproduces these two 'anecdotes' without a hint that they are, in the volume he professes to follow, denounced as certainly and manifestly untrue. This is not merely a *suppressio veri*—it is a *suggestio falsi*—as if Boswell and Croker had taken the same view of these stories that he does; Boswell not having dreamt

dreamt of them, and Croker having exposed and stigmatized them: but he does worse—much worse. The very fabricators of the *first* story were forced to confess its failure. The authority for the *second* was an anonymous extract of an anonymous letter, found by Hannah More's executors amongst the mass of her papers, and by them published—injudiciously and unwarrantably—in her correspondence, but without any pretence that she had any concern whatsoever with the paper, nor any proof that she believed or had even ever seen it. In short, Hannah More, even on her sapient editor's own showing, had no more to do with any portion of the affair than the Queen of Sheba. But then comes our present author—a professed admirer of Dr. Johnson—who, with all the facts before his eyes, and seeing that the original fable is untenable, boldly discards all minor machinery—and at once attributes the anonymous letter to *Hannah More's* own pen—'*Hannah More tells us*' (p. 497); and then repeats the whole Winstanley story, as '*told to Hannah More*' by the original authority, and *by her again related* (p. 498). This extravagant misrepresentation is made with so much detail, and the authority of Hannah More is produced and reproduced with so much confidence, that it is difficult to attribute it to mere blundering—and what renders all this more curious is, that the writer adds a note which, to an ordinary reader, would look like an authentication of the story, stating that *he himself* is the great grandson of this very Mr. Winstanley, the hero of the 'anecdote.' Whether this circumstance had such an effect on the author's *amour propre* as to blind him to the inconsistencies of the story and to the bad faith of the evidence on which he supports it, we do not presume to say. We can only lay the facts before the public.

Our readers no doubt would be glad to know who the writer is who has contrived to distinguish himself by such stupendous blunders. He is certainly a curiosity, and quite as worthy of individual exhibition as any author in Madame Tussaud's Temple of Fame. As he has chosen to wear a mask—or at least a half-mask—like a king at a masquerade who fancies that every one must recognise him, we will not undertake to name him positively, but we think that we may venture to look for some traces of his identity in 'Doctor Hookwell.' The hero *en second* of that work is a certain *Reverend Reginald Armitage*, a young clergyman of great learning, talents, and accomplishment:—

'A young man of considerable parts, but of a reserved and *bashful* demeanour. Those who knew him intimately, loved him *as their own souls*. His charity knew no bounds, and thus he won the hearts of the poor, while his *name* and station introduced him into the best society.

[With] *his natural sweetness* of disposition and his freedom from narrowness of feeling, it cannot be said that he belonged to any party or faction in the Church, for he worked alone in *his own little vineyard*. His quiet, earnest, sincere style, like the speaking of Sir Samuel Romilly, was not only acceptable but *captivating*.

'A kinder soul [said his poorer neighbours] never breathed life; and what a *power of learning and goodness that young man takes to his share!*'—*Dr. Hookwell*, vol. i. pp. 22, 88.

As we see that the chief character of the novel affects to be a portrait from the life, and is so near an approach to the real name, we are led to a suspicion that the second character may be similarly adumbrated, and that this same *Reverend Reginald Armitage* may be intended to indicate as the kind-hearted, learned, liberal, eloquent, and, above all, reserved and bashful author of *Dr. Hookwell*—a *Reverend Robert Armitage*, who we see in the Clergy List is rector of Much Wenlock in Shropshire.

Such an extravagance of panegyric seems at first sight to negative the possibility of its being published by a modest and retiring country clergyman as his own portrait, but, on the other hand, the hypothesis receives a strong confirmation from a more recent and very curious circumstance. The same 'author of *Dr. Hookwell*' has lately published a volume on *The Primitive Church in its Episcopacy*, of the body of which work we do not venture to give any detailed opinion, for we must confess that, not expecting to find him better acquainted with Ignatius and Polycarp than he is with Regicide Prynne and Gumdahm of the Clinabs, we have not cut open the leaves; but in the hasty glance we have taken of it it seems to us to be, like 'Dr. Hookwell' and 'The Life of Johnson,' a farrago of confused and contradictory excerpts from the most opposite sources. We see quoted with, it seems, equal satisfaction, Hoadly and Beveridge, Gladstone and Mac Neil, Venn and Newman, Hampden and Pusey—in short, everybody from every side—with a sort of universal complaisance only to be accounted for by Louis Blanc's explanation of Lamartine's general panegyrics—that he flatters everybody in hopes that everybody may flatter him. But the Reverend R. Armitage's brave thirst of praise is too strong to wait for the slow returns of literary gratitude, and he accordingly produces from 'his own little vineyard,' a draught of eulogy more luscious, and evidently more intoxicating, than he could hope to receive from any other, however friendly, hand. To his '*Essay on the Primitive Church*' he has added eight supplemental pages of—what will our readers guess?—of newspaper puffs on *Dr. Hookwell*. We must find room for a few specimens of these curiosities of literature. Heretofore we have had to lament that

booksellers

booksellers and publishers have recourse to these arts; this, we believe, is the first time when an author has amalgamated such unworthy trash with his own work—a work, too, on so grave a subject as the '*Primitive Church*':—

'*Birmingham Advertiser*.—The pages of *Dr. Hookwell* have met with the public approval of Sir Robert Peel.'—*Primitive Church*, p. 277.

Amidst Sir Robert Peel's various panegyrics on Free Traders, that on this extensive free trader in literature has escaped us.

'*Morning Post*.—*Eminently pleasing in style*, instinct with a full and observant love of nature, character in its various human shades, as well as in its religious varieties, the author treats with a ready and masculine perception.'—*ib.* p. 277.

'*Chester Courant*, Oct. 4.—We shall consider it a public duty to extract portions of this *very superior* production. Such a work has not, we think, appeared for some time past on so stirring a subject. *Thousands*, we are convinced, will read *Dr. Hookwell*, and benefit thereby; *it will disarm many of the enemies* of the Church, and render others stronger and firmer in her defence, through the noble sentiments, authorities, and truths scattered through these *splendid volumes*.'—*ib.* p. 279.

'*Cumberland Packet*, October.—This work is evidently from the pen of a *most acute observer*, a sincere, zealous, and powerful advocate of the Church, and in all that belongs to *an intelligent mind*, a *distinguished ornament*.'—*ib.* p. 279.

'*Oxford British Queen*.—It was said that Lord John Manners, or Mr. M. Milnes, M.P., had written it; but some *spoke of a rural clergyman, walking with Wordsworth as his daily companion*. Dr. Jelf says it is just the book for the age, *erudite and eloquent*, lacking quaintness and archaism of expression. It is marvellous how every anecdote of *Dr. Hookwell* has reached Oxford, and the new novel about him is *devoured with absolute enthusiasm*.'—*ib.* 280.

'*Oxford British Queen*.—Of this seasonable and excellent work our *praise must be unqualified*. Its principles are put forward in a spirit of firmness, moderation, and candour, and in such language as may, *without a semblance of flattery*, be termed argumentative, eloquent, and affectionate.'—*ib.* p. 280.

'*Bath Herald*, July 1.—*All the world* seem to have been reading the new work entitled *Dr. Hookwell*; and we hear that it is likely to meet with a great demand *from America*. The author is so *fascinating a writer* as to have met the warmest welcome from the fashionable world of the metropolis as well as the *élite* of the provinces. The work will doubtless continue to be read by thousands, and seems especially to be adapted for the perusal of the *country gentlemen* of England.'—*ib.* 280.

'*Salopian Journal*.—The new novel of *Dr. Hookwell* is a work of *extraordinary genius*. The author is not known, but as *Dr. Johnson* said of Pope, he must soon be *déterré*. The talented and zealous party

in the House of Commons, called Young England, take this as their text-book.'—*ib.* p. 281.

'*Liverpool Mail*.—It is impossible to do anything like fair justice to the consummate ability of this work in the columns of a newspaper, for it certainly is the *most useful and extraordinary production of the AGE*, and if ever we envied temper and talent in any one, it is in the *eloquent and erudite author of Dr. Hookwell*. With the argumentative power of a Gladstone, the eloquence and fervour of a McNeil, the soundness and safety of a Gresley, and the captivating, but far from wholesome, manner of a Bulwer, this work comes forth to shame the frivolous and fashionable, and to eclipse in interest and power the best works of the present day. Persons who do not read it will soon find themselves in an isolated position.'—*ib.* p. 278. &c. &c. &c.

Notwithstanding the industry with which these paragraphs were scattered through the press of distant localities, and the art with which the book was recommended to different classes of purchasers, like a quack medicine that is to cure all complaints, or a quack sauce that is to suit every taste—notwithstanding, we say, this superficial diversity, it is evident—at least if we have any skill in distinguishing style or phraseology—that they are all from the same hand, and we add, with almost equal confidence, that of the bashful author himself!—Surely there is only one author alive who, to such blunders as we have specially noted, could add that of quoting Samuel Johnson as predicting the celebrity of Pope! But even if some other hand had been hired to make these daubs, there is still no escape from the conclusive fact, that by thus collecting and republishing (under his own pagination) all this obsolete and nauseous trash—whether *Armitage* be a pseudonyme or his real name—whether he be a *beau ideal* of a modest parish priest, or the bashful rector of Much Wenlock in his own proper person—'the author of Dr. Hookwell' has adopted and incurred the responsibility—the ridicule—and, let us add, the discredit of endeavouring to palm off a very trite and deceptive species of book-manufacture by a most original and impudent system of puffing.

We are sorry to have had to make such an exposure of a man who, apart from the morbid excess of vanity which has evidently led him into this scrape, may be, for aught we know, worthy and amiable. His exposure however is on his own head. He has ostentatiously and pertinaciously forced his ignorance, conceit, and effrontery on public notice—and our part has been little more than to record, in his own words, the manner in which he has done so.

ART. IV.—1. *Valentine's Day at the Post Office.*—*Household Words, a Weekly Journal*, conducted by Charles Dickens. No. 1. 1850.

2. *Return of the Number of Letters passed, through the London General and London District Post Office since the Reduction of Postage on 5th December, 1839; the Gross and Net Revenue arising from the Post Office Department, and of Money Orders issued and paid.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 5th June, 1849.

3. *Copies of any Reports or Minutes addressed to the Postmaster-General, showing, as regards England and Wales,—1st. The Results of the Measures recently adopted for the Reduction of Sunday Labour in the Post Office; 2nd. The anticipated Effects of the Total Abolition of such Labour.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 26th March, 1850.

4. *Two Letters on the late Post Office Agitation.* By Charles John Vaughan, D.D., Head Master of Harrow School, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1850.

**H**ER Majesty's Postmaster-General is the Commander-in-Chief of an army of great magnitude, quartered not only over the whole surface of the United Kingdom, and in almost every portion of the British Empire, but also at many Foreign Ports. His Secretaries form his Staff; his Surveyors are Commanders of Districts, to whom Postmasters report, and from whom in most cases, they receive their orders. The General Post-Office in London—his Head-Quarters—is composed of a force of 2903 persons, divided into two Departments, each of which, without further flourish of trumpets, shall now rapidly pass in Review before our readers.

#### THE INLAND AND FOREIGN DEPARTMENT, commonly called the GENERAL POST.

The daily labour of this office is composed of two very violent convulsions,—namely, the morning delivery and evening despatch, and two comparatively slight aguish shivers, caused by a tiny arrival and departure of letters by the day mails.

Throughout the department, at any period between these paroxysms, there reigns a silence and solitude similar to that which, during the hours of divine service, so creditably distinguishes the streets of Edinburgh on the Sabbath day. The stranger, as he paces from one large hall to another, save the ticking of the great clock, hears nothing but his own footsteps; and with the exception now and then of a dark-coated clerk popping out of one door into another, of a bright red postman occasionally passing like

a meteor

a meteor across the floor, and of a few other over-tired men in scarlet uniform sitting and lying fast asleep in various attitudes, like certain persons in the galleries of 'another place,' no human being is to be seen. While therefore this well-regulated and well-worked public department is enjoying its siesta, we will endeavour to offer to our readers a rough outline of the scene of its operations.

When the present London Post-Office was completely finished in 1829, it was found, after all, to be barely large enough for its business;—and accordingly its first effort to obtain additional accommodation was, in 1831, to construct upon iron canti-levers a gallery halfway between the floor and the roof of one-half of the great sorting chamber, which was originally, as indeed it still is, a vast lofty double hall 109 feet long, 80 feet 6 inches broad, and 28 feet high. In 1836, to obtain further accommodation, it was determined to eject the secretary from the building, and to appropriate his very handsome suite of apartments therein to the uses of the office.

Soon after our Parliament adopted Mr. Rowland Hill's bold proposal of the penny post, the brick and mortar boot, which had always been too tight, was found to pinch so intolerably, that various expedients, one after another, were resorted to: and it was first of all determined to construct, over the double hall we have just described, another set or suite of the same dimensions, which, instead of resting on the ceilings of the old ones, were to be suspended from a strong arched iron girder roof by iron rods. In effecting however this ingenious operation the inevitable result has been that the principal hall on the ground floor has been deprived of its sky-lights, and to the serious inconvenience of the poor fellows who work in it, and we must add to the discredit of the country, this important portion of the London, and consequently of the largest post-office in the world, is now lighted almost entirely during the whole sunshine, even of summer, by stinking gas! Then, even the increased accommodation thus obtained not fully meeting the requirements of the new system, a small hollow quadrangle, built for lighting another portion of the establishment, was on the ground floor converted into a little office; and finally, these efforts not affording sufficient room, the money-order office, president, clerks, window-men, ledgers, documents, papers and all, were ordered to swarm or emigrate from the post-office into an immense hive or building purposely constructed to receive them.

By these patchwork arrangements the office is at present sufficiently large for its duties, for the performance of which great facility has been derived by the construction at each end of the large

large double halls on both floors of a very ingenious contrivance, suggested by Mr. Bokenham, called 'the lifting machine.' Within a set of iron bars about 3 inches asunder, and altogether about 10 feet broad, reaching vertically from the floor of the lower halls to those suspended above them, there are in strata a series of platforms 9 feet 6 inches broad by 4 feet deep, resembling the cages in which wild beasts at country fairs are usually confined, which, by the irresistible power of a steam-engine, are made on one side to rise 28 feet from the lower to the upper halls, and then, passing through a slit in the wall, to descend in like manner on the other side: the whole thus circulating like the buckets of a dredging-machine. By this contrivance sorters and letter-carriers, accompanied by their baskets and bags, instead of having to toil up and down a steep staircase, are quickly and most conveniently transferred from one set of halls to the other.

The floors of both stories are divided into long double desks, separated by passages between each set, averaging about five feet in breadth—each great chamber being overlooked by two elevated platforms for the 'Inspectors,' who, just as the Persians worship the sun, regulate the whole of their movements by the expressive but ever-varying features of the hall's huge round-faced clock.

At a few minutes before 5 P.M. the whole force of the inland department, refreshed by its siesta, having assembled, the business for the evening begins by the entrance on the lower floors, from various doors, of porters and carriers bringing, in various attitudes, bags and baskets full of letters, which have either been collected by hand within the immediate vicinity of St. Martin's-le-Grand, or have been delivered into the slits or at the windows of its pre-paying office.

At half-past five a stranger would fancy that the force assembled for the sorting of letters exceeded its work, and especially that by some unaccountable mystery the publication of newspapers, for the despatch of which the whole of the upper halls were in readiness, had been interdicted. On looking, however, into the large bins beneath the slits for receiving letters, white packets of all sizes and shapes are observed at about this period to drop down in arithmetical progression, increasing in number so rapidly that it soon occupies the attention of a sturdy porter to keep sweeping them with a broom into a heap, which, as fast as it can be tumbled into baskets, is carried into the large sorting halls.

The fluttering, flapping, and flopping of all these letters—their occasional total cessation for a few seconds—and yet the almost awful rate at which they keep increasing, form altogether a very exciting scene.

As however the clock is unrelentingly progressing towards

6 P.M.

6 P.M. we must reluctantly beg our readers to move with us from the letter bins to an adjoining compartment for the purpose of witnessing a moving picture of still greater interest.

At three quarters past five a few newspapers, only by twos or by threes at a time, are to be heard falling heavily through the broad slits into the spacious bins for receiving them, and the stranger has accordingly still reason to think that in the newspaper department of this world something somewhere must have gone wrong. In a few minutes, however, a professional, business-like tap is heard at the window, and a lean, tall, sinewy man-in-waiting within, hitherto unobserved, who, with his sleeves tucked up, has been standing like a statue on the interior sill, opening the window, receives a dirty pocket handkerchief full of newspapers which he tumbles into a white wicker basket 2 feet 3 inches cube, standing all ready beneath. He has scarcely, with rather a disdainful jerk of his hand, returned the filthy rag to its still dirtier owner, when there is pushed towards him a large long sack, which in like manner having been emptied into the basket is chucked to its proprietor. Bags, bundles, and sacks of all sizes, shapes and lengths, now arrive so rapidly, that the man-in-waiting suddenly throws open the whole of the window, and in receiving, emptying, and throwing about bags, he commences a series of gymnastic exercises which are astonishing to witness. On the night on which we beheld the operation it happened that the newspapers for the India Mail were to be added to those of the heaviest night of the week, in consequence of which the number of bags increased so rapidly, that an assistant porter of the same lean, active make, jumping on the broad sill, opened a second window. At five minutes before six these men were at times so nearly overwhelmed with bags of all colours and sizes, that most of those who had brought only large bundles chucked them themselves into the office. As the finger of the clock advanced the arrivals increased. As fast as the two men could possibly empty and eject the sacks, the baskets beneath them (each holding on an average 500 newspapers) were dragged by scarlet postmen into the lifting machine, in which on its platforms they were to be seen through the bars of their respective cages, one set after another, rising towards the upper sorting halls. At a minute before six the two window-men were apparently working for their very lives;—parcels of newspapers like barred-shot hurled past them; single newspapers, mostly discharged by boys, like musketry, were flying over their heads. At last the clock mercifully came to their rescue, and though its first five strokes seemed to increase the volley, the last had no sooner struck than, before its melodious note had completely died away, both the wooden windows of the newspaper receiving-room of the  
Inland

Inland Department, by a desperate effort, were simultaneously closed by the two lean janitors, whom, apparently exhausted by their extraordinary exertions, we observed instantly to sit down on a bar behind them, in order, in peaceful quietness, to wipe with their shirt sleeves the perspiration which stood in dew-drops on their pale honest faces.

The following evening, at a quarter before six, we happened to witness from the outside the scene we have just described within.

Across the well-known thoroughfare passage, which separates the Inland, or General, from the London District, or old Two-penny-post, the public had during the day been passing to and fro in that sort of equable stream which, strange to say, seems all over London to be, generally speaking, about the same at the same hours in the same places. Occasionally a passenger, diverging sideways from the track, might be seen diagonally walking towards the slits on either side for the reception of stamped letters, or with a half-crown, a shilling, or a penny, between his forefinger and thumb to tap at a wooden window to pay for his letter.

At about three quarters past five, however, the stream of passengers had not only evidently increased, but the rule of their conduct seemed gradually to have become reversed; for now the minority only proceeded soberly on the straight path, while the majority were observed to be diverging or reeling towards the windows of the Inland Department. Most of the latter multitude had letters in their hands; while others as they approached the slits were seen carefully taking them out of pockets in the breasts of their coats, or very cautiously out of their hats. Sometimes one of the narrow slits was wholly engrossed by a shabbily-dressed man, busily stuffing into it many hundreds of circulars, all exactly of the same shape, brought in several packets, which, without surrendering his position, one after another he untied. Clerks and men of business deposited their letters with real as well as with affected gravity, and then turning on their heels walked seriously away. Boys generally came up whistling, and almost invariably twisted in their contributions with a flourish. At the compartment for prepaying letters we observed a little ragamuffin throw up his cap at the wooden window which he could not reach, and which, as in duty bound, instantly opened. As the finger of the clock advanced, people bringing unpaid letters rapidly increased, until the receiving windows were beset by a motley crowd of people, apparently bent on obstructing the objects of all by squeezing each other to death. Several were mechanics, in dirty aprons, with begrimed faces, and with tucked-up sleeves, displaying bare, sinewy useful arms. Among the number

ber of women, each of whom, although under high pressure, had an outstretched arm with a penny and a letter at the end of it, we observed a short and very stout one holding a child whose whole face was squalling under a purple velvet bonnet and scarlet flowers. On the extreme left, people from all quarters were approaching the newspaper windows, with bundles and sacks; and although it now wanted only one minute to six, it was curious to observe how unconcernedly many of the men employed by the newspaper agents advanced with their bags, for the delivering of which they evidently well knew, from a glance at the clock, that there was 'lots o' time.'

At the last moment, however, there certainly was a great rush; and when the final chime of six tolled, at which instant the windows of all the receiving compartments simultaneously closed, one or two newspapers, thrown by boys, were seen to fall from the shutters lifeless upon the ground; while at the windows for the receipt of pre-paid letters a group of persons for a few moments stood as if, for the amusement of the public, they were most admirably acting together a tableau-vivant of the words, 'TOO LATE.' The unfortunates, however, had evidently no appeal; for excepting the old scarlet-coated porter in waiting, who, as he had been doing all day, continued slowly and infirmly to pace up and down before the newspaper and letter windows, no human being on duty was to be seen.

It is impossible attentively to observe the picture we have just described, and which, with more or less colouring, may, excepting on Sundays, be witnessed any or every day in the year, without reflecting how strange it is that so many people of business, as well as of pleasure, should apparently combine together to defer not only till the very last moment, but until a very little bit beyond it, so important an act as the posting of their letters and newspapers. Instead, however, of blaming *themselves*, it is not at all an unusual course for people—on other subjects very sensible—to complain most bitterly to the Postmaster-general that they were actually at the window of the Post-office with money in their outstretched hands, to pre-pay the postage of their letters, when at six o'clock precisely the thing—so far as regards *penny* postage—suddenly and inexorably closed upon them! Hard however as it may appear to them, it must surely be evident to any one else that a series of vacillating orders, continually altering the last moment, would not in the smallest degree diminish either the pressure or the disappointment of those whose constitutional habit it is invariably to wait until 'the last moment,' whatever it may be, has passed. At six o'clock there is no struggle *within* the Post-office. The hurry, confusion, and mortification outside

outside have been created solely by the complainants themselves; and as they possess the power to remedy the evil, they had better energetically determine to do so than make themselves ridiculous by complaining of it.

We have said that as fast as the documents are poured into the windows of the Inland-office of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the letters are taken into the lower double hall, while the newspapers are simultaneously raised by steam-power into the upper one for distribution and despatch. Shortly after six o'clock, however, red mailcarts from all the receiving-houses in London, as well as from that part of the country lying within the twelve-mile circle, are in rapid succession driven up to the door of the main passage, through which, as quickly as they arrive, the bags of each are brought into the hall, and accordingly by half-past six the Inland Department—through which there have lately passed, per week, about 2,288,000 letters and 900,000 newspapers—is to be seen on both floors in full, in busy, and, we must add, in magnificent operation.

The contents of the bags, as fast as they arrive, after being duly examined, are, at one end of the lower hall, tumbled in basketsful upon a large table, 12 feet long by 5 feet broad, entirely surrounded by postmen in scarlet coats—a number of which are very creditably torn under the arms or across the shoulders, from over-exertion in hauling about heavy letter-bags.

These men at first sight appear like a body of soldiers playing for their very lives at cards, each gambler at the same moment shuffling a separate pack. The object, however, of their manipulations is merely to 'face' the stamped and paid letters all the same way. In doing so, whenever they come to an unpaid one, they chuck it into the nearest of two baskets in the middle of the table. During the operation they also pass from one to another, towards the southern end of the table, all large documents and 'packets,' which, as they accumulate, are carried off by red postmen to a table appropriated to receive them. Little letters, like little-minded men, sometimes improperly intrude themselves into the domiciles of bigger ones. The act is by 'facers' called 'pigging;' and it so often occurs that in one week 727 notes had—it was ascertained by experiment—'pigged' into larger envelopes.

As fast as the letters of the great heap—which, by fresh arrivals, is seldom allowed to be exhausted—are thus unpigged and 'faced,' they are carried off in armsful by porters to the stamping-table, where the date is marked on the back of each at the rate of 200 per minute, and they are then taken to an adjoining table, where six clerks only perform the arduous but important

important duty of examining whether, in stamps, sufficient postage has been paid for each. The rapidity with which, as the letters lie with their faces uppermost, these officers successively touch them with one finger, is most astonishing. The great bulk, they can at once perceive, have been properly pre-paid; the remainder they snap up, weigh; and such is their attention to their duty, that we remarked they were oftener wrong in their suspicions than right. The letters detected as underpaid are of course consigned to their proper punishment.

While this interesting operation is proceeding, red postmen in waiting are carrying off in armsful all approved letters to two other tables, at which, if possible with still greater celerity, their stamps are obliterated by the right hands of 20 stampers, who from long practice in their regicidal duty can destroy from 6000 to 7000 Queen's heads in an hour, or, for a short time, 140 per minute! The mixture by which this operation is effected is, like some of M. Lamartine's radical speeches about liberty, equality, and fraternity, composed of linseed oil, lampblack, sweet oil, and a secret ingredient.

These preliminaries having been disposed of, the letters are carried to two double desks, severally divided into twenty-one compartments, to each of which there is attached a sorting clerk. As these compartments are each only 2 feet 9 inches in breadth, the clerks are about as close together as friends seated at an ordinary dinner-table; their territory, however, in depth is only half as narrow as in breadth, and yet, most strange to say, within these tiny limits (for all these sorting clerks perform exactly the same duty) is the whole of the correspondence of the United Kingdom, not only with itself, but with every region of the habitable globe, primarily arranged! The little desk of each clerk is divided at the back into two tiers of pigeon-holes, into which, taking up handful after handful of letters, he very dexterously disposes of them among great arterial lines as follows:—

Northern Railway.	Midland Counties Railway.	Eastern Counties Railway.	South-Eastern Railway.	South-Western Railway.	Great Western Railway.	Blind.
London District.	Scotch.	Irish.	Liverpool Town.	Manchester Town.	Birmingham.	Foreign.

Under the above arrangement it is curious to observe the whole of the transmarine (colonial and foreign) correspondence of Great Britain (excepting the large 'packets,' which we have stated are disposed of elsewhere) cooped up in a pigeon-hole only 4½ inches broad!

Between the sorters' double and single desks, which may be said to extend lengthways from one end of the great double-sorting

sorting hall to the other, there are passages 5 feet 6 inches broad, along which red postmen are seen busily carrying letters from one set of tables to others.

We must, however, for a short time, take leave of the interesting scene, to view business which is simultaneously going on in other portions of the Inland Post-Office.

**FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.**—In the white massive wall of the north side of the great double-sorting hall, on the ground-floor, the stranger observes a lofty arch, over which is inscribed in large black letters the words COLONIAL AND FOREIGN DIVISION. Into this vestibule, which is only 30 feet long by 18 feet broad, all the letters from all the little pigeon-holes marked 'Foreign' are brought and thrown down upon a narrow table, 12 feet long by 2 feet broad, covered with green cloth, lighted by one gas-lamp, and divided into four compartments, each, of course, about 3 feet broad.

The back of each of these compartments is subdivided into a double row of pigeon-holes  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches broad, marked as follows :—

France.	Transit France.	Prussia.	Belgium.	Holland.	Hamburgh.
Southampton.	East Indies.	West Indies.	America.	Ship.	Blind.

As fast as by a sorting-clerk the letters, like a pack of cards, are rapidly dealt out into these little holes, each class of them is carried off to a corresponding compartment, 6 feet long, at the side walls, on which are separately reinscribed the words France, Southampton, &c., as above, and upon their respective tables the letters, with the exception of those for 'India,' 'America,' 'Ship,' and 'Blind,' are finally arranged for despatch. The letters for America are despatched night and morning to Liverpool, where they are sorted; the Ship letters are forwarded through a wooden shaft into a room above; the Blind ones to the Blind-room; and those for India, which, however, it may be observed, seldom arrive until three or four days before the departure of the mails, to the end of the foreign vestibule, to be disposed of as follows.

To avoid the inconvenience of quarantine, and from other weighty considerations, it has been deemed proper by the Postmaster-General to protect all letters, and even newspapers, for our Eastern dominions, which have to travel through France, by every possible precaution. Accordingly, the overland mails forwarded from London on the 7th of every month to Bombay, from whence the various bags are sent to their respective destinations,

nations, are packed in wrought-iron *black* boxes, 1 foot 8 inches long, 1 foot wide, 10½ inches deep, and which weigh 1½ lbs. (the newspapers, about 220 in each box, are in like manner generally packed separately); and as the letters tied up in unequal sized parcels were one set after another deposited or lowered into these narrow coffins, we could not, as we stood witnessing the operation, but anticipate their resurrection in the Eastern world—and reflect how much happiness—and, alas! where black seals or edges were visible, what deep affliction would be created!

By the overland mail on the 24th the letters and newspapers, averaging from 6000 to 7000 of the former, and from 8000 to 9000 of the latter, for our Eastern dominions, including Australia and Java, are in the following proportions packed into these iron boxes, painted (not all in black, like those sent on the 7th) but in the undermentioned colours of the brightest hues:—

	No. of Boxes.				Colour.
Bombay . . .	20	.	.	.	Brown.
Calcutta . . .	6	.	.	.	Blue.
Madras . . .	6	.	.	.	Yellow.
Ceylon . . .	13	.	.	.	Red.
Hong Kong } . .	5	.	.	.	Black.
Canton }					
Aden, viâ Malta . .	4	.	.	.	White.

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The number of iron boxes forwarded on the 7th and 24th have been as follows:—

1850.—Jan. 7, 61 } 110 | Feb. 7, 58 } 125 | Mar. 7, 43 } 111  
 ,, 24, 49 } | ,, 24, 67 } | ,, 24, 68 } 111

At five minutes only before 8 o'clock, the hour at which these metallic boxes are actually despatched, a curious and very interesting process takes place. Within each lid, which is made securely to overlap the receptacle for the documents, there are welded to a strong iron frame six stout notched square bolts, about 6 inches long, so adjusted as to fit exactly into the same number of corresponding spring catches within. No sooner therefore does a loud snap suddenly announce that the union has taken place than, like that of another description, it is out of the power of any human being to divorce 'the parties,' or, without metaphor, to open the box: as an additional precaution the interstices between the lids are then all the way round carefully soldered up; and lastly, by means of a red-hot iron, the Post-Office seal is affixed in solder.

On the outside of the top of each box there are inscribed the words

words 'India Mail, outwards,' and on the side 'India Mail.' On the arrival of all these coffins in India the lids are forcibly cut open by chisels, and their contents extricated.

There now only remains for us to say that as soon as the Post-Office clock strikes 8 these black and variegated boxes are from the *door* of the vestibule (all other foreign mails being lowered by a rope and pulley from a *window* in the story above) packed into an 'accelerator' omnibus under the especial care of 'the officer in charge,' who never leaves them until he hands over his important charge to the commander of the British steam-packet at Marseilles.

The letters for India, &c., despatched from Southampton in steam-packets on the 20th of each month, are packed in pine boxes (painted the same colours as the iron ones above) 2 feet 3 inches in length by 1 foot 3 inches in width, as also in depth. The number usually despatched is as follows:—

1850.—On the 20th of January, 154; on the 20th of February, 161; on the 20th of March, 141.

Those at least of our readers who have relations and friends in India will, we trust, forgive the minute details we have just offered.

**PACKETS.**—On its being notified by the Postmaster-General, immediately after the establishment of Mr. Rowland Hill's Penny System, that, at progressive rates of postage, letters and 'packets' of any description might—provided they did not exceed in weight 16 ounces—be forwarded by post, it was no doubt expected that there would suddenly appear a crowd of rectangular parcels of various lengths, breadths, and thicknesses—some sealed, some wafered, some tied, but all containing written or printed documents of more or less importance.

It appears, however, from a certain most extraordinary ledger which we were permitted to peruse, that a portion of the public availed themselves of this inestimable literary indulgence with about as much consideration as a herd of very hungry pigs might be expected to evince on being allowed, for recreation, to walk in a garden of beautiful tulips; and certainly, if the ghost of our excellent old friend the late Sir Francis Freeling could but by conjuration be made to read the list of the 'packets' which have been transmitted and delivered by post, it certainly, like that of Hamlet, would exclaim to our energetic Postmaster-General—

'O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.'

For instance, it appears that there have been transmitted as 'packets'—From Blackburn in Lancashire to Spitalfields, London,

two

two canary-birds, delivered by the postman alive and well. From Devonport to London, a pork pie. To London, a woodcock, also a pair of piebald mice, which were kept in the Post-Office a month, fed, and at last delivered to the owner, who called for them. From Manchester to Castle-street, Borough, two rabbits and one bird—fifteen parcels of plum-pudding. From Bognor to Plymouth, a lobster. In one day 31 letters containing wedding-cake. On more than one occasion, without any envelope, a bank-note (one was for no less than 50*l.*), the two ends being merely folded upon each other, wafered, and the back of the note then directed! Innumerable leeches in bladders, several of which having burst, and the water having wetted the letters, many of the poor creatures were found crawling over the correspondence of the country. From Plymouth to 'Hunmanby,' a bottle of cream. From a mother to her son, a pottle of strawberries, which, being smashed in the bag, completely destroyed a 'packet' full of very valuable lace addressed to the late Queen Dowager. A ship-biscuit, the address being on a very small piece of paper pasted thereon. From Totness to Dublin, an uncovered bottle full of liquor, merely labelled with an address and the words 'sample of cyder.' From Exmouth to Hastings, half a pound of soft soap in thin paper. From Bishop's Stortford to Brunswick-square, a fish; also several packages of plants in wet moss. From Hastings to Bath, a bunch of grapes; also shrimps. From Kingston to Westminster-Bridge-road, to Mrs. —, a roast duck. A flask of gunpowder. Fifty-three separate 'packets,' containing each a box of lucifer-matches, one of which, on being handled, exploded in the Post-Office. A traveller or bagman wrote to his beloved wife for his pistol; she affectionately sent it, merely labelled, loaded almost to the mouth with powder, ball, and slugs. To the Countess of —, a pair of flesh-brushes; the mail-cart in coming from the West was upset into a brook, which dissolving the paper covering of these brushes, they, probably fancying they had arrived at their journey's end, instantly set to work and destroyed a considerable portion of the epistolary contents of the bag. To Mr. —, a live snake. From London to Wellington, Somersetshire, a very long cucumber. To a naturalist in London, a live mouse, two china tea-cups, and a box of live spiders. From Oxford-street to Merion-square, Dublin, addressed to Miss —, a most beautiful head-dress of the genus Jigamaree. From London to Sudbury, two sweetbreads. To —, a human heart; a partridge; a mackerel; a paper of fish-hooks; a human stomach, &c. &c. &c.

**THE BLIND-MAN.**—Our readers will have observed that in the first operation of dividing into fourteen main classes the whole of the

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the letters for the United Kingdom, as well as for all foreign countries, which pass daily through the Inland Department of the London Post-Office, there exists among the above number of pigeon-holes one marked **BLIND**.

Into this little hospital for the destitute or houseless poor, are thrown, by each sorter throughout the department, all letters bearing either an illegible, an incomprehensible, or an inadequate address. It appears, from several experiments which have been made in the Post-Office, that of any given number of letters taken up at random as they are poured out of the bags, about 1-10th of them have not, on their addresses, any post town! On one day, 3559 letters arrived at St. Martin's-le-Grand addressed 'London' only; most of them being to petty shopkeepers, who, with a turkey-cock's desire to look grand, had struttingly supplied their country correspondents with this single word as their sufficient address; and yet, such is the intelligence of the Post Office—such its triumph of mind over matter—that every one of these letters was delivered to the person for whom it was meant!

We must here pause for a moment to observe, that it would relieve the servants of the Post-Office from infinite vexation and trouble, and, to the advantage of all classes, would consequently materially expedite the delivery of letters, if the public, of their own accord, would, or by the imposition of a heavy extra postage could be required to, reverse the existing foolish fashion by writing legibly, as *the first* word of the address of every letter—the only one out of the present confused irrelevant mass which the sorter wishes to discover, and has now to search for—namely, **THE POST TOWN**; after which the name of the pretty little village, of the county, of 'the hall,' the lodge,' 'the grove'—or anything else might at any length be most harmlessly inserted—with, lastly, that which is of no earthly importance except to the postman who actually delivers the letter, the name of Hobs, Dobs, or Snobs; in short, of the person or personage to whom it is addressed.

The duty of solving all the enigmas, and of deciphering the astonishing specimens of writing that are continuously afflicting the Inland Post-Office, is imposed upon a gentleman selected from all the sorting-clerks, and who, from being gifted with extraordinary memory, very sharp wits, and above all, with what Mr. Samuel Weller termed 'a pair of patent double-million-magnifying-gas-microscopes-of-hextra-power eyes,' is gravely distinguished throughout the department, as well as in its books, by the title of 'The Blind Man.' Accordingly, to his little desk, five feet long, two broad, modestly leaning against the wall of a small chamber close to the 'Foreign' room, and adjoining the large double sorting hall, are brought all the letters which

every sorter has, in despair, chucked into his 'blind' pigeon-hole; and as, gazing for several minutes at nothing but the blind man's back, we beheld one basket full of botherations after another brought to him, we could not—when we considered that this badgering is mercilessly continued throughout every day, week, month, and year of his life—help wondering why the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has not yet come to his rescue!

No one, however, who has watched the facility with which every compositor in a printing-office can read bad writing, would be much surprised at the ease with which the blind man gets over that portion of his troubles. And again, as almost any person can readily learn to understand 'broad' Yorkshire, broad Devonshire, broad Scotch, or any other patois, so it is not, on reflection, surprising that a gentleman of ready abilities should, in due time, learn to decipher 'broad writing'—such as 'sromfredevi,' for Sir Humphry Davy; 'Ner the Wises,' for near Devizes; 'Biley Rikey,' for Billericay; 'Steghelhester Sussexese,' for Chichester, Sussex; 'Wardling Street, Noher Londer Brutz Schibseed,' for Watling-street, near London Bridge, Cheapside; 'Wharan Que ner Ne Wcasal Pin Tin,' for Wareham Quay, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c. &c. But where the direction is incorrect, or, as in the generality of cases (especially in circular tracts addressed by religious societies to our clergy at their parish 'rectories,' 'vicarages,' &c.), the post towns are omitted, the difficulty is not only clearly evident, but it at first appears to be insuperable; nevertheless, in attentively watching the blind man's back, it is astonishing to observe how easily and fluently he does his work. For a considerable time he is to be seen, evidently from memory, writing post-haste the omitted post towns on each letter, as rapidly as he can handle them. Now and then, as if his gas-lamp had, without any apparent reason, half fainted away, he holds a letter before him for a few moments, turning it a little on this side, and then on that, until he suddenly deciphers it. In extreme cases, he is occasionally obliged convulsively to scratch the side of his head, just above his right ear, for half a second with the sharp-pointed black holder of his iron pen: however, on he goes, placing occasionally beside him, at the left extremity of his desk, those letters for which reference to his little library, arranged before him, is necessary; and thus, with the help of about half a dozen thick well-thumbed books, and of an intelligent assistant who sits beside him, he usually manages by the evening mail, or, at all events, by that of the following day, to despatch the mass of mysteries which have been so mercilessly imposed upon him.

DEAD-LETTER

**DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.**—Dead letters and dead newspapers are such as cannot be delivered to the persons to whom they are written for one or more of the following cogent reasons:—

- 1st. Because they have no addresses at all.
- 2ndly. Because their addresses are—even to the ‘blind’—illegible.
- 3rdly. Because the persons to whom they are addressed refuse to receive them.
- 4thly. Because the persons to whom they are addressed cannot be found.
- 5thly. Because the person to whom they are addressed is found to be ‘dead and gone.’

The number of dead letters and dead newspapers received at the London Dead-Letter Office, from the 5th of Jan. 1848, to the 5th of Jan. 1849, with the amount of postage due thereon, was as follows:—

	Number.	Postage. £. s. d.		
From country postmasters and foreign stations . . . . .	1,002,118	7,250	15	4
From inland carriers in London . . . . .	161,323	1,602	10	10
From London District carriers . . . . .	280,005	516	15	4
Packets allowed to the letter-carriers by the President in Packet Book . . . . .	2,925	1,311	1	7
Foreign letters neglected to be paid . . . . .	30,085	—		
Total . . . . .	1,476,456	£10,681	3	1

Of the above letters 10,972, on being opened, were found to contain property of the value of nearly half a million, as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
In bills, amounting to . . . . .	411,980	11	7
In cash, bank notes, &c. . . . .	9,569	1	5
	421,549	13	0

Of dead letters, a considerable number, containing property valued in two consecutive years at upwards of 10,000*l.*, have actually been posted without any address at all! Indeed, many years ago, a blank undirected letter, on being opened at the Dead-letter Office in London, was found to contain in notes no less than 1500*l.*!

The only way in which this extraordinary and, at first, almost incomprehensible fact can be accounted for is, that the attention of the good lady or good gentleman, who had folded and sealed such a valuable money-letter, had been so hysterically exhausted by the desire to do both with extreme caution, that, under a moral syncope, there had not remained between the crown of the

head and the soles of the feet strength of mind enough to enable her or him to finish the operation; in short, the neglect had proceeded from what is properly enough called 'absence of mind,' which in a digression (for which we humbly beg pardon) we will endeavour to exemplify by the following anecdote:—

An overtired Yankee, travelling in Kentucky, called at a log-hut for refreshment. The young woman of the hovel, that she might quickly spread the table, gave him her infant to hold, and in a few minutes laying before him a homely meal, she then modestly returned to her work. The long-backed man, naturally enough, was enraptured at the sight of the repast, and overwhelmed by conflicting feelings of gratitude to the young woman, of admiration of the lovely infant that sat smiling on his knee, and of extreme hunger—in a fit of absence of mind, exactly such as caused the person in England to post a letter containing 1500*l.* without any address, he, to the horror of the hostess, all of a sudden, with great energy, . . . kissed the loaf,—buttered the child's face,—and cut its head off!—at least, so runs the story in Kentucky.

Each postmaster in the United Kingdom is required to send up to London every Monday, enclosed and addressed to 'The Inspector of Dead Letters,' his dead letters and newspapers, of which he forwards a monthly account, which is settled quarterly. The London inland carriers transmit their dead letters and accounts twice a-week; the London district carriers, daily.

The Dead-Letter Office in London is composed of six rooms—besides the chamber of death, exclusively occupied by the president—whose clerks, thirty-two in number, are employed for six hours a-day in opening dead letters:—

1. From the London district.
2. From all parts of the United Kingdom, excepting the London district.
3. From transmarine countries.
4. Packets and letters apparently containing property. In this room one clerk is also exclusively occupied in opening letters unpaid or unstamped.

Formerly very few dead letters were returned from America to this country; but by a treaty with the United States, which came into operation on the 6th of March, 1849, the Americans being now debited with the postage of the charged letters, there have lately been transmitted to London from the United States, by one return, 24,000, and by the following return 25,000, paid and unpaid letters, which could not be delivered to the persons to whom they had been addressed.

The Dead-Letter Office in London is evidently one of high trust and

and honour; and, in accordance with the principles by which it should be governed, it is a rule in this department NEVER to open a letter if it can possibly be returned to the writer without doing so. The seals of chartered companies and of noblemen are usually sufficient to effect this object; and if the public, especially men of business, would inscribe upon their seals their addresses, instead of their crests or coats-of arms, they would, in any of the cases we have mentioned, including that of sending money in undirected envelopes, enable the inspector of the dead-letter office to return them their packets, &c., *unopened*.

On the receipt of country dead letters, the first duty of the department in London is to determine whether the rural postmaster has made every possible effort to find 'the party'—his reasons for not having done so being written by him on the back of the letter. This investigation having been made in vain, as soon as, in the six rooms we have mentioned, the letters have been opened, they are, if possible, returned without delay in an envelope to the senders. If containing property, they are registered; and the writers, when resident in London, are requested to call for them; if resident in the country, the document is enclosed there to the postmaster for delivery, on obtaining a receipt. Those containing no property, and for which owners cannot be found, are torn by the clerk who opened them into six or eight pieces, and then, without even noting the numbers, they are, according to an old custom, sold, on a legal engagement that they be disposed of to papermakers to be remanufactured.

Considering the immense importance which throughout the United Kingdom is justly attached to letters addressed to living persons, or even to the dead, we must own it appeared to us that the gentlemen whose sacred duty it is to make themselves, to a certain degree, acquainted with the confidential contents of all dead letters, ought not to be the persons entrusted to destroy them, or rather, according to the old custom we have mentioned, to transfer each letter, in about half-a-dozen pieces only, to the hands of a salesman who merely *undertakes* to destroy them. Of the newspapers, waste vouchers, and letters, sold annually by the Post-Office for about 450*l.*, not one-tenth of this money is received for the dead letters. For the paltry sum, therefore, of about 45*l.* a-year, the respect due by a great country to the remains of so many hundreds of thousands of dead letters is openly, and, we must add, in our opinion, unnecessarily violated.

The valuable results of the exertions of the Dead-Letter Office in London will at once appear by the following statement for the year ending 5th January, 1849:—

	Number.	Postage. £. s. d.		
Gross number and amount of letters returned to the writers	626,073	663	8	11
Returned letters finally refused, or not delivered	28,546	119	15	0
Postage received in the Dead-Letter Office for letters delivered from thence	..	226	10	0
Postage on Irish, Colonial, and Foreign letters returned for disposal	53,873	1,330	0	4
Postage of letters to be tendered at corrected addresses	45,800	905	0	3
Destroyed in ordinary course	{ number not known.	7,675	18	7

Under the old system of heavy postages, the number of rejected valentines (all of course anonymous) that found their way into the Dead-Letter Office amounted to no less than 120,000. Under the penny postage, the number of 'dead valentines' has fallen to 70,000. It appears therefore that, at all events as regards postage, Cupid in London is not—as he is poetically believed to be—stone-blind!

**NEWSPAPERS.**—We have stated that the newspapers, as far as they are either delivered at the windows of the Post-Office or unpacked from the red mail-carts, which shortly after six o'clock begin to arrive, are lifted in white wicker basketsful from the great double sorting-hall on the ground-floor to that suspended above it. On entering, at about half-past six, these splendid apartments—which, being beautifully lighted by the sunshine of heaven, form a striking contrast to the dark and apparently subterranean, gas-smoking, sorting cavern beneath—we must confess that, although for some time we had been gazing on the ascending panniers, we were altogether astonished at suddenly finding ourselves in a new world, and indeed almost in a new atmosphere of newspapers.

As the baskets in rapid succession rose from below, their contents were emptied by very powerful men upon a large table, in the middle of which, on an enormous heap—a literary mountain in labour, composed of a celestial and terrestrial conglomeration of Suns, Stars, Globes, Records, Spectators, Standards, Times, Heralds, Posts, Chronicles, Punches, Bulls, Examiners, Household Words, &c.—there stood a stout scarlet postman armed with a long-handled wooden broad-hoe (such as is used in the London streets for collecting macadamized mud), with which very dexterously and violently he kept pushing the white mass from the centre to the circumference, which was surrounded by red postmen, who, as quickly as they could fill their arms, carried off the papers (each hugging about seventy) towards the sorting-tables. In doing so, they unavoidably dropped several on the floor; and thus, beneath, above, in the pigeon-holes of all the sorting-tables, as also moving about in all directions, there was to be seen that astonishing creation of English newspapers which, like the rays of the sun, enliven and enlighten every region of the

the globe. On Friday evenings the mountain is increased by above half a ton of 'Sunday' publications, to be delivered in the country on Saturday.

As the processes of sorting are, generally speaking, similar to those of the letters below, we will not weary our readers by detailing them, but will merely observe that, in order to ensure the utmost possible attention to this public work, in which not only the British people, but the whole family of mankind are interested, it is notified on a board hung up in as nearly as possible the middle of the hall, that for every paper missent, the man who shall have made the mistake will be fined a penny, which at the end of the quarter is divided among his comrades.

All newspapers for foreign countries, as fast as they are collected, are despatched through a zinc shoot into the 'Foreign Department' below.

In arranging the multitudinous mass which remains, one of the most important duties that the sorter has to perform is to detect any fraud on that indulgence of the Imperial Parliament which liberally allows them to circulate, even to India, postage free. Under the old system of heavy charges on letters, there were innumerable attempts to carry on an illicit correspondence by means of newspapers. One of the most common of these frauds was, commencing at the beginning of the first page, to under-dot consecutively with ink, or to under-mark, by little holes made with a pin, each letter needful to make up the several words of the fraudulent communication.

Letters, and enclosures even of plum-cake, are still very commonly concealed within newspapers; but by very ingenious means, which it would not be proper for us to reveal, they are usually detected, and, wherever it is possible, punished. The present Postmaster-General is also making very strenuous exertions to suppress a species of petty larceny by which a few 'household words,' which many of the writers, no doubt, consider as perfectly innocent, are inscribed, sometimes openly on the envelope, and sometimes confidentially within. The following are a sample of the punishments which have been inflicted:—

*For writing on the Envelope.*

	Postage charged by weight.
	s. d.
'With speed' . . . . .	1 2
'Send soon' . . . . .	1 0
'To be punctually forwarded' . . . . .	1 4
'With my compliments' . . . . .	1 2
'It is requested that this paper be delivered without delay, otherwise a complaint will be made to head-quarters' . . . . .	1 0
'Postman, you be honest and true' . . . . .	1 2

*For merely writing in the inside.*

	Postage charged by weight.
	s. d.
'From John' [not Lord John] . . . . .	1 0
'My love to Jesse' . . . . .	1 2
'My sweetest' . . . . .	1 4
'All's well' . . . . .	1 0
'Do come' . . . . .	1 2
'One o'clock on the 10th' . . . . .	0 10
'No news yet' . . . . .	1 0
'Mrs. B. is suckling' . . . . .	1 4

Of

Of what strange and minute materials is the enormous revenue of the British Empire composed!

At seven minutes before a quarter to eight the newspapers, which throughout both the upper halls have by this time been all sorted, are, almost simultaneously, according to their destinations, packed into leather bags, a few of which are tied, sealed, and then dropped through a wooden shoot to be conveyed at once to the termini of the several railway stations; the remainder are also put into bags, which, without being closed, are, at a quarter to eight precisely, lowered in charge of scarlet postmen, *viâ* the machine, into the great sorting halls beneath. As fast as they arrive there, the letters belonging to each sack (the letter-carrier holds it open while the sorter fills it) are super-packed in strata above the newspapers, until by about three minutes to eight the bags are not only all sealed, but are to be seen, eight or ten in a lump, on the shoulders of postmen, who, appearing almost as if they would break down from the loads they are standing under, completely block up, like ladies waiting for their carriages, the passages which lead to the main exeunt-door. As soon, however, as the clock, which has been attentively watching the operations, benevolently strikes eight, the president's authoritative voice is heard from his elevated desk to utter very distinctly the monosyllable 'Go!' on which the door flies open, the mass of white and brown bags, of scarlet cloth, red faces, and horizontal backs moves on, and in a very few minutes the great sorting halls above as well as below are all empty! The night-scene outside of stuffing the bags into accelerators, often leaving therein merely room enough for the guard, is very soon concluded, and thus by a very few minutes after eight—the last sharp exclamation of 'All right! drive on!' having already died away—the whole of the letters and newspapers from the Inland Department of the London Post-Office are in various directions rumbling through the streets towards their respective destinations!

**MORNING DELIVERY.**—Our heart aches when we state, that most of those intelligent public servants whom we have but just dismissed to homes more or less poor, as well as more or less distant, to enjoy that pittance of domestic happiness, and of rest, which alone, excepting on the Sabbath-day, is allowed to them, have to arise, dress, and walk to St. Martin's-le-Grand early enough to arrive there before five A.M., to arrange the morning delivery; and if, as is the case, they cheerfully, week after week, month after month, and year after year, daily assemble to perform this endless duty, our readers, as they sit reclining in their easy chairs, will not, we hope, shrink from the fatigue of reading, for

for a few minutes, a very brief abstract of the manner in which these important duties are performed.

The bags reaching London from all the inland Post-offices, or in other words from all parts of the United Kingdom, as well as from abroad, are rapidly brought from the termini of the principal railways by two-wheeled mail-carts and four-wheeled accelerators (for no mail-coaches are now employed in this work) to St. Martin's-le-Grand, where they begin to arrive at 5 o'clock A.M. As fast as they are unloaded at the door, the large, long 'roadsacks' containing them are opened, and the bags from within these are then brought on the shoulders of red letter-carriers to twenty-four 'opening tables,' arranged alphabetically, so as to give to each as nearly as possible the same amount of work. A junior clerk examines the bag and seal, and if there appears to be anything wrong about either, without opening, he reports it. If, however, all be right, he cuts it open, and then turning it inside out, he deposits the whole of its contents on his table.

Although all the Queen's heads in the heap have been obliterated by the different postmasters in the country, the letters have each to be examined to ascertain whether its postage by stamp or by money is correct, in which operation the clerk separates the mass as he proceeds into two divisions, 'Town' and 'Country'—the former usually containing about three-fourths and the latter one-fourth. He also lays aside in one compartment the large letters and parcels.

The small letters are then, by messengers, stamped, if pre-paid on their faces, and if by postage-stamps on their backs, with the letter of the table, day, month, and year, and in order that every operator may be made responsible for the work he undertakes, a book is stamped and signed daily by the stamping messenger, which of course not only identifies him, but shows whether the letter, dates, &c., he had used on his instrument were correct. As fast as the messenger, in stamping, passes the letters behind him, his satellite letter-carrier bears them off to other sorting tables, at which 'country letters,' including foreign ones, are disposed of at one double desk, divided on either side into twelve compartments, each 2 feet 9 inches broad, labelled in two tiers of pigeon-holes, the same as for the evening delivery. The 'large packets' are taken to a single adjoining table containing three compartments, each of the extra breadth of 4 feet 7 inches. The 'Town letters' are taken to desks divided into two tiers of seven and eight compartments each, numbering from 1 to 15, of which Nos. 1 to 13 are for 'Divisions;' each of which comprehends about one-thirteenth of that portion of London which lies within  
the

the three-mile circle; No. 14 for *small* letters for public offices; and No. 15 for the remaining portion of the London district lying between the three and twelve mile circles, the letters and documents for which are at once, by means of a fly-wheel and endless rope, forwarded through the tunnel from the 'Inland' to the 'District Office.'

This first process of assortment having been concluded, the letter-carriers next convey the whole of the thirteen London Divisions of letters to one double and one single desk, divided into forty-seven compartments, each of which is subdivided into a double row of eight bins, called 'walks,' and as fast as this latter operation is effected, they are again carried off in wooden trays, constructed to be held under one arm, to the two lifting machines at each end of the hall—in or upon which machines the red carriers in tiers, or, geologically speaking, in strata one above another, are rapidly uplifted to the large, well-lighted, double hall used at night for newspapers, where, by arrangements which we shall detail in describing the deliveries of the London District Department, the letters are finally sorted into streets by the very letter-carriers who are themselves to deliver them.

The whole of these operations throughout the halls above and below must, if possible, be concluded by seven o'clock A.M., after which half an hour is allowed to the London letter-carriers finally to arrange and tie up their parcels for actual delivery—and accordingly, at half-past seven precisely, they and their bags are despatched by accelerator-omnibuses, which, starting brim full of red postmen and white bags, rapidly drop one after another at the commencement of his respective walk, until the last carrier, bag in hand, having descended from the steps, the vehicle veers round and slowly returns to its resting place. Each 'walk' is so constructed as to enable the postman, excepting on Mondays, to complete his delivery in about an hour, when he takes his 'time-card' to the nearest receiving-house that the name and time may be certified thereon. The postmen's duties end generally about half-past nine, according to distance—and, excepting seventy men reserved for the little midday despatches to Brighton and Southampton, and deliveries of the letters of the day-mails, they are then their own masters until 5 P.M., when they again assemble for the busy and exhausting duties we have described.

When both halls, above and below, the foreign room, and the blind-man's chamber, are each in full and vigorous operation, the picture altogether is one which, from being composed of very odd noises, as well as very strange objects of vision, could not possibly be delineated by any crayon or pencil but Hogarth's. The tramp-  
ing,

ing, puffing, and occasional snuffling of the carriers, as with arms full, bags full, or trays full of letters, they proceed rapidly from one long table to another,—the reverberations of the stampers,—the fluttering or shuffling of myriads of letters into pigeon-holes,—the rumbling of the tunnel ropes and of the steam-engine,—form the everlasting musical accompaniment to which the sorters, messengers, bagmen, &c., seem to work. The floors of both the double halls appear literally swarming alive with human beings, dressed in dark clothes or in scarlet ones: and as the eye of the stranger, in mute admiration of the busy scene, glancing horizontally over the mass, suddenly observes at each end of the room jaded human figures in bright red uniforms, standing bolt upright with white letter-bags in their hands, letters under their arms, or newspapers at their feet, and vertically moving upwards or downwards in iron cages from one floor to the other—it is almost impossible for him to help fancying them to be the spirits of departed postmen, who, according to their general performances, and especially according to the mode in which they may have been in the habit of handling letters containing sovereigns, half-sovereigns, shillings, and sixpences, are from the troubled interior of St. Martin's-le-Grand ascending or descending to their dooms!

**MONEY-ORDER OFFICE.**—Among the list of social advantages which Mr. Rowland Hill's penny postage system has conferred upon the community, may be enumerated the extension and increased facility it has afforded to the transmission of money-orders; an arrangement which, from its original establishment in September, 1838 (when it was composed of three clerks), has now grown into a vast banking system, identical in dimensions with the United Kingdom, by which at a very trifling charge, and with almost perfect safety, any small sum can by any person be transmitted from and to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, Guernsey, or Jersey. The number of postmasters and receivers authorized to issue and pay money in this manner amounts to 14,487, forming altogether a series of branch banks, ready at any hour of the day to communicate with each other or with the London office for the accommodation of the public. The growth and practical utility of this department of the Post-Office may be sufficiently shown as follows:—

In the Quarter ending 5th April, 1839, the total amount of orders issued in England and Wales was . . . . .	}	£.	s.	d.
In the Quarter ending 5th January, 1850, they amounted to		49,496	5	8
		1,830,907	17	5

The number of ledgers used at one time in 1838 was 4, of 330 folios of 61 lines each. In 1847 it was 81, of 550 folios of 60 lines

lines each. Since 1847, by a simplification of accounts, these ledgers have been nearly got rid of. The amount paid at the money-order windows of the London office alone on the 21st January, 1850, was 4809*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* Average payment of the last month about 3500*l.* per day. The money-orders issued in London alone have increased as follows :—

		<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For the Quarter ending 5th April, 1839 . . . . .		7,160	19	4
Do. do. 5th January, 1850 . . . . .		263,386	9	4

Finally it may be observed, that if the present cost of the money-order office were to be deducted from the gross amount of pound-ages lately received for money-orders issued throughout the United Kingdom, there would remain a small profit or revenue.

The enormous business transacted in this branch of the Post-Office may be faintly exemplified by the fact, that every morning's post usually brings to the chief office in London (in which there are employed 178 clerks) no less than 12,000 advices, amounting to nearly four millions a-year! The present Postmaster-General lately determined to reduce the dimensions of these advices from a semi-sheet of foolscap to about half that size, by which act of apparent insignificant economy a saving of no less than 1100*l.* a-year has been effected, although the Government is supplied with paper at a notoriously cheap rate. By another alteration, which his Lordship has lately effected in the *form* of the correspondence of the money-order department, the number of packets transmitted on that service to the inland London office has been reduced about 46,000 a-week, and of course the expense and trouble of receiving, of conveying, and of sorting these letters on their arrival at the London inland office, have also been saved. The latter effect, however, although included in the estimated results, was subsequently overlooked; and accordingly, shortly after the alteration had been effected, it was observed with no little alarm that there was an apparent decrease in the correspondence of the country with London! The cause of this sickness for a short time remained an inexplicable mystery, until on a scrutinising analysis it was suddenly discovered that the deficiency was not only created by, but nearly tallied with, the reduction of letters from the provincial postmasters to the London money office, as created by the alteration we have described.

In consequence of these as well as other reductions, and the adoption of a more simple system of accounts, the services of about one-fourth of the clerks of the money office have lately been dispensed with, and a saving of about 11,000*l.* a-year effected.

THE LONDON DISTRICT DEPARTMENT, commonly called THE  
TWO PENNY POST.

The work of this office is a wearing, wasting, intermittent fever, which, excepting Sundays, comes on regularly every morning throughout the year at 6 A.M., and which in ten cold and hot fits of unequal severity afflicts the various sets of patients, who are successively exposed to it, until ten minutes past nine at night.

After a night's rest, such as only the weary in this world enjoy, the first symptom of uneasiness in this great department—by which more letters are now delivered than, before the introduction of the penny system, passed through all the post-offices of the United Kingdom—is the arrival, at the early hour we have named, of a detachment of clerks and letter-sorters, who, in winter often paddling under umbrellas and in mackintoshes through sleet, snow, and dark wet streets, assemble for the purpose of receiving, but not opening, a tide of wooden boxes full of letters and newspapers from all parts of the United Kingdom, which under the influence of machinery and of an endless chain flow in a succession of waves from the Inland Department (commonly called The *General Post-Office*) for delivery in that portion of the London District which lies between the three and twelve mile circles. At six o'clock, the hour of the arrival of the president and his assistants, amounting altogether to ninety persons, these boxes are opened, and the contents taken out and sorted, during which operation boxes full of letters, sometimes in a stream and sometimes in a torrent, continue unceasingly to pour in through the sewer or tunnel.

While the sorting of all these letters and newspapers, in a mode we shall shortly describe, is, like the deposition of honey in the cells of a hive, going on, a number of men and boys, like bees flying from flower to flower, are in all directions occupied in the following curious process of *collection*.

All the letters throughout London which, if stamped or unpaid, have been dropped into the slits, or, if paid in money, have been delivered on the counters or at the windows of 259 receiving-houses by a quarter before 8 A.M., are at 8 o'clock conveyed through the streets in the hands or on the shoulders of letter-carriers, either to the chief office at St. Martin's-le-Grand or to the undernamed eight branch offices, from whence they are conveyed to the main office in the following manner:—

From Charing Cross, by mail-cart.	Sidmouth-street, cart & riding-boy.
North-row, ditto.	Shoreditch, ditto ditto.
Portland-street, ditto.	Stepney, ditto ditto.
Pimlico, ditto.	Southwark, riding-boy only.

After

After the arrival of these carts, the whole force of the office is employed in what is technically termed 'opening collections,'\* and as for this heavy amount of work only one brief hour is allowed, we will endeavour to explain the admirable arrangements by which the first great London District delivery, termed 'the nine o'clock despatch,' is performed.

I. As fast as the red mail-carts, ornamented with the royal arms, after whisking round the north and south angles of the Post-Office, suddenly pull up—or rather, as soon as the poor jaded horses, *mero motu*, of their own accord, suddenly stop at the, to them, well-known entrance of the District Department—the driver of each vehicle, throwing down his reins, and standing up in his cart *dos-à-dos* to his horse, hauls out from beneath his seat, one after another, a series of milk-white, cream-coloured, and gingerbread-coloured bags. With these thrown over his shoulders, and with his time-paper in his mouth, he without delay enters the passage, delivering his charge to a porter, whose duty it is to check the number of his bags.

In like manner and at the same moment little riding-boys, each giving to his horse as he almost brushes the corner a valedictory touch of the spur, have hardly stopped, when leaning backwards in their saddles, they quickly unbuckle one strap, while a porter in waiting, as soon as he has unloosed the other, lifts from above the panting flanks of the poor Post-Office animal a leathern valise containing the bags, which are instantly carried off into the portion of the office appropriated to receive them. The drivers and boys deliver to the time-keeper their 'time-bills,' on which in one column appear certified by various receivers and time-keepers the precise periods at which they ought to have started;—ought to have called at each receiving-house in their 'road' or 'ride';—ought to have arrived; and in a second column are noted the hour and minute at which at each station they actually *did* arrive.

II. As soon as the forefinger of that steady man of business the Post-Office clock points to 8. 10, a gang of men, each either carrying on his declined shoulders a huge letter-bag, hugging one in his arms, or with one or two dangling from his hands, are observed following each other through a passage into the sorting-room. Of the bags thus *collected* those containing newspapers only are taken into the great sorting-office, 96 feet 4 inches long and 71 feet broad, to a small table, 21 inches broad by 12 feet

\* The number of collections made up by the letter-receivers per day within the three-mile circle amount to 2563.

The number of collections made up by the country receivers per day within the three-mile circle are 198.

long, beneath which there are standing gaping in a row eight large white baskets—

1 for General Post,

6 for Country Divisions,

1 for London District within the three-mile circle.

The bags containing letters and 'packets' are carried to tables 18 inches broad by 5 feet in length. To these tables, which are divided into very small compartments, there are appointed ten or twelve clerks, whose duty it is on receiving each bag first of all carefully to inspect its seal; if perfect, to cut it open, empty its motley contents on his portion of the table, and lastly turn the bag inside out to prevent being fined half-a-crown for any letter left within it.

III. The contents of the bags, having been thus piled in a heap before each opening clerk, his first process is to take up and examine the 'bill' of its contents, to see if there are any registered letters in the mass; if so, he selects and despatches them to the registrar-clerk, who gives a receipt for the same. He then checks the number and amount of 'paid' letters which the receivers have been required to tie up separately, to ascertain that they correspond with the number and amount in the bill. These preliminary examinations having been completed, he next separates the London letters from the Inland. The latter, without a moment's delay, and without being stamped, are packed in a box and transmitted via the subterranean tunnel to the Inland Office. All newspapers are thrown into a basket behind him, from whence they are by another clerk separated into two parcels, namely, 'London' and 'Country'—including transmarine. Lastly, whatever parcels termed 'packets' may appear in the heap, whether for town or country, are selected, and forwarded to a separate sorting-desk.

Having got rid of all newspapers, of all letters not belonging to the London district, and of all 'packets,' his next operation is—with a rapidity which unless witnessed could scarcely be credited—to divide the letters which remain into two classes, 'stamped and unpaid,' and 'paid.' Each class are by him not only separated, but are placed with their faces all looking one way; and as fast as they accumulate they are carried off in armsful to the upper end of the office by porters who deposit all of one sort on one double desk, and the remainder on another.

IV. *The stamped and unpaid letters* at the double desk, above described, are divided among eighteen sorters, by each of whom the stamped letters are simultaneously subdivided into a double tier of pigeon-hole boxes as follows:—

1. General post. 2. Ten town districts, namely:—North-west,

west, West-city, Lombard-street, North-east, East, Southwark, Portland-street, North Row, Charing-cross, Pimlico. 3. Six Country districts, namely, Hounslow, Barnet, Enfield, Woolwich, Croydon, Hampton.

*The unpaid letters* are transferred to a table 2 feet 2 inches by 14 feet 6 inches long, where, after being similarly subdivided, they are stamped merely as 'unpaid.' *The paid letters* are transferred to a table 2 feet 2 inches broad by 17 feet 9 inches long, where they are stamped merely as 'paid.'

V. As fast as these operations are concluded, the letters as they accumulate are carried off to a double desk, on one side of which every *town*-letter receives, first of all, from a stamper standing sideways a violent blow on its face, which cancels its stamp, and then from another stamper, posted behind the first, another violent blow on its back, indelibly marking thereon the hour, the day of the month, and the year at which it is to be despatched. At the opposite side of the same table the whole of the *country* letters are in like manner doubly belaboured by two stampers and two date-markers.

VI. The whole of the letters having been thus examined, sorted into districts, and stamped, they are carried into a large airy, well-lighted room, called the Letter-carriers' Office, where they are distributed among 57 letter-carriers in blue uniform coats with red collars, seated about 2 feet 4 inches asunder, at double desks.

About two-thirds of the London letters are divided among these intelligent men, who rapidly sort them into 'walks;' the remaining one-third are deposited on one long double desk; and here, without further process, they are carefully examined, previous to their being despatched to Charing-cross and to the other principal receiving-houses—where, for the object of relieving the main office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, they are sorted into walks by the blue-coated postmen who subsequently actually deliver them at the houses to which they are addressed.

At the principal receiving-houses of each of the nineteen stations within the three-mile circle, as also of the fifty-three stations between the three and the twelve mile circle, there is established a room in which the letter-carriers assemble to receive and finally prepare their letters for delivery, by arranging them not only in streets, but consecutively in the numbers thereof. To each of these districts there is appointed a 'charge-taker,' whose duty it is to attend to the accounts, and who, therefore, is charged with the postage on all unpaid letters. The wages of the letter-carriers are from 20s. to 25s. a week, those acting as charge-takers receiving an additional allowance of 3s. The letter-carriers

are

are usually employed from nine to ten hours per day; the number of miles they walk per day average from fifteen to twenty-four.

The 'country letters,' at six tables, each about 18 feet long, are similarly sorted by *clerks* into 'roads,' formerly called 'rides,' and are then packed into canvas or leathern bags. Three minutes only before the period at which these bags are despatched, the boys and drivers who are to convey them are called in to assist in tying up their mouths, which are no sooner sealed with red flaming wax by the stampers, than each driver and boy, like an ant carrying a grain of corn, hurries off with his burden to his mail-cart or horse. The driver packs his own cart; the boy nimbly hopping into his saddle, and leaning backwards, as before described, is assisted by the porter, who, if he can manage to buckle the right strap of the valise quicker than the flibbertigibbet he is waiting on can fasten the left one, exclaims gruffly, 'Look sharp!'—which convulsively affecting the child's spur, away the poor horse starts. The drivers in their red carts soon follow; and in a few seconds, cleverly worming their way through the variety of two-wheeled and four-wheeled obstacles that obstruct them, all are to be seen strenuously radiating to their respective destinations.—The number of horses daily employed in this manner by the District Department alone is 150. The rate at which they go may be exemplified by the single instance, that twelve minutes only are allowed from the General Post-office to Charing-cross.—The interesting operation, or rather the series of operations, which we have thus faintly sketched, is, excepting Sundays, repeated during the day, for—ten 'town' deliveries; seven beyond the town and within the three-mile circle; five within the three and six mile circles; three within the six and twelve mile circles. During upwards of fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, consequently, the interior of the London District-office exhibits a succession of labour of a very exhausting description; while beyond its walls there are, in darkness and in daylight, exposed to every sort of weather, a brigade of men, of boys, and of poor horses, vibrating, with short intervals of rest, between St. Martin's-le-Grand and their respective stations.

In the rear of the London Post-office we observed a small narrow stable, into which in rainy weather there are stuffed, on the principle of first come first served, seventeen or eighteen horses—the remainder having to seek for shelter elsewhere. The drivers and boys are selected for their duties by a steady middle-aged man whose office it has been for many years to watch their departures and arrivals, and who accordingly, having very natu-

rally lost his voice in such an inclement service, utters his valedictions as well as his maledictions in a tone, as nearly as possible, half way between a whisper and a bark. The riding-boys are mostly from thirteen to sixteen years of age; 'after which,' our professional adviser hoarsely informed us, 'they mostly grows into drivers.' As regards the outline of their stomachs, they are, every one of them, apparently of the French-pig or greyhound breed; and their clear complexions also indicate high condition and joyous health. We particularly noticed Richard Martin, who, we were half-softly and half-gruffly informed by his governor, is not only the best rider, but, in point of conduct, the best boy in the service. A more agreeable specimen of the English countenance, and indeed of the unassuming character of a mild bold English boy, could scarcely be met with. Ever since this little fellow was eleven years and a half old, he has been riding on her Majesty's service for six days in the week—beginning at a quarter before eight and ending at half-past seven—thirty-five measured miles per day! He has done this for two years and a half continually, with the exception of one week only, when he was sick. His journey is from the Post-office to Shoreditch Church and back; and, in spite of carts, carriages, cabs, *busses*, &c., he performs it regularly ten times a-day. Not to dwell upon the storms of wind, rain, snow, and sleet, to which, in daylight as well as in darkness, he must be occasionally exposed, his greatest trouble, and indeed danger, proceeds from the slippery state of his road in frosty and in what he termed to us 'greasy' weather. As the poor boy has no father, and as his mother is a charwoman, it is of course almost impossible to hurt him: nevertheless he told us very artlessly that in bad weather his horse had repeatedly slipped up with him, as often as three or four times a-week; but, as Sam Weller has very justly observed, 'Who ever knowed a churchyard vere there was a postboy's tombstone, or ever seed a dead postboy?'

On the Queen's birthday these riding-boys receive a hat with a fine gold band and cockade, a bright scarlet jacket, a beautiful blue waistcoat, and—just as if Joseph Hume had then suddenly clasped them round the waist—nothing more! We should be sorry to implant in their light hearts a seed of discontent, yet, when we reflected on the everlasting bumping work they have to perform, we must own that, from a very slight experience in such matters, it occurred to us that her Majesty's Postmaster-General, who not improbably knows some of the uses to which buckskin can be applied, might surely take an opportunity of explaining in respectful, appropriate, but in most pathetic terms, that these  
fine

fine little boys, who convey the correspondence of the commercial metropolis of the world, are unscientifically covered at the wrong end; that it would be more creditable to a great nation to clothe them all over; and that at all events it would be infinitely more agreeable to them to

‘go with their heads bare  
Because they’ve got no hats to wear,’

than, as at present, the contrary.

REVENUE.—The early origin of the English Post Office is involved in obscurity almost amounting to total darkness, and therefore—without endeavouring to detail in what manner, by what exertions, and at what rate the happy few who could read and write managed, like flies crawling across a treacled plate, to communicate with each other over pathless tracks or through miry roads, that offered to the transmission of a bag of letters greater physical difficulties in a few hundred miles than are now encountered in its transit across the Atlantic or even in its passage to Bombay—we will merely refer our readers to the following advertisement, by which it would appear that letters which now weigh as nearly as possible three tons, and which at present are conveyed at a speed of from 30 to 40 miles an hour, were only seventy years ago packed into the valise of a single post-boy whose average progress was about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour.

‘*General Post-Office, Feb. 22, 1779.*

‘The Post-boy carrying the Mail which was despatched from this Office last Friday night, was robbed by two footpads with crapes over their faces, on Saturday night at ten o’clock, at the bottom of Hack Lane, near Long Compton, between Enstone and Shipstone, in Oxfordshire, of the whole Mail, containing the following bags, viz. :—

Warwick,	Knutsford,	Bridgenorth,
Stratford-on-Avon,	Manchester,	Stafford,
Shipston-on-Stour,	Stockport,	Shiffnal,
Ledbury,	Liverpool,	Namptwich,
Hereford,	Warrington,	Chester,
Bromsgrove,	Wigan,	Northop,
Worcester,	Preston,	Conway,
Stone,	Blackburn,	St. Asaph,
Newcastle-under-Lyne,	Lancaster,	Bangor,
Macclesfield,	Kendal,	Holyhead, and the
Middlewich,	Wolverhampton,	Irish Mail.
Holms Chapel,	Shrewsbury,	

‘The persons who committed this robbery were small-sized men, but it being a dark, foggy night, the boy cannot give any further description of them.

‘Whoever shall apprehend and convict, or cause to be apprehended and convicted, both or either of the persons who committed this robbery,

bery, will be entitled to a reward of Two Hundred Pounds over and above the reward given by Act of Parliament for apprehending highwaymen.

By command of the Postmaster-General,

ANTHONY TODD, *Secretary.*

What a contrast the above forms with the fact, that by the night mail only there are occasionally despatched from the metropolis on one arterial line—the London and North-Western Railway—the contents of ten Post-Office four-wheeled accelerators full of letters and newspapers!

As in this paper we purposely avoid all topics of political controversy, we will, without referring to bygone arguments on the subject, briefly state, that by the adoption of Mr. Rowland Hill's system, the rates of English postage, *de facto*, from being the *heaviest*, became almost at a blow the *lightest* on the surface of the globe. If we compare the letters of the year ending 5th January, 1838, with those for the year ending 5th January, 1850, we find in their numbers an increase of from 76,000,000 to 337,000,000; and as far only as the gross revenue of the Post-Office is concerned, it appears, by returns which will shortly be laid before Parliament, that for the year ending 5th of January last, the gross receipts under the penny system have amounted to 2,165,349*l.* 17*s.* 9½*d.*, being 174,388*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* less than the gross revenue for the year ending 5th of January, 1838. Now, Mr. Macaulay in his History of England states that on the accession of William III. the revenue of the United Kingdom was about two millions per annum—about 165,000*l.* less than was last year collected, principally in pennies, by our Post-Office alone; and we may add that such has been the astonishing increase of wealth of the British people, that the gross receipts of the London and North-Western Railway Company for last year (2,227,242*l.*) were also larger than the whole revenue of the British Crown in the year 1689!

**BRITISH POSTAL SYSTEM.**—Having concluded our slight sketch of the interior of the London Office, we will now endeavour to delineate the few leading principles upon which the transmission of the correspondence of Great Britain, under the uniform penny postage system, appears to be regulated.

The daily arrival and despatch of about a million of letters and newspapers from and to not only all parts of the United Kingdom, but all portions of the globe, as at present arranged, somewhat resembles the arterial and venous circulation of the human system.

From London—the heart of the commercial world—letters, newspapers, and packets, by two great pulsations, the one between

tween 9 and 10 A.M. and the other at precisely 8 P.M., are; under the arrangements we have described, diurnally projected along six arterial railways to about 600 principal towns, at most of which there are 'forward offices,' for despatching, sometimes without opening them, all bags addressed by the London department to remoter points. As our correspondence—the blood of the country—is rapidly flowing along these six lines, it repeatedly, mechanically by turn-tables, but apparently of its own accord, branches away at diminished speed, and at angles more or less acute, upon other rails; and when each of these iron ways has come to an end, it continues at a still slower rate, by an infinity of ramifications, to progress upon high roads—then upon bye roads—and eventually to meander upon paths—until not only every inland letter forwarded from the metropolis to 8000 provincial post-offices has, at foot-pace, been delivered to the person to whom it was addressed, but every foreign document also is at its port ready to be forwarded by steam-packets, by sailing-packets, by vessels of almost every description, to its trans-marine destination.

In this arterial circulation, the projecting or centrifugal power, like that which at this moment is feebly working within us, diminishes in proportion to its distance from the heart or centre of action. At each of the London termini there is in readiness for the conveyance of every morning or evening mail at least one noble steam-engine of invincible power, fresh as a bridegroom from his chamber, rejoicing like a giant to run his course; or, in more appropriate terms, smoking and hissing, all ready, at the waving of a tiny flag, to whistle and be off. On the branch railways there are also in waiting a similar set of engines, but of weaker power. On the high roads the letter-bags are forwarded occasionally in four-horse coaches, then in pair-horse 'busses;' as they progress, many are transferred to a one-horse mail-cart, then to postilions on horseback, then to men who carry them over their shoulders on foot;—in one instance to a red wheelbarrow ornamented with the royal arms. On approaching the extremities they are finally carried up lanes, along paths, across meadows, through streets or alleys, and into courts by postmen or post-women, until the projecting power has absolutely dwindled from the magnificent London steam-engine into a little ragged, rosy-faced boy—'If you please, mum, here's a letter for you!'

In the venous progress of letters and documents *towards* London, the propelling power in like manner, although inversely, *mobilitate viget viresque acquirit cundo*—increases as it proceeds; but as all foreign mails, instead of being allowed to accumulate, are despatched

despatched to the metropolis as fast as they arrive, and as the great flood of newspapers is, *out of London*, arterial, not venous, the pulsations, from being more frequent, are proportionably of a smaller amount. The main principle of the circulation of British correspondence between the metropolis and the remotest regions of the globe having been thus arranged, the next great object for consideration was, at what hours the two great pulsations from London should take place. If economy only had been consulted, the mails would ALL have been ejected from London by *day*; for as the public prefer to travel at that time, and indeed, except in cases of emergency, generally speaking, now decline to do so by night, it would evidently have been necessary (as indeed is the case) to pay the railway companies four or five times as much for the conveyance of mails by night as by day; for it is obvious that—although in a long, well-remunerating passenger-train a railway company could, in sunshine, afford to convey a tender full of letter-bags for a trifling sum—to do so in an almost *empty* train, by moonlight, an apparently exorbitant indemnification might, after all, leave the company losers by the impressment. The great object, however, of a post-office is to do as much of its work as is possible while the nation is fast asleep, or in other words to *begin* its work as soon as men of business have *ended* theirs. Accordingly, of all the documents that leave London daily, about two-thirds, regardless of the extra expense, are despatched by night mails and about one-third by morning ones: and we may here observe that the invention of railways has not only enabled the Post Office thus to propel from London a bulk of correspondence, &c., which would have altogether overwhelmed the tiny seats and receptacles of our mail-coaches, but by propelling these letters in the same time over an infinitely greater extent, it has in fact enabled the department to do a much larger proportion of its work in darkness. For instance, the night mails now reach Carlisle at nearly the same hour (in depth of winter about daylight) as under the old, slow, gouty, horn-blowing system of 1838 they used to arrive only at Birmingham. As far therefore as correspondence is concerned, it might almost be said that the communication between London and the radius of Carlisle is equal to that by electric telegraph; for though it consumes more time, yet, the nation being sound asleep, it is, practically speaking, time of no value.

It will be evident to our readers that in this diurnal ebbing and flowing system, by which all the secret thoughts, feelings, and affections of the British people are safely, quickly, and confidentially imparted to each other, the pulsations of London must necessarily affect the whole of those simultaneous but *transverse* transmissions

transmissions of letters throughout the country by cross mails, commonly called 'cross posts;' for as a main object of these subsidiary arrangements is to convey letter-bags from all points to the arterial railways, it is of course necessary that their arrival at the various stations thereon should, in point of time, be so arranged as to correspond with the passage up or down of the mails and trains with which they are respectively to proceed; and yet, self-evident as is this necessity, a portion of the public have, in several instances, considered themselves as cruelly aggrieved, because the Postmaster-General, notwithstanding their numerously-signed petitions, has declined to order the rural postmasters to despatch their bags at hours which, though undeniably more convenient to particular localities, would disturb a carefully organised circulation of vital importance, in which the smallest obstruction or convulsion would produce very serious results.

But, very unwillingly, we must now briefly notice a series of petitions of much graver importance.

**SUSPENSION OF THE DELIVERY AND TRANSMISSION OF LETTERS ON SUNDAY.**—We need not, we trust, affirm that we belong to that large portion of the community who, on mature reflection, desire openly as well as inwardly, publicly as well as privately, to obey those few commandments of our Creator by which, for our happiness and welfare here and hereafter, our passions are regulated rather than restrained; and as regards the particular law in question, its wisdom, as well as its beneficence, has lately been so curiously demonstrated under such striking circumstances, that we cannot refrain from alluding to the case.

In a little volume entitled 'Four Months among the Gold-finders in Alta California, by J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D.,' the author, after describing very graphically the manner in which lawless adventurers from all parts of the world were recklessly, and in many instances murderously, engaged in the attainment of gold, states:—

'4th June.—Breakfast was soon dispatched, and the question as to the day's operations asked. Don Luis was the only one who, on the score of its being *Sunday*, would not go to the diggings. He had no objection to amuse himself on Sunday, but he would not *work*. To get over the difficulty, we agreed to go on the principle of every man keeping his own findings, our bonds of unity as a party to extend merely to mutual protection and defence. Leaving Don Luis, then, smoking in the tent, we proceeded to work, and found that the great majority of the gold-finders appeared to entertain our opinions, or at all events to imitate our practice, as to labouring on the *Sunday*. . . . I worked hard, as indeed we all did, the whole morning: the toil is very severe.'—pp. 59, 60.

It

It does not appear that Dr. Brooks or his associates felt the slightest remorse at the agreement they had so shamelessly entered into to desecrate, for the sake of gold, the Sabbath; and yet, in the brief space of three weeks, the Doctor makes the following very remarkable entry in his journal:—

‘25th June, Sunday.—We have all of us given over working on *Sundays*, as we found the toil on six successive days quite hard enough. . . . . A few of the miners pursued their avocations on the *Sunday*, but the majority devoted the day to rest, smoking, and sleeping in the shade, alternately.’—pp. 82, 102.

Thus, even in picking up gold (an occupation so exciting that it had burst the bands of almost all human compacts, people of all conditions having deserted from their engagements to rush to ‘the diggings’), one day’s rest out of seven was practically found to be absolutely necessary. ‘The fact is,’ preaches J. T. Brooks, M.D. as soon as he became dead tired—

(*When the Devil grew sick, the Devil a monk would be*)

—‘The fact is, the human frame will not stand, and was never intended to stand, a course of incessant toil.’ One holiday per week was accordingly not only agreed on, but it was moreover carried *nem. con.*, that they might just as well have it on *Sunday* as on any other day; and thus from no sense of religion did the worshippers of ‘the diggings’ most powerfully subscribe to the wisdom of that commandment which, with modifications elsewhere explained in the Holy Scriptures, has beneficently desired US TO KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH-DAY.

In accordance, therefore, with this precept, some time ago the Postmaster-General determined, notwithstanding the enormous increase of work, to make every arrangement that was practicable for *reducing* the amount of postal labour on Sunday—and step by step the following alterations were effected.—On the 7th January, 1849—the money-order Sunday business was finally suspended throughout England and Wales—thus suddenly relieving 450 provincial post-offices.—On the 1st April, 1849—the suspension of the money-order Sunday business was extended to Ireland and Scotland—thus relieving 234 additional offices.—On the 28th October, 1849—the provincial post-offices throughout England and Wales were not only as a general rule closed on Sunday from ten to five, but their deliveries on that day were restricted to *one*. By these measures 508 provincial post-offices and 4000 dependent offices were closed for about three additional hours. In 194 post towns, 233 deliveries were discontinued, and 368 letter-carriers relieved of 1½ hour each of Sunday duty.—On the 29th December, 1849—in the suburbs of London, beyond the three-mile circle, the early Sunday delivery

delivery was transferred to a very late delivery on Saturday night, by which 191 persons were entirely relieved from Sunday duty. —On the 13th January, 1850—in the provincial post-offices throughout England and Wales, further extensive relief was given—1st, by the discontinuance of a large number of Sunday mails: 2nd, by the disuse of money prepayments for all inland letters; by which restrictions 576 provincial post-offices and about 4000 dependent offices were closed on an average for four additional hours.—The combined effect of these several measures has been to relieve every Sunday upwards of 6000 persons, on an average, more than  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours each. Other alterations effecting a still further reduction of labour on Sunday are in contemplation.

On the other hand it was determined, in deference to the recommendations of various commissions of inquiry, to remedy a grievance which had long been complained of as highly prejudicial to commerce, and in some degree injurious to the revenue of the Post-Office, and which had been peculiarly vexatious whenever it included a mail just arrived from the East or West Indies—namely, the detention in London, not only during the whole of Sunday, but often during thirty-six hours, of what, though called 'forward' letters, were not forwarded: by which want of proper arrangements, if a man living 20 miles on one side of London had occasion, after the despatch of Friday's post, to communicate with his son residing only 20 miles beyond London, he could not, in many places, receive a reply until Thursday morning! To correct this serious inconvenience, a small temporary addition—which has ended in a *permanent* reduction of thirteen persons—was made to the Inland Department of the London Post-office; and yet, without reflecting for a moment on the balance of the alterations effected, by which Sunday labour had on the whole account been throughout the country so materially reduced, an excitement was created and an outcry raised, in consequence whereof petitions—in many instances, we regret to say, signed in utter ignorance of the subject—have poured in to both houses of Parliament—1st, for no *delivery* or *despatch* of letters on Sunday; and 2ndly, for a TOTAL STOP-PAGE of all mail conveyance on that day!!

As regards the *first* of these petitions,—both of which have been, we think, very temperately as well as ably treated by the Rev. Dr. Vaughan of Harrow—it has been publicly stated by the Metropolitan Committee for the total cessation of business connected with the Post-Office on the Lord's-day, that inasmuch as 'the emphatic declaration of the public mind has been embodied in petitions from more than 2500 places, containing

400,000

400,000 signatures, *it must be manifest* that the public mind is prepared for the suspension of all collection and delivery of letters throughout the kingdom on Sunday; whereas, by the very figures above quoted, it appears that the 'ayes,' as compared with the population interested, are only in the proportion of say 1 to 50. The 'manifestation' therefore of the public mind, instead of being in favour, is evidently, for as much only as it may be worth, hostile to the proposed alteration; and as this practical test, selected by the Committee themselves, will probably, to all reasonable people, be deemed almost conclusive, we will merely observe, as a very extraordinary fact, that it does not appear to have occurred to any one of the 400,000 petitioners, that this first portion of their complaint is after all (in military parlance) not only 'groundless,' but 'vexatious;' for if no one was forced to pay his assessed taxes unless he liked, it would surely be unnecessary for 400,000 persons to pray for their repeal; and yet the grievance of the petitioners is still weaker—it being a truth as clear as the sun in Calcutta at noonday, that if the 400,000 petitioners would simply determine not to write or send letters on Sunday, they could not possibly be *collected*; and again, that if they would refuse to receive them on that day, they could not be *delivered*. In fact, the remedy is undeniably in their own hands; and they are therefore in the position of 400,000 people applying to their legislature for a sumptuary law not only to prevent *them* from eating and drinking what they consider to be unwholesome, and are entirely at liberty to let alone—but to prevent all the rest of the community—be their constitutions, habits, or wants what they may—from occasionally even tasting thereof. Indeed, the avowed object of the petitioners is not to stint themselves only, but that nobody else, in any part of the United Kingdom, may under *any* circumstances be allowed to receive or despatch letters on Sunday; or, in other words, that their conscientious scruples shall, by the main strength of Parliament, be forced upon the remainder of the community—whether they entertain them or not.

We will, however, at once proceed to the practical proposal that, in addition to the cessation of the collection and delivery of letters, the *transmission* of the mails throughout the United Kingdom shall be arrested from twelve o'clock on Saturday night until twelve o'clock on Sunday night.

Now, of the 400,000 respectable, well-meaning persons who have affixed their signatures to this extraordinary prayer for summarily destroying a piece of mechanism as scientifically planned and as carefully put together as one of Arnold's chronometers, what proportion, it may be asked, have a clear idea, or any idea at all, of the general requirements of the British Postal System,

System, of its political, fiscal, and commercial importance, of the arterial and venous circulation by which it breathes, or of the innumerable organized moving particles or animalcula of which it is composed? Have the majority of the petitioners—some of whom may possibly belong to that large class of the community who, to say the least, have seldom occasion to write or read letters—a superficial idea, or any idea at all, of the deep meaning of ‘the correspondence’ of, for instance, our Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, or London merchants? Are they aware of the heavy losses that even the revenue of the kingdom might sustain by great mercantile and manufacturing houses being unable on Monday, previous to the sailing of steam-packets or of their own vessels, to receive the latest possible communications from all parts of the country? Have they considered the confusion that would be created in rival towns of the same trade from the contents of East or West India mails being communicated to some, and on the striking of the clock on Saturday night cut off from the rest?—In case of an extensive robbery of bank-notes or bills, in cases of forgery, or even of bankruptcy, in cases involving life and death, and of an infinity of other private business of extreme importance, have they reflected on the serious and cruel consequences that might arise from Parliament irrationally ordaining—1st, That it is illegal to send letters otherwise than by post; and 2ndly, That by post they shall not be transmitted?—Again, have they considered the inconvenience the inhabitants of, say the whole of England, would suffer from being forcibly restrained from despatching letters on Saturday on account of London’s Sabbath, and on the following day because that is their own? Again, of the losses and vexations which upwards of two millions of persons congregated, principally for the transaction of business, in London, the shops of which have been closed the whole of Sunday, would sustain, from being on Monday morning debarred receiving letters from beyond a given radius, although some of them may have been posted on Friday?—In short, have they calculated the sum total of the results of a decree from Parliament ordaining that in almost every city, town, village, hamlet, and habitation throughout the kingdom there should be two or more blank postal days per week, the one for the Sabbath of the locality, and the other for those of places more or less remote?

In a calm analysis of this most important question it is proper to consider that, under the old postal system, there existed many revolting circumstances which the power of steam has either alleviated or completely removed. For instance: while the nation were, generally speaking, creditably keeping holy the Sabbath day—while the community, decently dressed, were

to

to be seen, on foot, through streets, along roads and paths, or across fields, converging or diverging to or from their respective churches—the decorum of the placid scene was but too often disturbed by the sudden appearance, dust, clatter, and excitement of a noisy, blustering mail-coach, selecting, as if in open defiance of the fourth commandment, as its chirruping course, the most public roads, the broadest and wealthiest streets, the very market-place,—in short, every point in the country of the greatest importance. We will not attempt to estimate the number of coachmen, guards, innkeepers, and ostlers—all, from a strong family likeness, more or less red in the face—who openly attended upon this system; but we cannot take leave of it without begging our readers, for one moment, to recall to mind the cruel sufferings of thousands of our noblest horses, that, harnessed to a vehicle ornamented with the royal arms, before a community hardened to the crime, were driven—and occasionally, alas! even on Sunday, were literally whipped—to death!

Now, under the present system—however imperfect we may allow it to be—the picture is at all events a very different one. Under the influence of a gaseous, invisible, inanimate power, which the engineer, only when requisite, lets loose to vanish into the air, a passenger-train, to the extremity of which there is attached a tender for the reception of mails, unguided by any human being, mysteriously flies—sometimes above ground, and sometimes beneath it—along an iron track appropriated by Parliament to its exclusive use,—a path which not only purposely avoids intruding into cities, or towns, or on great thoroughfares, but upon which no subject of the realm, even in his way to church, is allowed to trespass. In the transit of these mail-trains—which, at great extra expense, have been arranged to travel as much as practicable in utter darkness, or, as we have already explained, while the nation is fast asleep—no animal suffers. Indeed, the loose horse, as the fiery engine rapidly glides past him, might, at all events, most thankfully BLESS its progress.—And now, what is it that 400,000 well-intentioned people, out of a population of some 30 millions, propose?

Why, that as soon as the clock strikes twelve on Saturday night, there should—just as the peasant uncarts a load of manure in the middle of a ploughed field—be ejected from this train, flying inoffensively on its own secluded rails, not the passengers—not even the petitioners—but, as if in mockery of *their* progress, a heap of unassuming brown and white letter-bags, containing the correspondence—that is to say, the conglomerated thoughts, sentiments, opinions, doubts, hopes, fears, affections, aye, and the loves, which British men, women, and children of all  
classes

classes have ambitiously, self-interestedly, or innocently communicated to each other; all of which are, as in a cesspool, to lie stagnant for at least twenty-four hours.

Without referring to extraordinary political emergencies, such as those which caused the battles of Aboukir, Delhi, Vimiera, Ciudad Rodrigo, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Toulouse, New Orleans, and Waterloo to be fought on a Sunday, and without the slightest desire to impute to any party extreme opinions, it is clearly evident that if no work *whatever* is to be done on the Sabbath; if on that day no cows are to be milked; no horses, domestic animals, or poultry fed; if no sentinel is to pace before public stores, or no policeman to watch over the lives and properties of the Queen's subjects; if no fire-engines are to be used, if no street-lamps are to be lighted, no main water-pipes turned on, or no one be permitted to guide off the sewerage of great cities; and lastly, if the public should creditably determine on no account whatever to ride, drive, or travel—it would THEN be highly proper that mail-bags should everywhere be stopped in their progress to join in the general system; but inasmuch as it is undeniably more wicked for mankind to move and journey on Sunday than for the opinions, &c., *they recorded, sealed up, and posted on Saturday* to do so, it certainly does appear that for the attainment of their praiseworthy object the petitioners might have made a more judicious selection. For instance, have the 400,000 persons who have petitioned for a total stoppage of the transmission of the letter-bags of this country on Sunday, considered what contribution they themselves could offer to the holy object they desire to attain? Have they considered, or rather—discarding opinions for figures—have they calculated that, by 'a total stoppage' of 'all manner of work' in their houses, it is in their own power at once to relieve 'their men-servants or their maid-servants' from the manual labour of making on every Sabbath-day 400,000 beds, of dusting say 1,200,000 rooms, of lighting, say, 800,000 fires, of preparing 1,200,000 hot meals, of fetching, spreading, and removing at least 8,500,000 cups, saucers, plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, water-bottles, jugs, and mugs? In 'simply demanding that the metropolis should be the *model* to be imitated in all postal matters in every town and city throughout the kingdom,' have they reflected that, although the quantum of labour required in the London Post-Office would render it *impracticable* as well as highly improper to continue it on the Sabbath-day, the time necessary for sorting the letters (the desecration of which they so strenuously complain) does not, in the majority of small post-towns, exceed that which their own servants expend in making for each of them on Sunday, say a plain batter pudding? And yet, though they see no harm whatever in *finishing*  
their

their dinner by swallowing the latter, they scrupulously strain at the continuance of the former. In short, they grant indulgences to their own *bodies* which they deny to the nation's MIND!

We might carry our questions much farther, but we prefer briefly to submit to our readers graver observations on the subject. It appears from papers laid before Parliament that her Majesty's Postmaster-General, besides the very great reductions in Sunday labour which he has already effected, is of opinion that no valid objection exists to totally suspending the delivery and collection of letters on Sunday in any place where the inhabitants concur in the desire to make the necessary sacrifices of their own convenience for that purpose. In addition to the above, we trust that, in deference to the general desire of the community to revere the Sabbath, he will continue by every effort in his power, and especially by the application of machinery (which in several cases, it appeared to us, might advantageously be adopted), to diminish Sunday labour to the utmost limits which the vital interests of the community can practically bear. Taking, however, into serious consideration the *religious* and moral evil of wilfully re-establishing throughout the United Kingdom *on every Sunday* that organised system of smuggling letters which the penny postage abolished as to the whole week, but which re-establishment, in the opinion of all practical men, would inevitably be the result of our mail-bags not being allowed to continue to accompany passenger-trains, we are of opinion that—unless there be an obvious necessity for interfering—Parliament will act wisely by continuing to intrust so complicated a question as the postal circulation of the correspondence of Great Britain to the care of the officer of State especially appointed to watch over it.

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Since the preceding sentences were put into type, it has been moved in the House of Commons, and by a majority of 93 to 68 has been carried (June 3)—

‘That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, representing the great desire which exists in all parts of the United Kingdom for an extension of that rest on the Lord’s Day which is afforded in the London Post-Office to the post-offices of the provincial towns, and praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct that the collection and delivery of letters shall in future entirely cease on Sunday in all parts of the kingdom; and also, that Her Majesty will cause an inquiry to be made as to how far, without injury to the public service, the transmission of the mails on the Lord’s Day might be diminished or entirely suspended.’

As Lord Ashley’s motion has thus suddenly become, not a  
Post-Office,

Post-Office, but a Cabinet question, we will only add as our deliberate opinion—formed from an attentive consideration of the mechanism of the British Post-Office—that if the measure prayed for be carried into effect, it will create a vast amount of inconvenience, complaint, and irritation. If the question of delivery or no-delivery were to be left to the decision of the inhabitants of each postal district (as proposed by Mr. Rowland Hill), the experiment of no-delivery would probably be tried in many places, would be continued in some, abandoned in others, according to the peculiar views and circumstances of each. But if the overwhelming majority of the community be *forced* to adopt the views advocated by a comparatively speaking very small party, the restriction will, we predict, create throughout the United Kingdom *infinitely* more agitation than it is intended to allay.

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PREPAYMENT.—Judging from the returns submitted to Parliament, it may be stated that of the million of letters which on an average are daily transmitted through the Post-Office, about 65 per cent. are franked by stamps, about 30 per cent. prepaid in money, and 5 per cent. unpaid.\*

It appears, therefore, that although stamps can be purchased with the greatest facility, there exists on the part of a portion of the public either a prejudice or a *vis inertiae* which so lamentably induces them to neglect to do so, that very nearly one-third of the letters which pass through the Post-Office are prepaid in money instead of in stamps! As long as the choice of franking a letter by either means continues to be culpably offered to the public, *they* cannot be reasonably blamed for acting as, on the whim or caprice of the moment, they may feel inclined; and accordingly, although at all our great clubs, the porter in waiting is ready from morning till night to sell stamps to any member who requires them, yet there are daily quantities of persons who, brim-full and half asleep, will sit down to write notes merely to get rid of the vulgar rattling of some halfpence in their coat-pockets. Now the mischief to the community and the expense to the country of prepaying letters, requires, we believe, only to be fairly stated to be at once remedied.

1. Every person who prepays a letter, not only *creates* a temptation for his clerk, for his servant, or for his postmaster to pocket the money and destroy the letter, but, from the document not reaching its address, he inflicts upon the Postmaster-General

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\* As, however, of the latter, 3 per cent. are for 'foreign' communications, a large proportion of which are not even *permitted* to be prepaid, it is evident that the trifling fine imposed on unpaid letters has practically reduced the number to only 2 per cent.

the trouble, and upon the community the *cost*, of making for many weeks, and occasionally for many months, a series of searching inquiries which, though of course ineffectual, but too often end in leaving suspicion on some postmaster who is innocent; indeed in the Secretarial Department, in which sixty clerks are employed, a large portion of the business consists in answering complaints of the non-arrival of prepaid letters.\*

2. Even when the letters and their satellite pennies are faithfully brought to the windows of the Post-Office, there is often created confusion and disorder highly discreditable to our postal system. In large cities, and especially in London, the pressure for prepayment is often so rude, that money and letters forced from the hands of their owners have repeatedly been picked up from beneath the crowd that has been trampling upon them. At times the impatient group in attendance is obliged to wait until, at nearly the very last moment, the window-clerk can weigh, calculate, and charge the proper amount of postage on ten or twelve bundles of 'circulars' of the dullest description, brought by one man. Then again the angry crowd are detained by the altercations and occasional imprecations of a powerful virtuous woman who is insisting on requiring change for a sovereign in payment of the postage of a penny letter!

3. Supposing even that, notwithstanding the confusion above described, all the letters presented can be duly prepaid, there remain fiscal and moral evils of great magnitude. For instance, it becomes necessary for every postmaster, especially in the country, to close his office upon the public sooner than would otherwise be required, in order to have time enough to sort and tie up all prepaid letters in a separate bundle, accompanying it with an account in which he acknowledges that he has received the amount of postage thereon. On the arrival from all parts of the United Kingdom of all the mail-bags in the London Office, each of these bundles of letters and each of these accounts have to be compared together to see that the postmaster has charged himself with enough. The accounts have then to be sent to the Accountant-General's office, in order that the amounts due may in his ledger be separately carried to the debit of every postmaster. This process has to be repeated not only at every despatch of letters to the metropolis, but to every other town to which a bag is made up. In London the Post-Office has in its service officers of high character who honourably prevent any fraud on the revenue, but between two provincial offices the same securities cannot be obtained; in truth, *they only check each other!*

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\* Of 'missing letters,' one was stated by the complainant to have contained a bill of exchange for 28,750*l.*; another, three dozen birds'-eyes.

We most earnestly recommend, as an effectual cure for the evils we have just mentioned, that the Treasury should without delay, under the powers vested in it by Parliament, authorize the Postmaster-General to charge 3*d.* for the prepayment of every single letter; for as it is quite as easy to buy a postage stamp as paper, pens, ink, sealing-wax, and wafers, a portion of the public are not justified in not only bringing discredit upon a great national undertaking, but unnecessarily embarrassing and demoralizing the servants of the Post-Office; and, at all events, such as from whim, inclination, or accident may wish to be permitted to do so, cannot reasonably complain if, in declining to fall into the rules necessary for the well-working of the *new* system, they are required to pay rather less than one-half of the average postage of the *old* one. In short, as there exists, we believe, no doubt whatever in the minds of any who are conversant with the working of the Post-Office that the postage we have named would effectually put a stop to the idle practice of prepaying letters by money, every reasonable person will surely admit that the general benefit would infinitely exceed the grievance of an additional twopence, occasionally inflicted on an indolent or improvident portion of the public.

A postage-stamp is a new coin of the realm expressly devised for the prepayment of letters; 'and,' said an Irishman in describing it to his mate, 'the only difference I can see between it and a donkey is, that the one you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick!'

TRANSMISSION OF SOVEREIGNS, ETC., BY POST.—There exists another very serious abuse, by a small portion of the community, of the advantages of the penny postage system, which we trust will without delay be corrected. Under the old system of heavy charges, especially on enclosures, it of course did not practically answer to send gold and silver coin by post. As soon, however, as the public were allowed to forward packets to any portion of the United Kingdom at the rate only of 2*d.* per ounce, the practice of sending metallic money was at first thoughtlessly and then recklessly adopted; and accordingly gold and silver, from having been most carelessly packed, have repeatedly been found at the bottom of the bags in such quantities, that in one year there were picked up in the London office alone, in sovereigns and silver that had escaped out of letters, no less than 62*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* In one case, a man who had stuffed 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* loose into an envelope, very bitterly complained at one of his sovereigns having fallen out! The Postmaster-General, by printed 'Notices,' over and over again remonstrated with the public; his recommendations, however, were not only unheeded, but the window-men, who obediently

repeated them, were occasionally insulted. 'Oh!' said a man, sneeringly, only the other day to one of these gentlemen, who was earnestly advising him not to send by post a letter evidently containing a sovereign, and which he insisted on prepaying, 'if you will let it alone, it will go safe enough!'—implying that if *he* did not steal it, no one else would. But this, alas! is not the case. The books of the department contain a long and most affecting list of the names of active, intelligent sorters and letter-carriers who have proved unable to resist a temptation to which, as Mr. Charles Dickens in his masterly sketch of Valentine's day at the Post-Office has with great truth and feeling observed, they ought not to have been exposed—besides which a miasmatic suspicion at this moment is unavoidably resting upon many innocent men, in consequence of the immense number of such robberies that have not yet been detected.

With these evils before the mind, there can surely exist no doubt that—inasmuch as to afford a safe and ready means for conveying small sums *BY POST* to all parts of the United Kingdom, there has been expressly established that enormous and extensive banking system, 'the Money-Order Department,' which we have already described,—a very small fraction of the community ought not, in opposition to the remonstrances of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, to the demoralization of the servants of the Post-Office, and to the discredit of a new system in which the interests of all classes of society are involved, to be allowed any longer to scatter broadcast over the country, sovereigns, crown-pieces, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, practically speaking with little more concealment than a mere label, stating to post-masters and letter-carriers, but too often inadequately paid, to whom they wish them to be delivered. For the benefit, therefore, of the public in general and of the servants of the Post-Office in particular, we earnestly recommend that any letter apparently containing gold or silver coin shall be forwarded by all postmasters to the London Inland Department, to be opened at the Dead Letter Office, in order that the sender thereof may be informed of the same, as also that on payment of an extra postage of one shilling the money enclosed, and the letter that contained it, will be delivered to him. 'But,' it has gravely been said, 'supposing a man, instead of a sovereign, chooses to send in a letter by post a brass button?' Of a choice of evils, surely the trifling inconvenience which such a 'man' would wilfully bring upon himself by such a frolic is infinitely less than those we have enumerated.

LASTLY.—If an additional postage of one penny per letter were to be charged to every person who prefers making the post-man, or rather the public, wait until his servant shall think proper

proper to open the door to receive a handful of prepaid letters, which could rapidly be dropped, *exactly as they were posted*, through a receiving slit into a tortuous receptacle, from which it would be impossible for any but the right person to extract them, the delivery of the correspondence of the country would be PERFECT.

We are no admirers of unreasonable, arbitrary measures; nevertheless there can be no doubt that by the new and startling experiment of penny postage, Parliament have induced the Governments of other countries to join with us in an attempt to lengthen and strengthen the pinions by which, under the blessing of the Almighty, the family of mankind now communicate with each other; and accordingly in the United States of America the stamped head of Washington, in Belgium that of King Leopold, in France that of the Goddess of Liberty, already frank letters at moderate rates to every portion of their respective dominions: indeed, Russia and Spain have lately adopted a uniform rate of postage. As, therefore, the civilized nations of the globe are thus eagerly following our example, it is no less our interest than our duty, for their sakes as well as our own, that the system which we thought fit to originate, and from which no sane person can now dream of retreating, should be in all possible respects fairly, scientifically, and effectually developed.

ART. V.—*Anecdote relative à M. de Laplace.* Par M. J. B. Biot. *Journal des Savans.* Paris, 1850.

**M.** BIOT has long held a very high place, possibly since Monge the highest place, among the mathematicians of France. But the scene of this short and interesting memoir is laid in his younger days, when he was wholly unknown, having become from pupil in the Ecole Polytechnique professor in the small college of Beauvais, at the age of 25 or 26. He then repaired to Paris principally with the view of making the acquaintance of the luminaries of the age, and acquiring new lights on his favourite geometrical science. He respectfully wrote a letter to Laplace, asking leave to see the sheets of the *Mécanique Céleste*, then going through the press. The great man received him as courteously as if he had been a person of known consideration, but politely refused his request on the ground that he was unwilling his work should be submitted to any one's judgment before it was in a finished state. The young aspirant replied that he was very far from the presumptuous thought of sitting in judgment, but only desired to profit by the instruction which the perusal

would convey; and he offered to undertake the task of correcting the press, that is, of noting typographical errors. This humble urgency disarmed Laplace, and he acceded to Biot's wishes. This led to continued intercourse, and great was the benefit which thence flowed to the junior; for the frequent use of the expression '*It is easy to see*' so and so, which was not so easy to see by less learned eyes, led to constant explication; and often the sage had forgotten himself the steps omitted, nor would take less than perhaps one hour to recover the lost thread of his investigation. Had all the blanks been filled up, M. Biot says, the *Mécanique* would have from five volumes extended to eight or ten.

Some little time after the commencement of this acquaintance he had the good fortune to hit upon what he deemed a discovery of some importance in analytical science. His memoir gives the outline, though in general terms, of the step thus made, and to which he gave the name of *equations of mixed differences* (*aux différences mêlées*). He carried his work to Paris, and communicated it to Laplace, who read it with some surprise, and said, 'This is a very good method, and you have taken the proper mode of resolving such questions directly; but I recommend you not to carry it beyond a certain point, as you would there meet with difficulties which the present resources of the science do not enable us to surmount.' After some attempt at defending his own course, of which Laplace was perfectly patient, Biot yielded, and was told that he should next day present his memoir to the Institute, and after the sitting dine with Laplace. 'Meanwhile,' said he, 'let us go to breakfast.' A very interesting account of the interview with Madame Laplace is then given; and her conversation, with her general kindness towards young scientific men, is so described as to leave a most amiable impression of her disposition and deportment.

The sitting of the Institute (then called the Classe) came, and Biot explained his method upon the celebrated and venerable *black board* to the assembled members. Among them were Monge, his old master at the Ecole Polytechnique, and Lagrange; but it was 1st Brumaire, An VIII. (Nov. 1799), and General Bonaparte, ever fond of showing himself among mathematicians, also attended. Biot, however, confesses himself to have stood in more awe of the philosophers than of the conqueror, and that he should have been alarmed still more at submitting his discovery to the illustrious Lagrange, had not Laplace's previous approval quieted his very natural anxiety. The Memoir was referred to a committee (*commission*), consisting of Citizens Laplace, Bonaparte, and Lacroix. M. Biot went home to dine in  
Rue

Rue Christine, and in the evening heard from his host an approving comment on the manner in which he had performed his part at the Black Board. After saluting Madame Laplace, he was asked by the great man to follow him into his study; he there opened a drawer, and took out a paper, dirty and yellow with age, which, to the young geometrician's no small astonishment, contained exactly his own supposed discovery, and also recorded the author as having stopped short at the point where he had been advised himself to stop. It was very natural that this most unexpected communication should raise conflicting feelings in the young man—the disappointment at finding he had been anticipated—the gratification to find that his predecessor was Laplace; but he seems not to have felt what nevertheless might have struck him, that Laplace's keeping his discovery so long secret rather indicated an opinion unfavourable to its value; for it is not to be doubted that when Laplace hit upon the method, he had attained little of the celebrity which he afterwards reached. We have resorted to the memoir itself (*Divers Savans*, tom. i. p. 296), and we are of opinion that the method is curious, and that it has real merit; but we do not pretend to determine whether it was of great originality. Certainly Euler in his 'Memoirs on the Inverse Method of Tangents' was on the same ground; and the most profound and fertile of analysts may have thrown out something which seemed to anticipate the step. Be this as it may, Laplace's delicate and kind proceeding can hardly be noticed with too much approbation. He added to the obligation conferred on M. Biot by requiring from him the strictest secrecy; and that injunction has only now been violated after the lapse of half a century had seemed to destroy by prescription, he says, the force of this obligation.

We are, however, obliged to add that Laplace's conduct on other occasions was far from being so praiseworthy. No man, on the whole, seems to have been more slow to record the claims of others, or more ready to advance his own, when the question arose of scientific discovery. You may read the *Mécanique Céleste*, and hardly suppose that its author had any predecessor in either physical astronomy or dynamics, or even the calculus in general. D'Alembert, and Clairaut, and Lagrange are hardly mentioned; all is Laplace—nay, he even mentions the celebrated theorems which are familiarly known to all geometricians by the name of their authors, Maclaurin and Taylor, without any name at all! This has always been considered as a great stain on the memory of that illustrious man, and it is a stain which one such creditable anecdote as M. Biot has recorded in this interesting paper—or even a few such—never can wash away. He was, in truth, a great

great geometrician, and a little man. His grief over the blindness of the Restoration government, as gravely announced to a friend of ours, because it had not made the whole peerage hereditary, he being one of the peers for life only, was almost comic; but what shall be said of his omitting the dedication to Napoleon in his second edition after the Emperor's downfall, when in his first he had had the effrontery to avow that his statement of his patron's greatness was the truth he most cherished and esteemed in all the pages that it prefaced? Perhaps his vote on one important question, dividing his name, and putting 'La' in one column and 'Place' in the other, when the one meant 'Yes,' the other 'No,' exceeds in baseness all that the history of the littleness of great men has left in its not scanty records. It leaves us to apply to his *character* the jest of Napoleon upon the *practical talents* of his learned Minister of the Interior—that he had imported into affairs the infinitesimal spirit (*des infiniment petits*).

ART. VI.—*Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux: considérés sous le double Point de Vue Politique et Social; des Causes de leur formation et de leur existence; et de l'Influence qu'ils ont exercée sur les Evénemens des Quatre Premiers Mois de la République.* Par Emile Thomas. Pp. 395. Paris, 1848.

THE system of *Ateliers Nationaux*, or National Workshops, which existed in Paris from March to June, 1848, seems to us one of the most remarkable and, as a practical lesson, most important episodes of the whole melodrame of the last revolution. Its trivial and accidental origin, its sudden and gigantic development, and its tremendous and fatal catastrophe, give it a peculiar character not merely of historical interest but of moral and political warning; and as we believe that its rise and progress are but little understood, we shall endeavour to condense into a few pages the main circumstances of this wonderful experiment, as related by M. Emile Thomas, its chief inventor and director, and as elucidated by the evidence given before the celebrated *Enquête* into the insurrections of May and June, 1848.

We must begin by reminding our readers that, of the long series of conspiracies and *émeutes* which had disturbed Paris for the last thirty years, though republican principles were the basis—the fulcrum—of the movement, the lever was the alleged oppression and sufferings of the working classes; and that the grand lure with nine-tenths of the conspirators was, promises of a kind of *communist* division of both profits and property of all kinds—in short, the plunder of whomsoever the very poorest class should choose

choose to call rich. This was audaciously announced by Blanqui at his trial before the Peers, so early as January, 1823:—

‘This is a war between the rich and the poor. The rich have forced it upon us—they have been the aggressors—these privileged classes fatten on the sweat of the poor. The Chamber of Deputies is nothing but a merciless machine for grinding twenty-five millions of peasants and five millions of town-workmen, and transfusing their strength and substance into the veins of the greedy and bloated rich. Taxes are nothing but the plunder of the laborious classes by the hands of pampered idleness.’

And again, in 1833, in one of the circulars of the most numerous and formidable of the republican conspiracies, called *Les Droits de l'Homme*, we find—

‘Down with royalty! The time is come when we may call to account the vile drones that fatten on the produce of our labour. We must pursue with our vengeance the new aristocracy which is consolidating itself under the name of Bourgeoisie, and extirpate it even in its very foundations.’

All this was still more minutely detailed in the catechisms of the various secret societies from 1830 to 1848, and was condensed into the title of M. Proudhon's renowned work, *La Propriété c'est le Vol*. These were the principles which those who aspired to any influence in the party must profess, though the few amongst them who maintained any sobriety of thought felt the expediency of announcing them in less offensive language. Hence Louis Blanc's ORGANISATION DU TRAVAIL, which, as far as it has any meaning, is but a mystification of the shorter and bolder form of Communism advanced by Blanqui and Proudhon.\* When, therefore, M. Lamartine added his voice to that of the old conspirators in proclaiming the *Republic*, he must have known—if a paroxysm of spite and vanity had not turned his head—that these were the doctrines to which he allied himself, and that these were the promises which he engaged himself to realize—the word *Republic* meant nothing else in the minds of those by whose arms he achieved it, and in concert with whom he proclaimed it. But the truth is, that in their childish rashness and selfish ambition, he and the other aristocrats of the democracy

\* A distinction is sometimes attempted to be made between *Socialists* and *Communists*—but in truth the only difference is in the mode in which they affect to apply their common principle, that all men have equal rights to property. The Socialist scheme indeed seems to imply something of gradation and proportion in the distribution of property; for when it lays down as a fundamental principle that ‘no man can have a right to *superfluities* as long as any other man is in want of *necessaries*,’ wide as the doctrine is, it still implies, in theory, some distinction of classes; but it is clear that when we come to define by popular suffrage what are *superfluities* and what *necessaries*, the practical result must necessarily be *Communism*, or equal shares of everything for all.

had not thought of even the most obvious consequences of the alliance they were making, or, if they thought of such matters at all, had no kind of doubt that they were masters of their party, and that—the Chambers once dissolved and Monarchy overthrown—they might dismiss the masses of their allies to their homes and ordinary occupations with a few gasconades about *liberty, equality, and fraternity*—satisfy the subaltern leaders with a large distribution of subordinate offices—and partition out amongst their own select selves the dignity, power, and profit of the great departments of the State.

They therefore seem at first to have made but small account of their *prolétaire* friends, and were not a little startled and subsequently utterly confounded by their excessive pretensions. The Provisional Government, as originally named in the Chamber, Lamartine, Arago, Ledru Rollin, &c., were much inclined to repudiate the colleagues whom the Newspaper offices had prepared for them, and they endeavoured in the first instance to satisfy these Gentlemen of the Press by naming them *Secretaries* of the Government, and allowing them to sit at the bottom of the council-table; but they had not courage, nor indeed, we believe, power, to stand to that resolution. Marrast and Flocon, as representatives of the Republican and Radical press, shouldered themselves unceremoniously into the upper conclave; and Louis Blanc and Albert *ouvrier*, backed by a populace thundering at the door, asserted and assumed their station as especial delegates of the sovereign people. Lamartine and his *aristos* submitted with a bad grace—*honteux comme un renard qu'une poule aurait pris*—to the disagreeable but irresistible fraternity; and from that moment Louis Blanc and Albert—whom, two hours before, they would have thought sufficiently provided for by some paltry clerkship—became hardly so much their colleagues as their masters. These two, real Tribunes of the People, were, even while sitting in the council of Government, in undisguised communication with the mob authority, and conveyed to their colleagues the orders of the *common* sovereign. On the morning of the 25th of February the populace in possession of the Hôtel de Ville besieged the Provisional Government in its cabinet, and at last burst open its doors: a working man of the name of Marche, with daring gesture and fiery eye, was at their head; enforcing his words with the emphatic clang of his musket against the floor, he imperiously summoned them to cease their idle debates and attend to the *wants of the people*. The angry murmur of the myriads that filled the Place de Grève, and gorged to suffocation the corridors and courts of the Hôtel de Ville, deepened the effect of this appeal—and the terrified Govern-  
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ment threw themselves on Louis Blanc to draw up, under the intruders' dictation, a decree and proclamation remarkable equally for its cowardice, its folly, and its falsehood:—

‘The Provisional Government engages to guarantee work and a livelihood by work to every citizen.

‘The Provisional Government restores to the working classes—to whom in justice it belongs—the *million* which is about to fall in from the *civil list*.’

It was observed that of the signatures to this decree Lamartine's was the last, as if he had tried to avoid subscribing a paper so absurd and so deceptive in itself, so absolutely contradictory of the principles on the subject of *L'Organisation du Travail* which he had published under his own name in the *Presse* so lately as 1844. The infamous deception as to the *million of the civil list* was added by Ledru Rollin. Louis Blanc boasts that he knew the whole extent to which this extravagant decree pledged the Government, and worded it, he says, with that intent; and indeed, the evidence would lead one to suppose that he and Marche were accomplices in the whole transaction. He now probably thought that he had gotten the Government into his toils, and he hastened by the same means to improve his advantage. He demanded the creation of a new and special department of state, to be called the *Ministry of Labour and Progress*, and avowed that he meant it for himself. His colleagues now saw still more distinctly their danger, and that *le petit Poucet* was about to be transformed into the *Ogre* who would devour them all. They resisted—but again the populace was brought into play. On the morning of the 28th some hundreds of banners and a hundred thousand voices displayed to the eyes and ears of the alarmed Government the demand of a *Ministry of Progress! Organization of Labour!* This only confirmed Louis Blanc's colleagues in their apprehensions that, if they yielded this point, the new department would absorb all the confidence and power of the populace—the only power in the new State. Equally afraid to resist or to comply, they offered a compromise, and, with an insidious deference to his special studies and supposed attainments in political economy, they proposed to place Louis Blanc at the head of ‘a Commission charged to examine the claims of labour and to ensure the well-being of the working class.’ Enthroned in the gorgeous palace of the ex-Peerage, and surrounded with more than ministerial state, it was hoped that his personal vanity might be sufficiently gratified, and that his assistant senate of workmen would give him so much occupation as should keep him from disturbing, either by his personal interference or by the agitation of his mobs, the practical conduct of the Government. Louis Blanc, no doubt, saw the distrust

distrust that was felt and the snare that was laid, and was very reluctant to accept this hollow honour; but his power—indeed his political existence—was but a few days old; he could not venture to try his newborn strength on this point, and he submitted—*le pauvre homme*—to the embroidered *straight-waistcoat* of the Luxembourg.

But it had even before this arrangement become evident that, whatever became of Louis Blanc and Albert *ouvrier*, immediate and decisive measures must be taken to satisfy not merely the minds—but also—and that immediately—the hunger of the working populace—who, independently of political agitation and disappointment, were in a state of absolute destitution from the universal cessation of work, produced in the first instance by the interruption of all business, but continued and aggravated by the desperate proceedings of the Government. Accordingly on the 28th of February a proclamation announced that ‘the Provisional Government had decreed the immediate establishment of *Ateliers Nationaux*’; and the Minister of Public Works gave simultaneous notice that all public works suspended since the Revolution were to be forthwith resumed, and that *every citizen desirous of work had only to apply to the mayor of his district for immediate employment in the National Workshops*. Neither the Government nor the Ministers had any clear ideas of what they were about. In the first place, the announcement of the National Workshops was a gross fraud: there were no such things in existence, nor, we are confident, any real intention of establishing any such thing. These *soi-disant* *Ateliers Nationaux* turned out to be not *workshops*, but certain *works* that might happen to be going on; and the only works that were either in hand or in prospect were such as never belonged, or could belong, to an *atelier*. They were nothing but *earthworks*, to the number of half a dozen at most, in opposite quarters of Paris, such as the filling up the Champ de Mars—a silly expedient, borrowed, as we before showed, from 1790 (*Q. Rev.*, March, 1848)—the levelling the new *Place de l’Europe* on the north-west extremity of Paris—the embanking a portion of the river-side at La Gare, on the south-east—with the repair and reconstruction of some small portions of the suburban highways. These works—so very like the celebrated Irish blunder of 1846—quite inadequate in extent, and requiring only the lowest class of manual labour—were nevertheless the only *workshops*!—and all classes of tradesmen and artisans—smiths, joiners, tailors, nay watchmakers, printers, and painters—yea, landscape and portrait painters—were invited to handle the pick, the shovel, and the barrow, for their daily bread. The pay of a day’s work was *two francs*; but  
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—the compensation to those for whom work could not be found being *a franc and a half*—we can easily conceive how soon all idea of real work was lost sight of. At best it would hardly deserve to be called *work*; but such as it was, it proceeded at the uncontrolled discretion of the labourer himself—that is, at first at a snail's pace, and soon after not at all. The most conscientious amongst them did not do half a day's work. 'The State,' they argued, 'pays two francs for work, and one franc and a half for no work, so that all we owe is half a franc's worth of labour.' Our readers will easily imagine the crowds, the confusion, the discontent, that after a few days began to press on the twelve *Mairies* where the claims were to be certified, and on the central bureaux where the allotments of work and the distribution of money were to be made. The mayors were frightened, and the Government became seriously alarmed, at seeing so many legalized *foyers* of riot and *émeute* disseminated all over Paris. M. Lamartine's lucky thought of enticing twenty thousand of the idle youngsters of the mob into the *Garde Mobile* had been of immense use; but what was to be done with ten times the number of working men, husbands and fathers of families—their angry wives and hungry children? The state of the facts and the temper of the people, excited by the rash promise of immediate, ample, and permanent relief, threatened an utter disorganization of society: but where was any remedy?

It happened that opposite to one of these central bureaux, in the *Rue de Bondy*, resided a young chemist of the name of *Emile Thomas*.\* He had been educated at the *Ecole des Arts et Manufactures* for a civil engineer, but being the grandson and nephew of two celebrated chemists (MM. Payen), he had adopted their profession. It does not very clearly appear what M. Thomas's political opinions may have been. They were now at least moderate, and he was no *émeutier* nor Socialist. He was a grenadier in the National Guards, and, like the majority of that sapient body, had been willing 'to give the existing Government a lesson;'<sup>†</sup> but, with his whole regiment, was very much astonished, and apparently not very well pleased, to find, in the afternoon of the 24th

\* He must not be confounded with two more noted patriots of the same name, Charles Thomas, a writer in the *National*, and Clement Thomas, who had been a non-commissioned officer in the army and dismissed for sedition under Louis Philippe. This Clement was for a moment so popular as to be promoted to the rank of *General* and the command of the National Guard of Paris; but lost all his *prestige* by having in an unguarded moment called the cross of the Legion of Honour a *hochet de la vanité*—a bauble of vanity. This the Republican equality of France could not bear. We are told, *ad nauseam*, that of all her revolutionary results France loves *Equality* the most. We believe that there is no people under the sun who are so impatient of *Equality*. The truth is—as Dr. Johnson said of all political levellers—they are anxious to level down to themselves, but not up to themselves.

of February, that they had contributed to establish a *Republic*. The Republic, however, soon acquired, if it had not already possessed, his sympathies; and he was not slow in availing himself of an opportunity in the general scramble of laying hold of something for himself. His attention was of course drawn to the scenes at the bureau over the way, which had been disturbing the neighbourhood for a couple of days and were hourly growing worse; for, in spite of the efforts of several of M. Thomas's old friends and fellow-students of the *Ecole des Arts*, who volunteered to assist the Director in keeping order, the agitation became too much for them all. On the morning of the 2nd of March,\* while paying a visit to M. Cauchois Lemaire, a liberal littérateur of some note, and who was somehow employed in the administration (p. 126), he mentioned the circumstances he had witnessed, adding, that if he were acquainted with the Minister of Public Works, he could show him how to remedy these disorders. The company present thought the Minister would be much obliged to him; and just then a lady dropped in for a morning visit, who happened to be the mother-in-law of the Minister's private secretary, to whom she readily gave M. Emile Thomas a line of introduction, with which he hastened to the Department of Works. At this chance of relief—vague and distant as it must have seemed—the Minister (M. Marie) eagerly jumped, and appointed the young chemist, whom he had never seen nor before heard of, an audience for seven o'clock next morning. At this meeting M. Thomas opened his scheme, which the Minister at once adopted and set M. Thomas down to reduce into writing, *en attendant* the arrival of a still more important member of the Provisional Government, M. Garnier-Pagès, then also Mayor of Paris, who was expected at nine. Here is M. Thomas's sketch of this personage:—

‘M. Garnier-Pagès is tall, with a profusion of long grey hair floating backward. His forehead is rather bald than high, his eyes have something of a strange wandering (*quelque chose d'égaré*), and his whole physiognomy betrays an over-excitement. His countenance and his gestures exhibit, however, a most complete satisfaction with himself, the most profound respect for his own opinions, and the most entire confidence in his own judgment.’—p. 37.

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\* M. Thomas, like all the writers on all the French revolutions, is extremely deficient in dates, and frequently inaccurate in those he gives. For instance, he dates this circumstance as of the *third* of March; but he equally dates the next day—*le lendemain*—the *third*, and the *surlendemain* still the *third*. The printer too has helped the confusion, by such mistakes as *Mai* for *Mars*, *Août* for *Avril*. We have endeavoured to restore the real dates; but we think it necessary to remind our readers of this remarkable defect of chronology in the whole history of the last as well as of the older Revolutions.

This great man, to whom M. Marie seemed to pay obsequious deference, also condescended to approve of M. Thomas's project:—which was simply to *brigade* and officer the workmen on a semi-military principle—to condense the whole administration into one hand, and into one place—some convenient and detached public edifice where the people could be assembled, classed, distributed, and paid, without inconvenience to the more populous parts of the town. This idea was probably suggested (though M. Thomas does not say so) by the recent embodying of the *Garde Mobile*; and though it had obvious inconveniences and dangers, it was probably, at the moment, the easiest way of introducing anything like order or organization in the execution of the rash pledges of the Government. So anxious was M. Garnier-Pagès to get rid of the existing state of things, and so suddenly enamoured of M. Emile Thomas, that he told his colleagues that 'here was a great statesman revealing himself;' and he went so far as to propose the *Ecole Militaire* and the *Champ de Mars* as the head-quarters of the new administration. To the disappropriation, however, of so remarkable a position there were insuperable objections; and M. Emile Thomas—become in a couple of hours a public functionary of the first importance—was authorised to look out for a more convenient *locale*, and to proceed in the meanwhile in preparing the organization of what he very justly calls his 'army;' for, as we shall see, a great and formidable army it speedily became.

The site M. Thomas chose, after some consideration, was the ex-royal villa of Monceaux, just inside the barrier, at the north-western extremity of Paris. There stood a small pavillon or residence erected on the site of the ancient château,\* with considerable out-offices, and a large riding-house, all, M. Thomas states, rather dilapidated; but the magic wand of Revolution *changea tout cela*. The pavilion was repaired and beautified (not assuredly by the hands of the *ateliers nationaux*) for the residence of Monsieur le Directeur Thomas, his mother and family, and, as it seems, of the *élite* of his état major; the offices became *bureaux*; the riding-house the great parade of the successive detachments of this extemporised army, and the seat of the debating clubs which were subsequently established amongst the workmen. Thomas, even without making any allowance for his personal inexperience, and the suddenness of the change in his position, seems to have shown considerable tact and prudence in the conduct of his business. He had, besides the obvious difficulties of

\* M. Thomas says, 'built by Cambacérès;' but this is a mistake. It was built by the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe; and the true orthography of the name is *Mouceau*, though it is usually spelled as in the text, and even sometimes *Mousseaux*.

his extraordinary mission, many personal obstructions to overcome. The subordinates of the department of Public Works, the whole body of the official engineers of the *Ponts et Chaussées*, were opposed to the intruding apothecary, who had undertaken to accomplish what, if at all possible, they looked upon as their proper duty. He had also the at first secret and afterwards open hostility of Louis Blanc and the Luxembourg, who were exceedingly mortified at an arrangement which carried off to the opposite quarter of Paris the hopes and efforts of so large a body of the working classes. Louis Blanc made speeches, but Emile Thomas gave pay; and it soon became clear that Emile would become the greater man. He seems, as we have said, to have steered through these difficulties with considerable dexterity—a dexterity no doubt very much aided by the support which he received from a Government alarmed at Louis Blanc, and delighted to be in some degree relieved from the clamour of the populace.

He showed equal prudence in his practical distribution of his forces. The first and fundamental section was the *escouade*, or *squad*, consisting of ten men under an *escouadier* or foreman. Five squads formed a *brigade*, four brigades a lieutenancy, four lieutenancies a company, which thus comprised 900 men. A *chef de service* commanded three companies, or from 2500 to 2700 men; and, finally, a *chef d'arrondissement* had as many *chefs de service* as the *Arrondissements* (of which there are twelve within the barriers of Paris and two without) should supply. The patronage of all these places was in the first instance in the Director alone. Subsequently, and for a particular purpose, as we shall see by and bye, the men themselves were allowed to elect their foremen and brigadiers; but all the rest depended on Thomas, who prudently filled all the higher ranks from his old friends and colleagues, the students of *L'Ecole des Arts*; and when that source could no longer supply the requisite number, he selected the best-informed and most respectable amongst the men, and found many such persons driven by necessity into this dependence on the public bounty. The table of daily pay of these battalions of *workmen* is worth recording:—

	Days of work.	Days of no work.
Workmen . . . . .	2 francs*	1 franc.
Escouadiers, or foremen . . . . .	2½ „	1½ „
Brigadiers . . . . .	3 „	3 „

The Lieutenants had four francs a day permanently; and the *Elèves* of the *Ecole*, whatever rank they served in, had five francs

\* Though the franc is but 10*d.* of our money, it may, when compared with prices in France, be considered as equivalent to a *shilling* at least.

a day. Thomas himself declined any specific salary; but he was lodged in the Pavilion, had a table of twelve covers daily kept at the public expense, and a somewhat extravagant establishment of carriages and horses—all which luxury was subsequently reproached to him by the ungrateful Government in a bitter article of the *Moniteur*. We pass over all the details of his regulations, both operative and financial: they show more method and habits of business than we should have expected from the young chemist; but they all vanished in June, 1848, and have no longer any interest; nor have the various difficulties which he met with in opening, in obedience to the urgent and peremptory instances of the Government, his new establishment on the 9th of March, that is to say, within a week after its first crude conception. Suffice it to say that it really was a great effort, which proves at once the alarm of the Government, and that Garnier-Pagès had some reason for thinking that Thomas was a heaven-born administrator. But we must add also, that there is nothing like a *reign of terror* for stifling individual objections and accelerating desired results.

There was, however, one species of difficulty which might not have been expected from the purity and patriotism of the founders of the young republic, but which very much embarrassed M. Emile Thomas; we mean what he emphatically calls *la curée des places*\*—greedy place-hunting. The numbers that besieged M. Emile Thomas to obtain offices in his administration almost rivalled the number of workmen that were to be brigaded:—

‘The most prodigal of all these *recommandeurs* certainly was M. David of Angers [a well-known sculptor, but, above all, flaming patriot, and a *Montagnard* member of the Constituant Assembly]. I had not the honour of his acquaintance; but seven hundred of his *protégés* brought me seven hundred of his autographs. I had applications of this sort from every member of the Provisional Government, and from their wives, their children, and even their porters. I had them from MM. Louis Blanc, Flocon, Albert, and *tutti quanti*—from General Courtais, from MM. Barbès, Caussidière, Sobrier; and, finally, when the Assembly met, from several hundreds of the representatives of the people, who probably found this a convenient mode of paying electioneering debts; and those were times in which we were to take care to offend nobody.

‘The department of the Ateliers Nationaux became a kind of *issue*, by which all the leading patriots and all authorities of the new Government were glad to get rid of the crowds of claimants on their

\* This is an expressive term of Continental sport. When a beast is hunted down, the entrails and offal are immediately thrown to and ravenously devoured by the hounds: this is called the *curée*: whence is derived our old English term *quarry*, properly defined by Phillips and Bayley ‘the reward given to the hounds when they have caught the game.’ Most of our writers, however, use it for the game itself.

patronage, their own *protégés* and the *protégés* of their friends, the whole tribe of solicitors and place-hunters—shameless and insatiable parasites of the new order of things—and the still greater numbers of a more respectable class, those whom the disorder and the discredit of the Government had suddenly reduced from easy circumstances to absolute starvation: all were recommended to me for places in the *bureaux* of the *Ateliers Nationaux*.

‘I had made a most curious collection of these solicitations, but I lost them, as well as all my other papers, in the little *coup d’état* of which (as I shall relate by and bye) I was afterwards the victim.’—pp. 85, 86.

These *recommandeurs* were the very men who the week before had overthrown the monarchy, chiefly for its alleged prodigality, favouritism, and corruption!

On the 9th March, the appointed day, the grand central administration of *Ateliers Nationaux* was opened at Monceaux, at half-past six in the morning. M. Thomas and a numerous staff, composed chiefly of his young friends of the *Ecole*, were ready; and it having been ordered, to prevent confusion, that the twelve *arrondissements* of Paris should send in their bodies of workmen in succession, those of the *eighth*—(Faubourg St.-Antoine, about which, we suppose, they were particularly solicitous)—arrived to the number of near 3000 men, who were with great celerity and success classed, brigaded, and, most satisfactory of all, paid for a day’s work, according to the previous arrangement. Here, then, was the triumphant opening of the *National Workshops*; and M. Emile Thomas, active and zealous, was impatient to put his machine into instant operation; but unfortunately, though there was a *pavillon* and *bureaux*, and a great club-room, there was not even the semblance of a Workshop, nor, what was worse, any *work* to be found anywhere; for the earth-works which we have before mentioned still remained in the hands of those who had previously had them; and no other work had been yet discovered for the *Ateliers Nationaux*. It had, indeed, been settled that the minister (M. Marie) should invite the corps of Engineers to furnish him daily with proposals for whatever public works could be most speedily undertaken, and that M. Emile Thomas should receive every evening a plan of works for next day. In anticipation of the day of opening, he had attended the minister on the 7th and on the 8th, but he could hear of no work. The Engineers of the *Ponts et Chaussées* were themselves overwhelmed with more applicants than they could employ; and they seem, as we have said, to have borne no good-will to M. Emile Thomas and his friends, whom they looked upon as intruders; and Thomas, with his 3000 men on his idle hands, was, even from the outset, at his wits’ ends where to find even

even a *pass-time* for them. At last, M. Temisot, one of the chief clerks in the office of Works, had the bright idea (for which M. Thomas, in his extravagant gratitude, applauds him as if he were a Colbert) of grubbing up the stumps of the trees which had been cut down all along the Boulevards for barricades, and of planting young ones in their room. Even this could not be done without tools, and the *National Workshops* had none. But so much the better:—great quantities of tools recently employed in the fortifications of Paris were collected in the new Forts, and it would be a couple of days' work for a few thousand men to proceed to all the forts and convey the implements to the central dépôt at Monceaux. Thus, then, were inaugurated the *Ateliers Nationaux*; first, marching and countermarching in and out and round about Paris, collecting the tools—then grubbing the stumps on the Boulevards—then sending detachments to nursery-grounds six miles distant to dig up and bring away the young trees—all this being done without the assistance of carts and horses, that the more human labour might be employed. Such were for some days the sole duties of the National Workshops. Meanwhile each successive day brought in the contingents of the other *Arrondissements*: so that by the 15th March there were already 14,000 men brigaded. But still *no work*; and when it became notorious that at the National Workshops there was pay without work, the number of workmen augmented prodigiously.

We need not pursue M. Emile Thomas's complaints of this want of work, which his project, he says, never engaged to find but only to execute when found, nor the various devices of himself and others to find employment for the growing multitude. Suffice it to say that nothing was proposed but some repairs and macadamization of roads and levelling of ground, of the same insignificant kind and inadequate extent that we have already mentioned; and in the meanwhile the whole body received—work or no work—the allotted rates of pay in specie. The workmen themselves were not insensible (how could any of them be so who gave the matter a moment's thought?) to the folly of this pretence of work. A gentleman who was watching the lazy, loitering earth-works on the Champ de Mars asked one of the workmen what they would have to do when that was finished. 'Ah,' said the workman, smiling, 'it will be long before that.' 'Yes; but sooner or later it must come to an end; and what then?' 'Why, then, they will set us to *bottle off the Seine!*' The preference of no work at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  franc to work at 2 francs became so manifest, that M. Thomas on the 16th March ventured to reduce from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 franc the day's pay for no work. This reduction seems to have had an injurious effect on the temper and discipline of M. Thomas's

army, though he does not confess it; and he asserts strenuously that although he had some slight simultaneous disturbances at Monceaux, his 14,000 men had taken no part in the great popular exhibition of the 17th March. This we a little doubt, though Thomas was, we are ready to believe, hostile to that movement, which was chiefly got up by Louis Blanc and his party against the section of the Government to which M. Marie and Emile Thomas belonged.

It must be observed that Emile Thomas's *Ateliers*, though much the most considerable, were by no means the only ones in which this pretence of labour was going on. We have no precise data as to either the names or numbers of those other establishments; but we find that about the 28th March Louis Blanc—jealous, we suppose, of Emile Thomas's success—got possession of the great Debtors' prison at Clichy—(empty and disposable by the abolition of imprisonment for debt)—and there set up as a rival to Monceaux, which is at no great distance, an *atelier national* of his own, under the title of '*Association Fraternelle Egalitaire d'Ouvriers Tailleurs*,' where he employed 2500 tailors in making uniforms for the *Garde Mobile* and the corps of *Montagnards*. This was a practical experiment of Louis Blanc's principle; for the rule of this Fraternal Society was, that each member, whatever might be his abilities or his personal position, should receive an equal share of the whole profit—the best and most diligent workman, even were he the father of the largest family, getting no more than the least experienced and least industrious bachelor. (*Enquête*, ii. 134.) There appear also to have been some other bodies of workmen specially dependent on the Luxembourg; and there were likewise *ateliers de femmes* scattered over Paris, of which we find no other detail than that they cost, during the short period of their existence, 1,700,000 francs, or about 70,000*l.*, from which we may fairly deduce a number of probably not less than 40,000 or 50,000 women. On the whole it seems, from various incidental statements, that Thomas had never more in his *ateliers* than about half of the whole body that were, in one way or another, receiving Government wages.

By the 21st March we find that the numbers of the Monceaux establishment had increased to 30,000; but this accumulation, which might have been expected to alarm still more the moderate members of the Government, seemed to give them pleasure and confidence. They now evidently began (if they had not done so from the outset) to look upon these men as a corps which they might employ against other bodies of *ouvriers* who might be under hostile influences.

On the 23rd March, M. Marie, at a meeting of the rulers of France

France at the Hôtel de Ville, took M. Emile Thomas aside, and after giving him the pleasing intelligence that the Government had just ordered an advance of five millions (200,000*l.*) to the Ateliers Nationaux, asked him in a very low whisper—‘*whether he could reckon on his men.*’

‘I said I thought so, though the number was so great that I had less direct power with them than I could wish. “Don’t be uneasy at the number,” answered the minister. “If you have them in hand, the more the better. Do all you can to attach them to you. Spare no money—if necessary we shall supply you out of the secret service. . . . The public safety requires that you should endeavour to obtain a complete influence over your men; the day is perhaps not far distant when it will be necessary to *bring them into action*”—*les faire descendre dans la rue*’—

which is the technical phrase for bringing the population of Paris to a battle in the streets. What a specimen of the moderate section of a republican government!

But there was another battle about which the two rival parties in the Government were at least equally anxious—and which, we dare say, was at that moment in M. Marie’s mind—the Election of the National Assembly, fixed for the 20th April. This was in fact the real battle to which the demonstrations in the streets were only preludes and accessories. Both parties endeavoured to *brigade*, as they called it, their voters—that is, to get the mass of the workmen to vote in a body, each for its own special list of candidates. The Luxembourg list excluded MM. Marie, Lamartine, Marrast, &c., and instead of them offered Citizens Barbès, Blanqui, Proudhon, &c. Against this the moderate section of the Government set up a counter list, which they printed to the number of a million, on *rose-coloured paper*, in which the names of Louis Blanc, Albert, Flocon, and Ledru Rollin did not appear. This list, communicated to Emile Thomas by Marie, was of course adopted by the army of Monceaux, and 500 active and intelligent members of the *ateliers* were organized and employed in the promulgation of these rose-coloured slips. To this activity Emile Thomas attributes, and probably with truth, that the members of the Government on the Radical list were so many thousands behind their more moderate colleagues.

It was in pursuance of this plan of conciliating the good will of the workmen as auxiliaries in the battle and the ballot, that M. Thomas proposed that his men should be invited to elect their own foremen and brigadiers :—they were also to be allowed to carry colours—each brigade a pennant, each company a banner, each lieutenancy a flag—and they were to be further honoured by being reviewed by two members of the Provisional Government.

'I saw at once,' says Thomas, 'that we were setting up a rival altar against the Luxembourg, and I was glad to be allowed to meet the anarchists in the face of day.'—p. 157.

He also, as the Elections approached, found it necessary to comply with the popular mania for *Clubs*, and he accordingly encouraged Clubs of Delegates of the Workmen, who assembled in the Riding-house. They in the outset helped M. Thomas's views, but became soon afterwards, as might be expected, troublesome, and even dangerous :—

'It is easy to conceive what must have been during two months the effect of this deliberating and debating body, thus created and encouraged by the Central administration itself. Open to all suggestions from without—perverted, even from the outset, by the dangerous doctrines which inspire the workmen with chimerical hopes and odious designs—they soon freed themselves from the influence which had created them.'—*Enquête*, ii. 143.

By the end of March—that is, in three weeks—the number of men had risen to 40,000, and on the 16th April, at the eve of the elections, to 66,000; and it is evident that Thomas was carrying out with additional zeal and activity the minister's hint of obtaining the confidence of this formidable force :—all the pretended work he could invent did not even nominally occupy a fourth of the number; so that he remodelled his pay-table, and really increased while he seemed to diminish the rates by allowing each man *eight francs a week, work or no work*. And, moreover, for those that had families there was made a proportionable allowance in kind, of bread, soup, and meat. There were also medical establishments in each *arrondissement* for them and their families, and any that should be confined by sickness were to enjoy the full pay of two francs a day. It was now that—in rivalry, we presume, of Louis Blanc's neighbouring *Association Fraternelle*—M. Emile Thomas made his first and only attempt at establishing any thing like a *workshop*. A great number of the men were very deficient in shoes and clothes. To help them, some gangs of shoemakers and tailors were brought together—raw materials were procured, and coarse shoes and clothes were supplied to the most necessitous at prime cost, to be defrayed by a small periodical contribution from their pay. As the trucks, barrows, and other tools would now and then need repair, Thomas found some work for a few wheelwrights and the like. This small attempt at real *workshops* was made but a little while before the dissolution of the *ateliers*, and had not, it seems, time to produce any effect. M. Emile Thomas, however, tells us that before he was superseded he had proposed and prepared—still, no doubt, in rivalry of the Luxembourg *Associations Fraternelles*—to extend this system to all other trades, and even to the *arts* all over Paris.

It

It is probable that, under all these incitements, and the continued cessation of work, Thomas had an immense influence on the Election. His men were, he says, very anxious to have elected *himself*, but he (from the prudential motive of not giving up his present position) positively refused to be a candidate; yet, in spite of his wishes, he had, it seems, no less than 30,000 votes. Garnier-Pagès states that Thomas wanted to be returned, and had converted the *ateliers* into an instrument for electioneering purposes. There can be no doubt of the latter fact; but it is now equally clear that it was under the sanction and for the purposes of MM. Marie and Garnier-Pagès himself, rather than for any object of his own, that Thomas acted. As soon as the Elections—the main object, we are satisfied, of the Government in its support of the *ateliers*—were over, the ulterior prospect of making them auxiliary against a Socialist insurrection grew evidently more problematic—their spirit became alarming—their mere numbers extremely so. By the 15th May Thomas was at the head of 100,000 men, and by the 25th May, when he was superseded, he had under his orders the enormous amount of above 115,000 men. This prodigious extension of numbers must naturally have weakened his immediate influence over them;—there evidently was a growing agitation and uneasiness on several occasions, and he himself was more than once exposed to personal danger. He boasts, however, that on the celebrated insurrection of the 15th May *only* 14,000 out of the 100,000 of the *atelier* men took any part even in the procession; and he asserts that, by the exertions of the young men *de l'Ecole* and his other officers, whom he despatched to the environs of the invaded Assembly, *his* people were all induced to withdraw from the insurrection. We are, again, very well inclined to believe that Emile Thomas had no wish to assist Louis Blanc, by whose party the insurrection of the 15th May was no doubt got up—but still we confess that 71 flags and 14,000 men of the *Ateliers Nationaux*, which Thomas admits to have been seen in the besieging army, might well create serious apprehensions in the mind of the Government.

By the election of M. Marie into the Executive Directory on the 9th May, Emile Thomas lost his first patron and chief support; and he was succeeded, as Minister of Public Works, by a Doctor Trelat, who, on the strength of having been his whole life a most active conspirator and *émeutier*, was promoted into the Republican Cabinet, and became no longer friendly to *émeutes*. Trelat immediately after the 15th May began to exhibit a very different feeling towards the *Ateliers Nationaux* from that professed by M. Marie. There was no longer any encouragement to additional enrolments—no supplies of secret service money

money—no exhortations to be ready to *descendre dans la rue*—quite the reverse. M. Thomas is very indignant at this change of tone; but we must confess that when, of this body that the Government seem to have relied on for support, they saw 14,000 men taking a prominent part in the insurrection against them, while about 80,000 or 90,000 stood looking-on to await the issue, we, without being in the secrets of either party, should see enough to justify the change. In truth the mere fact of finding an army of 115,000 men—fighting men, we may say—in the single and uncontrolled hands of one whom nobody knew, and who was a month before an obscure working chemist—was enough, and ten times more than enough, to have justified the dissolution of such a gigantic and anomalous power. But the mode in which this was attempted was more surprising than all the rest.

The first step was a decree of Doctor Trelat's of the 23rd May, to order—

1st. That all the unmarried men of the *ateliers nationaux* between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, without any regard to trade, station, or any other personal circumstances, should be invited to enlist in the different regiments of the line, and that any who refused should be immediately dismissed from the *ateliers nationaux*.

2. Any workman who cannot prove a domicile in Paris for six months prior to the 24th May, shall be dismissed.

3. The workmen that remain shall work by task and not day-work [there being no task-work, or indeed any work to be had].

4. There shall be forthwith organized brigades of workmen to be sent into the departments—to be there employed as the engineers of local works may direct.

Liberty and fraternity with a vengeance! And these despotic, insulting, and cruel conditions were imposed on men who a fortnight before had been encouraged, we might say allured, to enter these *ateliers* by the then minister—now one of the Executive Directory.

The ex-chemist, on receipt of this edict, which would have disgraced Constantinople in the days of the Amuraths, waited on the ex-doctor to represent its hardship, and the danger of such treatment of the workmen; and he particularly remonstrated against the drafting the young men into the army, and the transportation of the other workmen to distant places; but all he could obtain from this minister was a respite of twenty-four hours. He then addressed himself to another doctor, the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Recurt, to whom, as responsible for the public tranquillity, he explained his difficulties and fears. Recurt adopted Thomas's views, and declared that '*Trelat must be mad, and that his order would produce an immediate insurrection.*' Recurt was right,

right, as appeared when, after near a month's hesitation, the order was made public on the 20th June ; but his opinion seems to have no effect. Trelat was acting under the express order of the Executive Commission, and particularly of Garnier-Pagès, and not in concert with his brother ministers. Some attempts were made to overcome Thomas's *reluctance* (which, however, as he tells the story, never amounted to anything like resistance) to carry these orders into effect—but he still remained persuaded of their impolicy and danger ; and then another course was taken. On the 25th of May a Commission was issued to thirteen or fourteen public functionaries of the Department of Works, to inquire into the state of the *Ateliers*. This Commission was a virtual supersession of Thomas, who, in consequence, was about to resign, but was advised by his friends to hold on a little longer, till it should be seen what the Commission was to do ; and he accordingly, in apparent good humour, submitted, and conducted Dr. Trelat (who had come, as Minister, to instal the Commission) over the establishment,—

‘ the Minister taking his arm in the most friendly way—paying him the highest compliments on its state—shaking hands cordially with him on taking his departure—with these words of farewell affectionately pronounced, *We rely on you.*’—p. 285.

An hour or two after this amicable and satisfactory visit, Thomas received from the Minister this note :—

‘ I request M. Emile Thomas to be so good as to come to me at nine o'clock this evening to talk over some business (*conférer d'affaires de service*).’

‘ I reckon on his punctuality.’—p. 285.

Of course he was punctual. And then followed a scene only second in treachery and violence to Caussidière's attempt on Delahodde. The details are given at greater length than we have room for, but the following abridgment of the narrative, drawn up by Alexander Dumas, confirmed and vouched by M. Emile Thomas, and not denied in any one particular by Dr. Trelat, comprises the main points :—

‘ At nine precisely M. Thomas was shown into the Minister's cabinet, where he found also M. Boulage, the Secretary-General of the Department. The minister, without rising, made M. Thomas a sign to be seated, and, after a moment's silence, said, abruptly, “ M. Thomas, we desire you to give in your resignation.”’

‘ M. Thomas answered that, seeing in the appointment of the Commission indications of a new system for which he should not wish to be responsible, he had been already predisposed to resign, but was deterred by the apprehension that his doing so, and the motives of such a step, might create public agitation.

“ Very

"Very well! you see that we are quite agreed; sit down then at the desk and write your resignation."

"Thomas expressed some curiosity to know what might be the cause of so sudden a change in the feeling towards him. The Minister answered abruptly, that he acted under the direction of the Executive Commission, and had no other explanation to give him. Thomas then inquired in what form and on what motive the Minister wished the resignation to be worded."

"As you please."

"Upon which Thomas wrote some lines, saying, "that, a Commission having suspended his authority in the *Ateliers Nationaux*, he could not continue to be held responsible for measures which he was no longer to direct, and that therefore he asked permission to retire into his former private station."

"When this was written and given to the Minister, Thomas inquired who was to be his successor, and offered him any assistance or information his experience might enable him to afford. M. Trelat made short and uncivil replies, and at last said, "You need give yourself no trouble about such matters. It is necessary, for your sake and ours, that you should quit Paris immediately for Bordeaux, on a mission which is to be confided to you."

"A mission! What?"

"To study the prolongation of the *Canal des Landes*, &c."

"But, Sir, this mission is but an exile, which I neither understand nor desire: as for studying the prolongation of this canal, I am by profession a chemist, and not an engineer; and such a mission would only render me ridiculous."

"Be it so. I admit the mission is only a pretext—but, I repeat, your person and safety are in danger; your absence for some weeks is urgent and indispensable,—so urgent, that I desire—and, if necessary, I order—you to set out immediately for Bordeaux." The Doctor added, in the phraseology of his old profession, "The air of Paris does not agree with you just now, and might, on the contrary, be very injurious."

Thomas made some further remonstrance, but finally submitted, and said, "When do you wish me to go?"

"As soon as possible."

"To-morrow morning, then, by the first train; there is nothing sooner."

"That is too long: the orders that I have received are precise: you must go *immediately*. A carriage with post-horses is in the courtyard. I will advance you money for your journey, and your trunks shall be forwarded to meet you at Bordeaux."

"Thomas entreated to be allowed to take leave of his friends—of his mother, whose alarm at his absence would be, no doubt, very distressing."

"No—impossible!—you must see no one."

"Not my mother?"

"No, not even your mother."

"Thomas making some further complaints and objections, the Minister, at first civilly, protested how sorry he was at being obliged to

to take measures so repugnant to his personal disposition ; but at last, excited by Thomas's continued remonstrances, he exclaimed, rudely—

"I tell you I have no explanation to give you. I ask you at once, Will you go or not?"

"And if I answer, *No*, what then?"

"Why, then—I should be grieved (*désolé*) at the consequences, but—I should *be obliged to employ force*. I tell you at once, the house is surrounded with guards—a commissary of police is in attendance, and two officers of police are waiting in the next room to take possession of your person. We thought it just possible you might be so ill-advised as to resist, and we have taken our measures and made our preparations accordingly."—pp. 285, 293.

There was no more to be said. Thomas asked leave to write a single line to his mother, which the Minister promised to deliver. He accompanied him to the carriage-door, saw him shut in with the two officers, and gave himself the order—'*Route de Chartres*.' It was just eleven o'clock at night when the carriage drove off with the two policemen and their prisoner.

The details of the journey are not worth relating, but its conclusion was almost as strange as its beginning. The officers of police were very civil, and acquainted Thomas that they had no other orders but to see him to Bordeaux and leave him there at full liberty, while they themselves were to return to Paris. But, lo ! on their arrival at Bordeaux, they found that they had been preceded by a telegraphic message ordering the arrest and safe custody of not only Thomas, but of *his two keepers also*. All three were in consequence arrested, and conveyed like criminals, strongly guarded, first to the fortress of Hâ, but subsequently to the *Gendarmerie*, to the equal surprise and indignation of the two officers of police, who, in spite of their remonstrances, were searched and disarmed of the *loaded pistols* with which they were provided, no doubt for the use of M. Emile Thomas, if he had shown any disposition to resist or escape. Our readers will see presently that this circumstance is not unimportant.

Of this strange *mal entendu*—for such we must suppose it was, as a second telegraph message very soon released the parties—no explanation whatsoever was then or has since been given, any more than of the principal event itself—the arrest and deportation of Thomas—which is to this hour as complete a mystery as it was at first. We surmise, indeed, from the facts, that the Executive—and especially Garnier-Pagès, who seems to have been the immediate prompter of Trelat—had apprehensions that Thomas might put himself at the head of some immediate *émeute* of the *Ateliers* ; and, we repeat, that considering that he was commander-in-chief of near 120,000 able-bodied men, turbulent, used to arms, accustomed to insurrection, and, to a certain degree, disciplined,

disciplined, we can admit at once the necessity of removing him if there was any suspicion of his good faith; but, on the other hand, it really seems that the poor *parvenu* chemist, whatever secret reasons he may have had for not more decidedly rejecting the mission, had no connexion with the *émeutiers*; that he was adverse to the Socialist agitation; and that he might rather have been (as M. Marie desired and expected) a useful ally against insurrection. It seems to us, moreover, that men of common sense must have seen that, if there was (as is very probable) any evil spirit in the *ateliers*, the treacherous kidnapping and mysterious and tyrannical abstraction of Thomas would be certain to accelerate and give a peculiar character of passion and vengeance to the apprehended explosion.

But whether the removal of Thomas was justified by any evidence possessed by the Government against him or not, which we have no means of knowing, their conduct exhibited (putting its tyranny out of the question) a very discreditable degree of duplicity and bad faith. The insidious part played by Trelat, on the morning of the 26th at the *ateliers*, and in the evening in his own apartment, seems to us personally disgraceful: and his public conduct afterwards appears equally dishonest. It may be supposed that Thomas's sudden and unexpected disappearance must have created a great sensation amongst his family and friends at the *atelier*, when all that was known was the one line which the Minister conveyed to his mother, an hour or two after his departure, saying, that he was 'gone on a mission to Bordeaux.' We need not recapitulate the various steps taken that night and next day by the chief officers of the *ateliers* to obtain some explanation of their chief's sudden absence and some official assurances of his personal safety. Suffice it to say, that they applied that very night to two or three other Ministers, who had not even heard of the event, and 'were stupified at it.\*' After some delay and negotiation, they obtained, by a threat of a general resignation of the whole staff of the *ateliers*, an apologetical admission from M. Trelat that—

'in the measure taken with respect to M. Emile Thomas there was nothing that could at all affect either his character or his honour, or diminish the justice due and done to his public services.'—p. 304.

And on the 30th of May, in answer to a question put to him in

\* It is stated subsequently, that of the five members of the Executive, only one, *Garnier-Pagès*, was in the secret; that it was he that sent the first telegraphic despatch, without the knowledge of any of his colleagues; that it was only when the answer came back that Recurt, the Minister of the Interior, in whose department the telegraph properly is, knew of it; and that Dr. Recurt immediately communicated the fact to the other four members of the Executive, and obtained their sanction for annulling the first message.—p. 321.

the National Assembly, relative to Thomas's resignation, Dr. Trelat stated from the tribune—

'What I can assert is, that what was done was *done freely*; that the new and important functions of brigading the workmen of the departments of the *Landes* and the *Gironde* were confided to him because he was conversant with such matters, and that they were given and *accepted freely and voluntarily*.'—*Moniteur*, 31 May.

The Minister chose to forget all that had passed in his own cabinet the night of the 26th—the guard round the house—the commissary of police inside—the anticipation of resistance—his own '*désolation*' at being obliged to use *force*—and, finally, the two police officers and *their loaded pistols*!

There need no epithets to stigmatize such manifest falsehood! But is it not wonderful that—while France has been for above sixty years making Constitutions, of which the professed basis has been the overthrow of Bastiles, the abolition of *lettres de cachet*, and generally and emphatically the security of individual liberty—that, we say, in all these experiments they never should have thought of any effectual provision in the nature of our *Habeas Corpus*! They imagine that they have been imitating our institutions, while that particular one, which is the most essential of all, and indeed the true basis and safeguard of English liberty, has totally escaped them.

While Thomas's friends in Paris were endeavouring to obtain some light into the causes of his disappearance, he, from Bordeaux, addressed, first to the Executive Government, and then, obtaining no answer from them, to the National Assembly itself, a protestation of his innocence of any species of misconduct, and an urgent petition for a full inquiry into his case. But the Assembly was in no humour to attend to such small matters, and 'covered M. Trelat with applause' when he, on the 14th June, stated from the tribune that—

'his inexperience in office had perhaps betrayed him into an act that might seem arbitrary; that he had acted more like a physician than a Minister (*plus médecin que ministre*); that, having an order to *arrest* M. Thomas in his pocket, he had preferred the gentler course of getting him away without absolute force.'

With this explanation—which, though manifestly contradictory of the Minister's former declarations, M. Thomas asserts to be equally false—the Assembly was abundantly satisfied; and a few days after ensued those terrible events which, though intimately connected with the case of Emile Thomas and the *ateliers nationaux*, swept away all desire of hearing anything more about either him or them.

But those events are the moral of the story.

Urged

Urged on by the increasing numbers, expense, and agitation of the *ateliers*, and encouraged by the ease with which they had got rid of Emile Thomas, the Government adventured to promulgate in the *Moniteur* of the 21st of June the decree which had been communicated to Emile Thomas on the 24th of May, and which was the cause of all the subsequent confusion. The decree, as we have already shown, was in itself very harsh, unjust, and unconstitutional; but its promulgation *now* was, as some of the Ministers had pronounced it a month before, an insane provocation to insurrection.

That very night the delegates of the Monceaux *ateliers*, who had been, under Thomas, the adversaries of the delegates of the Luxembourg, entered into a strict alliance with them, and a general meeting of the united corps of workmen was appointed for the 22nd, when their delegates, with one Pujol at their head, waited on M. Marie at the Luxembourg, were rebuffed by him with more courage than consistency or prudence, and the insurrection of the 23rd of June immediately followed.

In the days of the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of June there were, as has been repeatedly stated, 10,000 killed, and 12,000 of the insurgents made prisoners. The number of killed may probably be exaggerated—though we have lately seen it stated in a respectable Paris paper still higher—but it is certain that there were more general officers killed and wounded than at Austerlitz, and that the prisoners exceeded 10,000.

And so ended, in the greatest slaughter that bloodstained city had ever had to deplore, the attempt of an 'organization of labour by the State.' M. Emile Thomas's share in it, though very prominent, was in substance very insignificant: the principle had been decreed and promulgated before he thought of meddling with it, and it lasted for a month after him: he only attempted to regularise its internal action; and though he did so with much zeal and some success, we doubt whether it would have not been better for the Government, the workmen, and France, if his organization had not postponed the inevitable accumulation of confusion and difficulties which would have arrested the insatiable principle much earlier in its development. Some slight or even serious dissatisfaction and suffering would no doubt have arisen whenever any check should come to be imposed on the mad pledges of the Provisional Government; but the sooner it had arrived the less fatal it would have been; and at an earlier period something less terrible than the loss of so many thousand lives might have recalled labour into its natural channels.

The lesson has been a cruel one; and we wish, rather than expect, that it may not have been in vain. It has undoubtedly operated

operated in Paris to sicken for a season even the most disorderly classes of actual *émeutes* and *descentes dans la rue*: but we can hardly suppose that the recollection of those Saturnalian days of *eight francs a week for no work* can be very distasteful to them, or that it can have done much towards correcting the mischievous influences of the so-called 'organization of labour.' In the first place, the Socialists may say with truth that the *Ateliers Nationaux* were not a fair experiment, nor indeed an experiment at all, of *their* system—that they were only a makeshift and a juggle on the part of the Government, and a demoralizing seduction of the workpeople; and we believe that, in spite of the increased rigour of the Government, both in prosecutions of the press and in general measures of repression, the doctrines of Communism or Socialism (they are substantially the same) are preached and propagated even more zealously and more extensively than they used to be, though not so publicly or to such numerous audiences. It is in the country districts, formerly so conservative, that the propagandists of those doctrines have now, we are told, the most alarming success. We read every day in the sober and well-conducted *Journal des Débats* evidences collected from the provincial press of this spread of folly and demoralization, and it gives us, as a specimen of the rumours and prospects with which these missionaries agitate the country, the following announcement:—

'*La Sociale*—the Social Republic—is at Paris with 200,000 men. It has 300,000,000 of ready cash to distribute amongst the workmen. The Government of Ledru Rollin abolishes all rates and taxes, and we are to have, every man of us, two francs a day even without work.'—*Déb.* 15 Mai, 1850.

When such a paper as the *Journal des Débats* thinks it worth while to call the serious attention of its readers and the Government to the acceptance which such wild nonsense still finds in France, we may be permitted to doubt whether the great lesson of June, 1848, promises any very durable effect.

ART. VII.—*The History of Agriculture in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times.* By Chandos Wren Hoskyns, Esq. 12mo. 1849.

EARLY in the eighteenth century Adam Dickson was born at Aberlady in the county of East Lothian. His father followed the profession of theology and the practice of agriculture, and brought up the son to his own pursuits. A liberal education at the University of Edinburgh qualified him for the former, and  
experience

experience on his father's large farm, aided by intercourse 'with the farmers of that opulent county, who are many of them not unfit to converse with men of letters,' made him an adept in the latter. He was, says his biographer, 'a man of a very lively apprehension, of an ardent mind, and of a clear and sound judgment.' In 1750 he was ordained minister of Dunse in the shire of Berwick; but even at that early period the anticipatory growlings of the storm, which was destined a century later to rend the Kirk of Scotland in twain, were now and then heard, and an opposition to his settlement was raised among the parishioners of Dunse. Such, however, were 'the ability, good sense, and engaging temper of Mr. Dickson, and such the candour and generosity of his conduct, that his most sanguine opponents soon became his greatest friends.' Having thus happily surmounted his ecclesiastical troubles, he had time to turn his attention to the spirited exertions which were at that period overcoming, in the county of Berwick, much greater difficulties than had been encountered by the improving agriculturists of his native shire. For several years he vexed his agricultural soul with the books of husbandry which had been published in England, and which 'were ill calculated for the soil and climate of Scotland.' Moreover, 'many of them consisted chiefly of uncertain speculations on theories not well supported by the history of facts.' By these circumstances and considerations Mr. Dickson was led to 'select for himself a corner of literature for which the habits of his life had peculiarly qualified him.' In the year 1764 he published the first volume of a 'Treatise of Agriculture,' and the second some years afterwards. With this treatise we, with some compunction, acknowledge ourselves to be entirely unacquainted, and must therefore accept the assurance of Mr. Dickson's biographer, that it 'has ever since been held, not only to be the book best adapted to the practice of the Scottish farmer, but, upon the whole, one of the most judicious and practical treatises on the subject ever published in Britain.' Soon after the completion of this his first work, Mr. Dickson was translated from Dunse to Whippingham in East Lothian, and there he spent the last six years of a life which was accidentally terminated by a fall from his horse. During that period he prepared for publication, 'by years of anxious study,' a work of considerable interest, of which we propose to give some account to our readers.

The two branches of Mr. Dickson's education qualified him better than most men who either preceded or have followed him, to trace the analogy between ancient and modern agriculture, and to supply the connecting link. In 1788 this work was printed in Edinburgh by Mr. Dickson's representatives, under the auspices  
of

of the then Duke of Buccleugh, in the form in which the materials were left by their author; painfully deficient in the curtailment, condensation, and arrangement which they would have received if he had superintended their publication. The mere omission of duplicate, triplicate, and quadruplicate long quotations from ancient authors, accompanied at each repetition by a diffuse translation and commentary, would reduce 'The Husbandry of the Ancients' from two volumes to one. To the anonymous editor we are indebted for nothing but a very common-place dedication, and a meagre account of Mr. Dickson contained in six pages.

Agricultural literature occupied a far higher position among the ancients than it has hitherto attained in our day. A mere enumeration of the names of those authors whose works remain, and the testimony which many of them bear to the merits of Mago the Carthaginian, whom they declare to have been the father of agricultural literature, will leave no doubt on the question of precedence. To Hesiod, Theophrastus, Xenophon, Cato, Varro, Virgil, Columella, Pliny, and Palladius, whom have we to oppose? A few notices of agriculture may be found in Lord Bacon's works, and Sir H. Davy wrote an agricultural book, which was by no means one of his most successful efforts; and here, as far as we know, our first class must end abruptly. We are not insensible to the merits of Arthur Young and Jethro Tull, but we can hardly put them on a par with Cato and Pliny; and we doubt whether we could not even now farm more successfully by following the directions of the two ancients than of the two moderns. We have a few pastoral and bucolic poets to whom we must oppose Theocritus and Homer, who are not included in our former list, and who are infinitely superior to any of them, with the single exception of Hogg, as practical shepherds, neat-herds, and swine-herds. Nor is a study of these old writers a mere matter of fancy. We could take up almost any one of them and begin with him the agricultural year—prepare the field—sow the crop—weed it—reap it—harvest it—thresh and winnow it—ascertain the weight per bushel, and the yield in flour or meal—market it—buy, feed, clothe, and lodge the agricultural slaves—purchase, rear, and sell the cattle and fowls—collect and prepare the manure—and make out, at the end of the year, a more accurate balance-sheet than could be furnished by half the farmers in Great Britain. For all this we are mainly indebted to Mr. Dickson. The agricultural writers had received their fair share of criticism, but it was not likely that passages which were rendered obscure by obsolete names and technical phrases would be elucidated by scholiasts and commentators—albeit doctors and professors *eruditissimi*

*ditissimi nec non illustrissimi*—to whom a modernized version would have conveyed a very imperfect idea, on account of their total ignorance of the art which was the subject of discussion. Philology could not elucidate the operations of the ‘*vervactor*’ and ‘*imporcitor*’ to Madame Dacier, nor could the Muse explain to Mr. Martyn the connexion between the ‘*buris*’ and the ‘*stiva*.’ Mr. Dickson thus alludes to some of his controversies with these profound men:—

‘As all the commentators explain the passages concerning ploughs in a sense different from what I have done, it is with great diffidence that I deliver my opinion. At the same time I use the freedom to observe, that it is not in the least surprising that the whole class of commentators should go wrong in a matter of this kind, as there are none of these learned persons that seem to have given themselves the trouble to acquire any knowledge of the nature and construction of ploughs, or of the various uses of the several parts.’

He himself brings to his task competent classical knowledge, an intimate acquaintance with the existing practices of agriculture, and abundant zeal and industry. Nothing, however, can exceed the dullness of his dissertations. For instance, eleven dreary pages, and the collation of more than thirty passages from Cato, Varro, Virgil, Columella, Pliny, Saserna, and Palladius, will convince the persevering reader, that the ‘*vimineæ crates*’ mentioned in the first *Georgic* were not, as ‘the learned commentator Popma,’ in his controversy with Servius, supposes, dung-carts, but clod-crushers, and that the ‘*rastrum*’ of Columella and others was identical with the ‘*quadridens*’ of Cato, and was the implement used by the ‘*occator*.’ Dickson appears to us to have generally succeeded in making out his point, though in some obscure passages he seems rather to have been determined to make a meaning than to have succeeded in finding one, and in those cases he is not very scrupulous about altering the text of his author. On the whole, however, he has evolved an intelligible and consistent system of agriculture as pursued by the Romans, and has brought before us some incidental but very interesting notices of the modes of cultivation practised in Greece, Sicily, Gaul, and Britain. The Reverend thresher has beat out the grain, but has left it jumbled up with the straw and chaff in one confused heap, which we will endeavour to reduce into more marketable dimensions. But before we do so we must shortly notice the more recent labourer in the same field, Mr. Wren Hoskyns. This author ventures on a far larger range than his predecessor; and though his book only consists of 160 very small pages, he finds room for a great deal of mild moralizing, and for many and rather ambitious dissertations, which have no very close connexion with the ‘*History of Agriculture in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times*.’

Mr.

Mr. Hoskyns is evidently a well-informed and accomplished man. He appears to have a genteel knowledge of practical agriculture, though in that respect he cannot be compared with our hard-handed pastor. The persevering reader will have to follow him through page after page of simple reflections, very nicely got up and prettily worded, without encountering a syllable of which he can disapprove. It is a relief to find something to deny—or even to doubt; and we present the following passage as a favourable specimen of Mr. Hoskyns's more adventurous flights. Though we are not prepared absolutely to contest its doctrine, Cicero and Seneca certainly rise to our minds as stumbling-blocks in the way of our according to it an unqualified assent:—

‘If one may be allowed the reflection, agriculture *ought to have been* carried to greater perfection by the Romans than by any other nation. The habits of the farmer's life do—at least as far as all experience hitherto has gone—to a certain extent indispose the mind for abstract idea. This was a marked want in the mental constitution of a Roman. When Pilate asked *What is truth?* he put a question which might be cut upon brass or adamant, to stand for ever as the characteristic question of a Roman. The first blunder of every English schoolboy, in his early attempts to translate English into Latin, is his natural and simple attempt to give a direct rendering of abstract terms from his own language into the other. Even the word *action*, the most energetic, perhaps, of abstract terms one could select at hazard, he would unconsciously endeavour to express in Latin by a word which, to every Roman ear, would mean a *sea-fight* or a *suit at law*. An abstract idea was nonsense to a Roman; a *true story*, a *true book*, or a *true man* would at once have found a place and a recognized meaning in his understanding. But when the Roman asked, *What is truth?* the question was not particular, but generic: it applied to the whole catalogue of abstract ideas; to that entire department of the human mind which is able to reflect *upon itself*, and express *thought* separate from objects.’

We must confess that this goes beyond us. Two and two are four. No idea can be more ‘abstract;’ no thought can be more ‘separate from objects.’ Does Mr. Hoskyns really mean that this idea was ‘nonsense to a Roman?’

The only portion of ancient agriculture with respect to which Mr. Hoskyns gives us any material information that is not contained in Dickson's work, is that of Egypt. Even that section, however, comprises nothing more than the ordinary Scriptural allusions, a reference to Egyptian remains in the British Museum, a dissertation on hieroglyphics and on the origin of alphabets, and a long quotation from Pliny, descriptive of the rise and subsidence of the Nile, and of the agricultural operations consequent thereon.

Our knowledge of the subject in question has not only been confirmed, but also very much enlarged, of late years. The notices of it which occur in Diodorus, Strabo, Pliny, Plutarch, and other writers, have been brought together by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in the first volume of the second series of his 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.' They receive a most interesting illustration from the drawings which this distinguished traveller and his fellow-labourers have brought to light from the tombs. Not only is the manner in which these men of old performed the operations of husbandry placed strikingly before our eyes, but we are admitted at once into the penetralia of the economical, and we might almost say moral management of a farm. The owner, attended by his faithful dog, watches the work; the scribe or clerk, with his desk and double stand, containing black and red ink, receives and records the tale of corn, cattle, poultry, and even eggs; the labouring men and beasts plough, sow, reap, thresh, winnow, are rewarded and punished; and, finally, the despised neatherd leads before us an ox, one of Pharaoh's fattest kine, whose fair proportions are, no doubt, intended to be a satire on the deformity of his attendant. Our enumeration contains less than one-half of what is vividly portrayed. Sir Gardner, intimately acquainted with present Egypt, traces in many instances the analogy which exists between ancient and modern practice. Most of our readers are probably acquainted with his work: those who are not have a rich treat in store.

We can hardly suppose that Mr. Hoskyns was ignorant of Dickson's book, which has been frequently quoted in the Royal Agricultural Journal and other kindred publications. We think that some recognition of the labours of a predecessor, who probably very much lightened his own task, would have been no more than a graceful tribute. Mr. Hoskyns's mediæval and modern dissertations are foreign from our present purpose. He has a long passage on the application of steam to the *cultivation* of the soil, and expresses a strong opinion that the hitherto failures have resulted from a misdirection of the power. A steam-engine, he says, should dig, not plough. We are told that digging is a very satisfactory, ploughing a very unsatisfactory, operation. We read on the tiptoe of expectation, hoping to learn how a steam-engine shall be made to dig; but Mr. Hoskyns cruelly passes on to determine how much coal would lift a man from the valley of Chamouny to the top of Mont Blanc. We have been obliged to qualify our praise of Mr. Hoskyns's book, which is, however, by no means uninteresting; indeed, we rather think it is suited to a considerable class of non-agricultural readers.

Before

Before we return to our more homely instructor, who occupies himself almost wholly with Roman husbandry, we must dispatch in a few sentences the little information which we have been able to gather on Grecian and Carthaginian agriculture. Though Attica was arid, Laconia swampy, Megara rocky, and Corinth dependent on importation for a supply of food, the art of the husbandman was not without its literature. Pliny laments over forty Greek treatises on agriculture which were lost in his day, and Columella reckons them at fifty. The pursuit may not have been held in high esteem, but its operations were certainly familiar to the educated class. Hesiod was strictly an agricultural writer; and the allusions to farming operations in Homer and Theocritus are definite and entirely practical. Eubæus, *συβάτης ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν*, is no fanciful swineherd, and, however ideal the duties of Lycidas and Thyrsis may be, their shepherding is quite real. In the passage relating to the capture of Dolon, Hector's spy, Pope, following Madame Dacier, has made a sad hash of a simile which is perfectly plain to those who understand the proprieties of ploughing. In the agricultural compartment of Achilles' shield, we see before us no poetical field, but a deep loamy fallow, the texture and colour of which indicate that it is receiving its third furrow; and in the crop of grain which is falling before the sickle, we have an accurate division of labour which a Norfolk farmer might do well to imitate:—

βασιλεὺς δ' ἐν τοῖσι σιωπῇ,  
Σκῆπτρον ἔχων, ἐσθήκει ἐπ' ὄγμου γηθοσυνος κῆρ.

This must have been in the palmy days of protection. Probably few of our living poets would be capable of giving, and as few of their readers of appreciating, so detailed an account of the simplest farming operations. The notices of agriculture in Herodotus and Thucydides are only incidental; but a work by Theophrastus, which has descended to us, is by no means, as Mr. Hoskyns intimates, a mere 'Botanical Catalogue of plants.' It contains many useful practical directions, and frequently discriminates with much accuracy between the modes of husbandry suited to different countries and climates.

Xenophon is said to have bought and occupied a farm near Smyrna, where he wrote the agricultural treatise commonly called his *Œconomicks*, and which is frequently appended to the *Memorabilia*. It treats of farming, gardening, and household management, under which last head it gives valuable instructions for the government of wives. Cicero praises this treatise highly. It contains the passage in which Cyrus the younger exhibits himself to Lysander as 'The Persian Farmer;' 'ut intelligatis,'

says Cicero, 'nihil ei tam regale videri quam studium agricolendi.'

The few notices which we possess of Carthaginian agriculture are singular, and scarcely reconcileable with each other. Heeren reckons the fertile provinces of Carthage in Africa to have been about equal in area to Ireland, and divides the remainder of their African territory between Nomad tribes and Lotophagi. It appears from Diodorus, Polybius, and Strabo that the Carthaginians received large supplies of grain from Sardinia and Sicily. Heeren, of whose research and judgment it would be impossible to speak too highly, says,\*

'The foreign colonies of Carthage were always chosen for the purposes of commerce; but those within her own territory were, at least for the most part, inland, and fixed upon for the promotion of agriculture. . . . It was a general principle of Carthaginian policy to improve as much as possible the cultivation of their lands, and to accustom the native tribes under their subjection to do the same. . . . They, in fact, appear to have attached more importance to agriculture than to commerce. . . . It is plain that families of the first rank were in possession of large estates, from whose produce they drew their income; while, on the contrary, there is not a single trace in the whole history of the republic of their being concerned in trade.'

It is difficult to reconcile these opinions of Heeren's with Cicero's statement that a preference for trade and navigation, and a neglect of agriculture and arms, were the main causes of the weakness of Carthage.† The modern, however, derives much support from indisputable facts relating to Carthaginian literature. Kings, or perhaps presidents, but at all events great generals, were among their agricultural writers. 'Mago the Carthaginian and Hamilcar (says Columella) held it not beneath their dignity, when they were unoccupied by war, to contribute by treatises on farming their quota towards human life.' We learn from several sources that the books of Mago on agriculture amounted to twenty-eight; that they were translated into Greek by Cassius Dionysius of Utica; that on the final destruction of Carthage, when the whole literature of the conquered nation was given over by the Romans to their African allies, these twenty-eight treatises were considered so valuable, that they were specially excepted, brought to Rome, and by the senate ordered to be translated at the public expense. Pliny says that D. Silanus, belonging to one of the first families, surpassed the other translators. They are treated as of great authority by Varro, Columella, Palladius, and Pliny, and in the appendix to Heeren will be found thirty-one distinct passages in

\* We quote from the translation published at Oxford in 1838.

† *De Republicâ*, 2. 4.

which the maxims of the Carthaginian author are handed down to us. It is singular enough that no one of these passages has any reference to the cultivation of any species of grain. One passage gives directions for the grinding or pounding of maize, barley, lentils, vetches, and sesame. Another strongly recommends landed proprietors to be resident—‘He to whom an abode in the city lies close at heart, has no need of a country estate.’ The directions for culture apply solely to vines, olives, the nut tribe, poplars, and reeds. We unfortunately do not learn the structure of his humanity-hives, but it appears that he disapproved of destroying the bees when the honey was taken. Columella vouches, on personal experience, for the excellence of the Punic receipt for making the very best wine, ‘passum optimum.’ Farriery (including the symptoms of broken-wind in horses, and a prescription), a critical operation to which male animals are subjected, and the gestation of mares and female mules, are all brought under review; and we have the astounding statement, that in Africa the latter females were nearly as prolific as the former. This is more surprising, because Cato, who died before his ‘*Delenda est Carthago*’ was fulfilled, and accordingly shows no acquaintance with Mago’s writings, makes the same assertion. ‘Upon the health of black cattle,’ says Varro, ‘I have borrowed a good deal from the books of Mago, which I make my herdsmen carefully read.’ And not only does the Carthaginian treat of the health of cattle, but he gives directions for buying oxen for the plough so precise, that they will perhaps interest our readers. Both Heeren and Dickson have translated the passage, but as each appears to us to fail in giving the precise meaning, we have ventured on a translation of our own:—

‘The young oxen which we buy should be square in their form, large limbed, with strong, lofty, and dark-coloured horns, broad and curly fronts, rough ears, black eyes and lips, prominent and expanded nostrils, long and brawny neck, ample dewlaps pendant nearly to the knees, a wide chest and large shoulders, roomy bellied, with well-bowed ribs, broad on the loin, with a straight, level, or even slightly-depressed back, round buttocks, straight and firm legs by no means weak in the knee, large hoofs, very long and bushy tails, the body covered with thick short hair of a red or tawny colour, and they should be very soft handlers (*tactu corporis mollissimo*).’

Palladius gives directions in nearly the same words, without however intimating that he derived them from Mago. A very tidy ox, whether he be purchased in Libya in the year B.C. 600, or in Northamptonshire A.D. 1850. More than one Mago figures in Carthaginian history, but the agricultural writer is supposed to have

have lived in the time of Darius, and to have been the founder of the great Punic family from which Hannibal sprang.

Of the Roman agricultural writers Cato claims precedence as first in time and first in honour. The Censor died, aged 88, in the year 150 B.C. He is treated with great deference, and is much copied by most succeeding authors on the same subjects. He was a practical husbandman, having inherited from his father a Sabine farm. In his writings he recommends careful and precise, but by no means high farming. Most of his maxims tend rather to a limitation of outlay than to active improvement; and he falls under the lash of Plutarch for having heartlessly recommended the sale of worn-out oxen and slaves. Whenever Cato rises to our mind's eye, it is in the form of our venerable friend Joseph Hume. Had we an historical painter, our financial reformer ought to sit to him for the figure of Cato denouncing to the Senate the extravagance of Scipio's camp. 'In parsimoniâ,' says Livy, 'in patientiâ laboris, ferrei prope corporis animique: quem ne senectus quidem, quæ solvit omnia, frigerit.' We are far, however, from insinuating that a future satirist will have occasion to say—

'Narratur et prisce Josephi  
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.'

Two Sasernas (father and son) lived between the time of Cato and Varro, and wrote on agriculture. Their works have not descended to us; but they are quoted as of acknowledged authority by all the succeeding writers.

Varro, 'Romanorum doctissimus,' lived through nearly the whole century which immediately preceded the Christian era. He was one of Pompey's generals and admirals, and was subsequently librarian both to Julius and to Augustus Cæsar. His own very valuable library was wantonly destroyed by Anthony. He was a very voluminous writer, but a philological treatise and his 'De Re Rusticâ' are all that remain to us. The latter work was written when he was eighty years of age, and is in the form of a dialogue. It is in three parts, and is dedicated to his wife. He was a practical agriculturist, and frequently refers to the operations on his own farm, but he relies principally on the authority of Mago and some Greek writers. The work is by no means servilely rustic, but diverges from time to time into mythology and ethics.

Some fascinating sentences in the 'De Senectute' hardly warrant our placing Cicero among the agricultural writers. Though they display some practical knowledge, they relate rather to the amenities than to the labours of husbandry. In his opinion 'vita rustica parsimoniæ, diligentiae, justitiæ magistra est' (*Pro Rosc.*)

*Rosc.*) 'aratores' are 'id genus hominum quod optimum atque honestissimum est.' (*In Verr.* 2.) Agriculture with him is rather an honour to princes, and the ornament and solace of declining age, than a painful struggle with thorns and thistles brought forth by the ground, which yields bread to man 'in sorrow' and in the 'sweat of his face.'

Of the *Georgics* we need only say that they afford not the least striking instance of the exquisite skill with which the Roman poet could borrow more than a foundation, and rear on it a structure possessing all the charms of originality. Perhaps none but an agricultural reader will fully perceive the perfect harmony which is maintained in the *Georgics* between the imagination of the poet and the homely science of the farmer. The two characters never clash. Whenever the farmer comes on the scene, however smooth the verse and elegant the diction, the directions which he gives are precise, ample, practical, and sound. The poem becomes a hand-book of husbandry. Virgil (born B.C. 70) succeeds Varro in the catalogue of agricultural authors.

Columella usually personates the classics of agriculture and horticulture to our imagination: partly perhaps because his works have come to us nearly entire and in large volume; but principally, we think, because we know him merely as an agricultural writer, whereas most of his rivals or coadjutors are familiar to us as kings, generals, statesmen, orators, philosophers, or poets. He was a Spaniard, and apparently born about the time of the Christian era. He occupied a Pyrenean farm, and speaks more largely of his success in cultivating the vine than in any other department of husbandry. He introduces to us an uncle of his own name as an eminent flock-master, who much improved his sheep by introducing rams from Africa. We suspect that on this statement is founded the popular opinion that Columella established the Merino sheep in Spain. Columella makes free use of the agricultural writers who preceded him, particularly of Mago, to whose authority he submits with willing deference. Among the Latin authors whom he cites with respect, is Julius Græcinus, the father of *Agricola*. Columella's work is divided into twelve books—two on farming and farm premises—but which contain also some directions, partly moral and partly physical, on the selection and management of agricultural slaves: three on the vine, olive, and orchard fruits—two on agricultural and domestic animals, from which, on prudential grounds, he excludes the sporting-dog—one on poultry—one on bees. In the 9th book he attempts, with small success, the supplement to the *Georgics* which Virgil indicated:—

'Verum

‘ Verum hæc ipse equidem spatiis inclusus iniquis  
Prætereo, atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo,’

and breaks into verse on the subject of gardening. Three more books treat of the bailiff, his wife, wine, vinegar, jampots, and the kitchen garden.

Pliny died A.D. 79. His contributions to the agricultural library are a small portion of the great work which he has left as a monument of his industry and research. We have no reason to suppose that he had any personal knowledge of agriculture. He was in that instance, as in many others, a diligent, but not always a discriminating compiler. Of the elder authors, to whose own works we can still refer, he uses most freely Mago, Cato, Varro, and Virgil. He speaks of Columella, but for the most part slightly.

Palladius published A.D. 355. He was a landed proprietor in Sardinia and also near Naples. He wrote fourteen books of a farmer's calendar, and a poem on the art of grafting. He seems to have been rather a servile copyist from the older writers, but his work was much esteemed in the middle ages, and was translated into English, in 1803, by Thomas Owen.

Thus we have before us a series of literature, devoted to one object, extending over eight, and in the Roman department alone over five centuries. No one can wade through the whole mass without observing this striking fact, that neither at the end nor during any part of the series does agriculture present itself as a progressive art. We are introduced to no improvements, to no newly invented implements: we are told of no practices abandoned as obsolete or superseded. We find, with the single exception of lucerne (and perhaps cytissus), no new object of culture. From Cato to Palladius the same routine is prescribed, and generally in the same terms. Their most refined practices, those in which they made the nearest approach to a successful application of mechanical power, may be traced in the historical books of the Old Testament, and in the prophets. We encounter a few prudential and very cautious maxims about trying experiments, but we are told of no fruit (if there be an exception, it is in the case of vineyards); and as we work down the series we meet with increasing complaints of diminished produce and declining profits. The characteristics of Roman agriculture, as described in the books, were—system, accuracy, and great vigilance against waste. It was careful, painstaking, garden-like farming, with very few artificial or adventitious aids. We exclude altogether from our consideration the degraded period when Roman farms were screwed down to 4 acres (7 jugera) a piece. This state of things, if indeed it ever existed, was social, not agricultural. The story of Attilius Regulus, who, having heard, while he was pursuing

pursuing a career of conquest in Africa, that the bailiff of his 4 acre estate was dead, and that his farming slave had run away, immediately sent to the Senate a catalogue of his spades, hoes, rakes and spuds, and informed them that, unless they took these implements into their special care, and procured for him another bailiff and another slave, he should leave the command of the army and come home to look after his property, is very amusing, but is of no agricultural import, unless it be at O'Connor Ville or Sniggs End. But when the Romans got wiser, in our estimation, though worse perhaps in that of M. Louis Blanc, farms took the size which was adapted to the convenience of culture. Farming which was carried on without expensive implements, and without powerful machinery, did not offer the inducements which now exist to large holdings. Probably  $62\frac{1}{2}$  acres (1 plough) or 125 acres (2 ploughs) of arable land could be cultivated as economically as a larger breadth.

Before we describe the Roman course of culture, we must say a few words on their system of occupation. In this we find a progressive change, and a constant approximation to modern practice. The first definite accounts represent proprietors residing on their own lands, and joining personally in all the labours of agriculture. Called off from time to time to war or council, when the demand for their public services ceased they returned to their homely occupation. Before the time of Cato, however, the habitual residence of the proprietor had become more rare. The claims or the attractions of Rome and other cities prevailed, and the farmhouse (villa) was delivered over to the custody of the bailiff (villicus); pleasant and even luxurious apartments being reserved for the occasional occupation of the owner. Cato gives directions suited to this state of things, of which Varro and Columella make whining complaints, intimating that in their day Roman landowners were more inclined to hold up their hands in the circus and theatre than to apply them to the plough and pruning hook. Though one passage from Cato is rather long, we hope that those of our readers who are acquainted with it will not be sorry to have it brought back to their recollection, and that those who are not will be interested by it as we have been ourselves. We are again obliged to discard Dickson's translation:—

‘When the proprietor arrives at the villa, and has paid his respects to the household gods,\* he should, if he possibly can, go round his farm on that day; if he cannot do that, certainly on the next. When he has

\* Cato is very precise in this matter. In his directions to the bailiff he expressly forbids him to allow his wife to do ‘rem divinam,’ or to employ any one to do it on her account. ‘Scito dominum pro totâ familiâ rem divinam facere.’—c. 143.

completed his own inspection, on the morrow he should have up his bailiff, and inquire of him what work has been done, and what remains to be done—whether the work is sufficiently forward, and whether what remains can be got through in due season—what has been done about the wine, corn, and all other matters. When he has made himself acquainted with these things, he should then compare the work done with the number of days. If work enough does not seem to have been done, the bailiff will say that he has been very diligent—that the slaves could not do any more—that the weather has been bad—that slaves skulked—that they have been taken off to public work. When the bailiff has given these and many other reasons, bring him back to the actual details of work done. If he reports rainy weather, ascertain for how many days it lasted, and inquire what they were all about during the rain. Casks might be washed and pitched, the farm-house cleaned, corn turned, the cattle-sheds cleaned out and a dung-heap made, seed dressed, old ropes mended, and new ones made; the family might mend their cloaks and hoods. On public holidays old ditches might have been scoured, the highway repaired, briars cut, the garden dug, twigs kidded, the meadow cleared, thistles pulled, grain (far) pounded, and everything made tidy. When the slaves have been sick they ought not to have had so much food. When these matters are pretty well cleared up, let him take effectual care that the work which remains to be done shall be done. Then he should go into the money account, the corn account; examine what has been bought in the way of food. Next he should see what wine and oil have come into store, and what have been consumed, what is left, and how much can be sold. If a good account is given of these things, let it be taken as settled. All other articles should be looked into, that if anything is wanting for the year's consumption it may be bought; if there is any surplus it may be sold; and that any matters which want arrangement may be arranged. He should give orders about any work to be done, and leave them in writing. He should look over his cattle with a view to a sale. He should sell any spare wine, oil, and corn, if the price suits. He should sell old work oxen, and culls, both cattle and sheep; wool and hides, old carts and old iron implements; *any old and diseased slave*; and anything else which he can spare. A proprietor should be seeking to sell rather than to buy.

Cato would have been invaluable as master of an Union work-house.

The next phase of occupation was called *Politio*. The *politor* or *partuarius* was a resident working partner, bringing no capital into the concern, but receiving as his remuneration a stipulated share of the produce. His proportion of grain varied from one-ninth in the best land to one-fifth in the most sterile. An elaborate calculation leads to the conclusion, that on an arable farm of 125 acres a *politor* would receive from 30 to 35 qrs. of various kinds of grain as his share, but the information does not seem

seem to be of much value, as we are ignorant what privileges of maintenance for himself or his family he received from the produce of the farm. It is difficult to ascertain the exact terms of partnership, but it appears that the course of husbandry to be pursued was prescribed by them.

*Liberi Coloni*, *i.e.* farmers paying rent and cultivating wholly on their own account, first appear in the pages of Columella;\* and in a passage too long to extract he discusses the pros and cons of this mode of occupation. He comes to this general conclusion, that a farm never produces so much as when it is occupied by the proprietor: that even under a bailiff, unless he is very rapacious (and taking that word as his text, he enumerates the various modes in which a bailiff can cheat), it will produce more than under the hands of a tenant; but that if it be of that sort on which a tenant cannot commit very great waste, is distant, and not easily accessible to the owner, in that case it had better be let. His rules for the management of tenants are so applicable to all times, that we cannot curtail them, and we give them in Dickson's tolerably faithful, though very clumsy translation:—

‘A landlord ought to treat his tenants with gentleness, should show himself not difficult to please, and be more rigorous in exacting culture than rent; because this is less severe, and upon the whole more advantageous: for when land is carefully cultivated, it for the most part brings profit, never loss, except when assaulted by a storm or pillagers; and therefore the farmer cannot have the assurance to ask any ease of his rent. Neither should the landlord be very tenacious of his right in every thing to which the tenant is bound, particularly as to days of payment. . . . . On the other hand, the landlord ought not to be entirely negligent in this matter, for it is certainly true, as Alpheus the usurer used to say, that good debts become bad ones by being not called for. I remember to have heard it asserted by Lucius Volusius, an old rich man, who had been consul, that that estate was most advantageous to the landlord which was cultivated by farmers born upon the land; for these are attached to it by a strong habit from their cradles. So indeed it is my opinion, that the frequent letting of a farm is a bad thing; however, it is still worse to let one to a farmer who lives in town, and chooses rather to cultivate it by servants than by himself. *Saserna* used to say, that from such a farm a lawsuit was got in place of rent.’

The Younger Pliny, in a letter to Calvisius Rufus, discusses the desirableness of purchasing an estate which had been offered to him. He states that it was very much worn out, and was consequently offered to him at a much lower price than that for which it had previously been sold; that it would be necessary

\* Cato uses the word *Colonus*, but it is evident from the context that he indicated thereby not a tenant farmer, but a yeoman resident on his own land.

to displace the tenants, who were without capital, and had been repeatedly distrained and sold up; and that the investment would pay him 4 per cent., the usual interest on loans being at that period 6 per cent. The standard agricultural sentence about bad times, 'communi temporis iniquitate,' occurs in Pliny's letter.

We grumble by prescriptive right. Pliny, the ever self-complacent orator, advocate, senator, and poet, is a most discontented landowner. His farms are a constant trouble to him:—

'*To Naso.*—A storm of hail, I am informed, has destroyed all the produce of my estate in Tuscany; while that which I have on the other side the Po, though it has proved extremely fruitful this season, yet, from the excessive cheapness of everything, turns to small account.'

'*To Genitor.*—Nor is this all; for not only the farmers claim a sort of prescription to try my patience as they please by their continual complaints; but also the necessity of letting out my farms gives me much trouble, as it is exceedingly difficult to find proper tenants.'

The desirable size for a farm is discussed by several of the writers, and generally in the prudential spirit of Virgil's maxim:—

'laudato ingentia rura,

Exiguum colito.'

Columella prefaces the maxim,—'That the farm ought to be weaker than the farmer,'—by saying that it was 'derived from the Carthaginians, who were a very acute people.' Palladius says epigrammatically, 'fœcundior est culta exiguitas, quam magnitudo neglecta.' But on this point Pliny is most diffuse—though we believe that Dickson erroneously interprets expressions which Pliny applied to ownership, and not to occupation. When he says—'sex domi semissem Africæ possidebant, cum interficit eos Nero princeps,'—we cannot suppose that half of the province was absorbed by what we should call six farms, and that the bailiffs of these six unfortunate gentlemen were the sole occupiers. He declares, however, by less equivocal expressions, that the ancients were of opinion that it was very desirable to limit the size of farms.\* The stories which he tells have also the same tendency as the maxims which we have cited. For one we must find room and a translation:—

'I cannot forbear stating one instance from old times, from which we may perceive both that questions of culture were brought judicially before the people, and also how men of that time were in the habit of defending themselves. C. Furius Cresinus, a freedman, be-

\* Nevertheless large arable farms were known to remote antiquity. It may not be safe to found on the numbers in the highly poetical and figurative book of Job; but we learn from a purely historical statement in the book of Kings that Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen, himself with the twelfth. This, on the Roman computation of 60 odd acres to a plough, would make the prophet the occupier of arable land to the extent of 800 acres.

came the object of much ill-feeling on the part of his neighbours, in consequence of his gathering from a very small field much more produce than they could obtain from very large ones. He was accused of attracting the crops from other fields by charms. Sp. Albinus appointed a court day to hear this charge; and Cresinus fearing that he might be found guilty, when the tribe were about to pronounce their verdict, brought his live and dead farming stock into the forum; and he brought with him a stout wench, and Piso says that she was in good case and well clad. His iron implements were exceedingly well manufactured, the spades were strong, the shares powerful, and the oxen in high condition. Then he said, "These, Romans, are my charms; but I cannot show you, or bring into the forum, my mental labours, my vigils, nor the sweat of my brow."

On the subject of farm-buildings it is difficult to gather much from these writers, principally because, as we have said, they were complicated with the villa, which was, as its name implies, the country abode of the landlord. On this point Cato forgets his usual frugality, and recommends comfort approaching to luxury, with a view of attracting and retaining the residence of the proprietor. Columella is very elaborate on this subject. In the first place, he is fastidious as to situation, both on the score of health and jucundity, and his only prudential maxim is, that a villa should be situated at some distance from a high road, as otherwise all your idle acquaintance will be dropping in upon you, and will very much interrupt the business of the farm. In giving the plan of the villa, he is very diffuse on the apartments of the proprietor, the winter apartments, the spring apartments, the summer apartments, and the bath-rooms; and on their respective aspects: the pleasure grounds come in also for a specific notice; but his directions for the '*Rustica*'—which includes the kitchen, the servants' lodgings, and the stables—and the '*Fructuaria*,' which comprise the oil-cellar and press-room, wine-cellar, hay-loft, granary, &c., are less precise and intelligible. Both Cato and Varro prescribe in general terms that the farm should not be too large for the villa, nor the villa for the farm, and point out the inconveniences of each excess; and both give instances of known parties by whom respectively each of these maxims has been transgressed. It is not, however, till we come to Palladius, in whose time tenant farming had become more usual, that we find any directions which are conformable to our notions of a farmhouse and buildings. He says that the buildings ought to be proportioned to the value of the farm; and that, in case they were burnt down, the extreme sum allotted to rebuild them ought not to exceed two years' rent: a sum which in our climate would be very inadequate to fulfil our notions of improved agriculture—probably it would not do much more than erect apartments and offices for Mr. Huxtable's pigs. From

From the earliest antiquity oxen seem to have furnished the moving power to the plough, though in a single passage, to which we have already alluded, Homer says that in heavy fallow mules are far preferable. As the Romans assigned 60 odd acres to each plough, they assigned to it also 3 labourers, a proportion which did not include vinedressers, or those who were employed in olive and fruit orchards. A passage in Columella indicates that a portion of the labourers employed on a farm were 'soluti, quibus major est fides;' but the bulk were slaves, and they were sometimes worked in fetters, 'alligati.' The younger Pliny says that he must let his land because he does not possess 'vinctos.' Cato and Columella prescribe that the ploughman should be tall, because he will preside with more power at the stilts; whereas short and strong-backed men can do stooping work with more ease. A *bubulcus* should be humane, but have a terrible voice, in order that by it the oxen may be urged to work without being much harassed by the whip or goad. Columella gives the singular direction that if you have any particularly vicious men among your slaves, you should make them vinedressers, because that work requires clever fellows, 'ac plerumque velocior est animus improborum hominum.' Tallness and strength are of importance in the *bubulcus*; but of none in the overlooker, who ought to be 'sedulus ac frugalissimus.' Cato gives a complete dietary for the establishment:—

For the bailiff, 100 lbs. of wheat per month in winter; one-eighth more in summer.

For the female housekeeper and shepherd, 75 lbs. each per month.

For the slaves, 4 lbs. of bread each per day in the winter.

From the time they begin to dress the vineyard, 5 lbs. per day till they have figs, when they revert to 4 lbs.

In addition to this bread the slaves had a restricted allowance of an article called *pulmentarium*, which appears to have been a dried compound of olives, apples, pears and figs. Pliny says that the name is derived from *puls*, which was the food of the ancient Romans,—'*pulte autem, non pane, vixisse longo tempore Romanos manifestum.*' When the *pulmentarium* was exhausted, they had in lieu an allowance of salt fish and vinegar, with a small portion of oil; and each person was allowed rather more than a peck of salt in the year. For three months after the vintage the beverage of the slaves was a weak wine called *lora*, in the consumption of which they were unrestricted. Columella and Pliny give the particulars of its manufacture, and Dickson supposes it to have been equal to ordinary small beer. For the rest of the year they had real wine, and, by a very elaborate calculation, Dickson makes out the daily ration to have amounted

to

to rather more than a pint and a half English. We take all our quantities on trust from Dickson. Any person who is curious on the subject will find the data given at length in his work.

Cato, having fed his household, proceeds to clothe them. The passage is not very clear, but we take it to mean that each individual received a tunic (a jacket without sleeves) annually, and a saga,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet long (probably a smock frock) biennially; also a pair of good wooden clogs every second year. Cato prescribes, that before you serve out a new tunic or saga you should receive the old one, to be used in the manufacture of *centones*—that is, rough cloaks of patchwork, serviceable also as bed-quilts. Ausonius, in the preface to his *Cento* from Virgil, has many quaint allusions to the origin of the literary term.

We have said that the general tendency of these old writers is against high farming, by which we mean a large outlay with a view to increased produce. At the same time they are unanimous in their condemnation of slovenly and indolent farming. They prescribe a degree of accuracy and care which is certainly unknown in our general husbandry. This we shall see more fully when we come to speak of their course of culture. They insist on a most careful application of all the internal resources of the farm, and guard most anxiously against any neglect or waste of an article which may be used in reproduction; but there are very few indications of their having looked beyond the boundary fence for any means of augmenting the fertility of their lands. Cato's maxims all tend to repress outlay; and Pliny discusses the whole question in a passage which is too long to quote, but which is remarkable both for its sentiments and expressions. He brings forward, apparently with some hesitation, the unanimous opinion of the ancients, that (in plain English) nothing pays worse than high farming,—‘*nihil minus expedire quam agrum optimè colere.*’ He gives an instance of a very rich man who ruined himself by farming for ostentation. He says there is a mean course, and he appears to intimate (though the passage is obscure) that a tenant working himself, and having a family which must be maintained, may do some things with profit, which would be ruinous to a proprietor who lived at a distance, and hired the labour which was employed in doing them. He defends the ancients against the charge of having recommended bad farming. He says that by their oracular expression, ‘*bonis malis,*’ they merely meant that you should do things well and cheap; a point at which we have been aiming all our lives, and have never hit it.

Having cleared away these preliminary matters, we will now accompany the Roman farmer into his arable lands, and into his meadows and pastures, and will describe the management which he

he applied to each. We will take the latter and shorter subject first. As to pasturing, the details are few; but it is a pursuit much commended by the writers on the characteristic ground that it calls for little outlay. Columella reports Cato to have answered the inquiry, how a man could get rich quickest by farming? 'By being a good grazier.' How next? 'By being a middling grazier.' 'I regret,' says Columella, 'to add that to the inquiry repeated a third time so wise a man should have replied, 'By being a bad grazier;' though, as to his second answer, there can be no doubt that middling grazing is more profitable than the best management in any other line of agriculture.' Pliny admits the two first responses to be genuine, but snubs Columella by discrediting the third. He says that Cato's purpose was to inculcate that we should depend most on those returns which were got at the least expense.\* Meadows are included in the same category of commendation. All the writers agree that they were called by the ancients '*prata quasi parata*,' as being always ready to produce without culture. If you have water, says Cato, make water-meadows rather than anything. If you have no water, make dry meadows to the utmost extent you can. Minute directions are given for passing the water slowly and evenly over the land, without allowing it to stagnate. Too much water is said to be as objectionable as too little. 'No doubt (says Columella) the natural grass which a rich upland produces will make finer hay than any which you get by watering; but from thin land, whether it is stiff or light, watering is the only way in which you can get a crop.' Pliny particularly recommends to turn over your meadows any water which runs from a highway. Columella and Palladius give precise instructions for renewing hassocky and mossy meadows by the plough. You will get fine corn crops from them after their long rest,—'*post longam desidiam*.' They are to be ploughed and well summer-worked, and sown in autumn with turnips or beans, and the next year with corn. In the third year they are to be very carefully worked till every weed and root is extirpated, and then sown with vetches and hay-seeds (the hay-seeds, says Pliny, may be collected in the haylofts and mangers), and the vetches are not to be cut till they have shed a part of the seed. The land must be worked quite fine and even with hoes and clod-crushers, so as to break down everything which might be an impediment to the scythe. The water is then to be laid on, but very gently, if the surface is loose, because a force of water would wash the soil from the roots of the grass, and hinder them from making a

\* Mr. Hoskyns gives a different interpretation to the passage, but has evidently mistaken its meaning.

strong turf. For the same reason you must not permit the new sown grass to be trod by cattle. In the second year, if the ground is dry enough, small cattle may be admitted after the hay is cut; and if it has become very firm, the larger cattle in the third. If you wish for a full crop of hay, you must clear your early and weak meadows of cattle in January. Lands less subject to burn may be pastured till February or March. The manure, which should be the greenest you have ('recentissimum'), and which may with advantage have hay seeds mixed with it, should be laid in February on such parts of the meadow as cannot be watered. It seems probable that the majority of Roman meadows were ill drained, so much stress is laid on the evil of treading them with cattle. Pigs also were interdicted on account of their rooting propensities. M. Porcius is brought forward to testify to the value of meadows. They are less subject to injury by storms than any other part of the farm; they require the least expenditure; they give a crop every year, and, indeed, more than one, for the pasturage of the aftermath is of as much value as the hay. The Campus Rosea is said to have been the most valuable plot of land in Italy. We had hoped, and indeed believed, that the story of the stick was genuine Leicestershire; but Cæsar Vopiscus, the ædile, is produced both by Varro and Pliny to vouch that in that celebrated field he laid down his stick overnight, and could not find it in the morning, because it was smothered in grass. The time which we claim, however, on behalf of Cestus Over is not a whole night, but only while the farmer ate his dinner and smoked one pipe.

The Romans frequently mowed their meadows twice, first in May, and secondly in August or September, and watered them between the mowings. They mixed the second crop with oak and elm leaves, and used it as fodder for sheep. Dickson calculates, on somewhat uncertain grounds, that the first mowing of a Roman meadow produced more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons of hay to the statute acre. That the crops were large appears probable. To mow a jugerum, three-fifths of a statute acre, in a day, is said to require a good workman, whereas an ordinary English labourer reckons an acre to be a day's work. All the writers prescribe that the grass should be cut before the seed is ripe, and before the stalk has become dry. Pliny boasts of a discovery of whetstones, which would sharpen a scythe with water; whereas the Cretan whetstones, which alone were known to their ancestors, would only sharpen with oil, in consequence of which every mower had a horn of that liniment tied to his leg. The Italians used short, the Gauls long, scythes. Every maxim of English, and even of Scotch, haymaking is diligently set forth:

precautions against rain, against undersweating, and overheating. Pliny supposes that when hay is got too green the sun sets the ricks on fire. We have by no means exhausted the subject; but

‘Claudite jam rivos; forsan sat prata biberunt.’

The Roman agricultural course, with the partial exceptions to which we shall have occasion to advert, was of the simplest possible description—a crop of grain and a fallow. Every year one-half of the arable land was in grain, one-half in fallow. One-third of the fallow was sown with some sort of green crop to be mowed for the cattle, and this portion of the fallow, and this alone, was manured; the result being, that the arable land was manured once in six years, and in that period bore three grain crops and one green crop.\* This we should bear in mind when we come to consider what effect a long perseverance in this course had on production. The naked fallow received three or four ploughings during the summer, besides the seed furrow. To sow the grain in autumn was considered to be far the best practice; but any portion of the land which, from bad weather or other impediments, could not be completed in autumn, was sown in spring. The grain was wheat or barley. The wheat was of many varieties: white, red, black, bearded, and smooth are expressly mentioned; and these do not exhaust the catalogue of names. Some are said to be suited to free and dry, others to strong and moist land. *Siligo*, *triticum*, and *far adereum* appear to have been the favourite sorts; and the two first varieties cannot have been very far removed, if Pliny’s statement, that *siligo* sown on certain lands for three years turns into *triticum*, be correct. He, however, starting with the maxim, that no book is so bad that something may not be learned from it, picks up a good many loose stories, and he is, if we remember right, the author who vouches that if oats be sown on a certain day of the moon, they will come up barley. Of barley there were several varieties, both in colour and form of the grain—‘*longius*, *leviusque*, aut *brevius*, aut *rotundius*, *candidius*, *nigrius*, vel cui *purpura est*’—of which Pliny says that the white was least able to stand bad weather. All the authors agree that barley prospers only in a free and dry soil. It was sown in September and October, and again from January to March. Spring sowing appears to be less condemned in the case of barley than of wheat.

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\* Dickson ascertains by an elaborate calculation that, on a well-managed farm, sufficient dung was made to manure three-tenths of the land annually. It appears, however, from Cato and other writers that a large portion of the manure was devoted to grapes, olives, and other fruit. Cato assigns half to fruit and half to grain, which would make the portion of arable land manured annually even less than we have stated.

The mode of sowing grain affords, perhaps, the most marked distinction between Roman and modern practice. Their system was twofold. The land was well reduced by the *irpex*, which was our harrow, and was used both for pulverization and for drawing weeds to the surface, and by the *crates*, which was an implement for crushing clods. Both these were worked by oxen. If the land were naturally dry, it was next drawn into ridges (similar, probably, to our turnip ridges) by a double mould-board plough. The seed was then sown by hand broadcast on these ridges, and the major part, of course, settled into the furrows. It was then covered by hand with *rastra*—i.e. rakes,\* and lightly, for the ridges certainly were not obliterated. They are always spoken of as a beneficial defence against drought to the corn growing on dry land. If the land to be sown were moist, so that injury to the crop from wet might be apprehended, the seed was scattered on the reduced and level surface, and, the double mould-board plough being introduced, by its operation most of the seed was covered up in the ridge. Several of the writers say that he was a clumsy ploughman who required an *occator*, to follow him for the purpose of covering any portion of the seed. The result of both modes of sowing was, that the corn came up in rows, separated by a considerable interval; so considerable indeed, that it was not unusual to plough between them after the corn had grown to some height. Dickson and Tull differ as to the meaning of the word *occatio*, and as to the operation which it indicates. Probably they were acquainted with passages in which Varro and Verrius derive the word from *occœdere*, but neither of them seems to have been aware that a passage in the 'De Senectute' completely settles the point—'quæ (sc. terra) semen occœcatum' covered up—put out of sight 'cohibet, ex quo occatio (quæ hoc efficit) nominata est.' After this covering of the seed the land remained quiet till wheat had put out its fourth, and barley its fifth, blade. It then received its first hoeing (*sarritio*), which in dry land included what we should call earthing up: in moist land, where the corn was already on a ridge, the operation was simple hoeing. A second hoeing was given in the spring. These two hoeings were universal practice, and a third and fourth are spoken of. Even the careful Cato is inclined to think that more

\* There is little or no evidence that the *rastrum* was ever drawn by cattle, though, from the expression 'gravibus rastris,' used by Columella in his poetical book, and 'iniquo pondere rastris,' by Virgil, commentators have assimilated it to our harrow. As Columella was speaking of an implement to be used, not on the farm, but in a garden, the reasonable conclusion is that it was to be worked by hand. Probably a heavier rake was used for levelling ridges and for breaking clods than for giving a light covering to seed. It is doubtful whether the Romans ever used the harrow to cover seed.

than two hoeings may be given with advantage. Then followed hand weeding (*runcatio*), which in the case of prickly plants was performed with a glove—‘*velatâ manu debet runcari*.’ Pliny tells a curious story about the origin of the still further operation of ploughing between the rows of corn. In the course of a *razzia*, which seems to have taken place in spring or early summer, the Salassi easily destroyed the winter-sown crops of their enemies. But the panic and millet, which were only just coming up, were not susceptible of the same sort of injury. They were therefore ploughed in. As however the crops recovered, and proved unusually abundant, husbandmen adopted the practice of ploughing among their corn, either when the spike was just showing itself, or when it had put forth two or three leaves; probably about the stage which we call spindling.

The whole operation of growing a crop of wheat or barley was, as respects two-thirds of the crop, as follows:—A bare fallow extending from June (the time of harvest) to the September in the following year: four or more ploughings, and efficient breaking down by harrows and other implements; two or more hoeings and a hand-weeding. This is represented to have been ordinary practice, and the maxims are in conformity. ‘He,’ says Columella, ‘appears to me to be the very worst of farmers who allows weeds to grow among his crops. The produce must be exceedingly diminished if weeding is neglected.’ On this point we must let Dickson speak for himself. ‘When we consider how frequently in the ancient husbandry the land was fallowed, how frequently and at what seasons the fallow was ploughed, we are apt to imagine that there would be very little necessity for weeding; and yet the care of the Roman farmers in this article seems to exceed their care in every other thing.’ Weeds, however, were not the only objects of the hoeings. The ancients considered that the growth of corn was much promoted by stirring the ground. One, or frequently two, of the four ploughings having been given to the bare portion of the fallow-break before winter, a larger proportion of the force of the farm could be devoted to the land which was sown with crops to be mown green for the cattle. Day by day it was ploughed down as mown, a point on which the writers insist very strongly, and it appears to have received the same culture which we have described above. The fallow-break was called *vervactum*. In addition to these ordinary corn lands they had a small proportion which they called *restibilis*, as being capable of great endurance; land which had qualities analogous to those possessed by a horse which can go at a great pace and stay at it; or by a vocalist who can hold a note for an indefinite period. This land bore a crop every year.

Pliny

Pliny speaks of land which was so kindly that the crop smothered everything and required no weeding;\* and Cato says, that as soon as the corn was cleared off, this land might be sown with vetches on a single furrow without manure, that it might be pastured down in December, and would still yield an undiminished crop in spring. Lands which had rested long, or were fresh brought into cultivation, were called *novalia*, and were subjected to a severer course of cropping than the old tilled land. Barley was considered to be a severer crop than any other. This epitome of grain-growing as practised by the Romans was applicable not only to Italy, but certainly to Sicily, to Spain, to the province which they called Africa, and probably to other southern provinces. Particular notices occur of parts of Syria and of Egypt, and Mesopotamia, where inundations made all the land restibilis. Practices to which we shall briefly refer are spoken of by Pliny as prevalent in Gaul and Britain, which are represented to have been grain-exporting provinces.

We must lump together in one sentence the various herbs which were cultivated by the Romans as green food for cattle; and we regret that we can give so little information respecting them. Cicer—pulse of some kind—*unde* Cicero—*Ervum*, often coupled with Cicer—*Farrago*, probably mixed corn to be mown green—*Ocimum*, of which all we know is, that Pliny says it was supposed to flourish most when sown with cursing and railing—*Vicia*, vetch—*Cytisum*—(remembering the word in Virgil's first Eclogue, we turned to the commentary and found this explanation): 'Genus fruticis sive herbæ cujus species multiplex, et descriptio apud diversos diversissima.'—Lentils, lupines, fenu-greek, *pisum*, peas, *faba*. The Romans cultivated more than one sort of bean, and probably this *faba*, which was mown green for fodder, was the kidney bean. Cato leads the way with most minute directions for sowing these green meats, and is followed by the other authors. The first crop to be put in as soon as the corn is off the land: this will be ready for autumnal mowing; and two or three succession crops to last for the remainder of the year.

To the *Medica*—probably lucerne—Dickson devotes a chapter, and we must devote a sentence. Though Pliny says that it was brought into Greece 'a Medis per bella Persarum, quæ Darius intulit,' it appears to have been unknown to Cato and to Varro as an object of Roman culture. Virgil mentions it once as being sown at the vernal æquinox, and as requiring very rich land. Co-

\* Pliny's expression is 'omnia hæc' (i. e. hoeing and weeding) 'supervacua facit indulgentia cæli.' Columella says, 'cæli conditio et terræ bonitas ea est,' &c. Columella says also that on ordinary land lupines are the only crop which does not require weeding, because they smother all weeds.

lumella, Pliny, and Palladius are full of its merits. The sum of their praises is—that one sowing lasts ten (Pliny says thirty) years; that it may be mown from four to six times annually; that it fattens lean and cures sick cattle; that it enriches land; and that the produce of three-fifths of a statute acre will abundantly maintain three horses for a whole year. These statements appear to some modern agricultural writers marvellous or miraculous. We believe however that, bating the thirty years and the enriching land, they are constantly equalled now a-days in the fertile island of Jersey. Beans were considered a very valuable crop, and were subjected to very careful cultivation.

Hemp, flax, poppy, panic, and millet, were Roman crops; but we fancy only incidentally and in by corners, and not in any regular course of culture.\* *Legum* or *legumen* did not imply a class of plants; but all crops which were pulled up by the root† instead of being cut by sickle or scythe. Hence beans, peas, flax, hemp, &c., are spoken of as *legum* as well as turnip, rape, and radish. On turnips the later authors are diffuse, but we must be concise. Pliny declares that no crop is so valuable except grapes and corn; that they are most wholesome food for man, and excellent dressed in a variety of ways; that they keep through the year, either pitted, or when mixed with mustard; that they are most valuable in ornamental cookery, as capable of receiving six colours besides their own, one of the colours being purple—a quality possessed by no other kind of food; that when boiled they will feed fowls, and that the leaves are good for cattle; and finally, that he has seen one 40 lb. weight. Columella says that in Gaul the bulbs are used as winter food for cattle and sheep. As to culture, the Romans sowed the best sort of turnip after five ploughings on dry and free land, in rows well manured; thinned then to eight inches asunder; and like us were very much plagued by the fly (*culex*), which they combated with soot, steeped seed, and other remedies similar to our own, and probably about as effectual.

Many passages occur in the writers, which, taken singly, appear to indicate a strong opinion on their part, that whereas some crops exhausted, others improved the land. Probably, however, the majority of these passages have reference to a practice which was very prevalent in their agriculture, namely, sowing vetches,

\* Flax is universally condemned by the writers as an exhausting crop. Pliny however enters largely not only into its cultivation, but into the mode of steeping and dressing it, and into its manufacture into fine linen, sail-cloth, candle-wicks, fish-nets, and snares for wild boars. He says that each thread in a then extant breast-plate of Amasis, king of Egypt, consisted of 365 ply.

† Dickson, not adverting to this meaning, is surprised that Columella should reckon turnips among the pulse—*legumina*.

beans, and more especially lupines, for the purpose of ploughing them in when they began to form seeds. By the writers generally more benefit is attributed to this practice than modern experience would appear to justify. It is true that in the Roman course of a crop and a fallow no time was lost by it. The opinion also that some crops, even when gathered, improved the land, did prevail—for Columella, who strongly advocates the ploughing in system, thinks it necessary to combat it.

‘Some tell us that a crop of beans stand in the place of a manuring to the land—which opinion I would interpret thus: not that one can make the land richer by sowing them, but that this crop will exhaust it less than some others. For of this I am certain, that land which has had nothing on it will produce more corn than that which has borne these pulse in the preceding year.’

An opinion in which we cordially coincide.

Roman harvesting presents several variations from British practice. In some cases the ears of the standing corn were gathered by a sort of comb, cut off, and carried to the thrashing floor—the straw being cut by a subsequent operation. The mode in which this was done is accurately described by the writers, and is vividly portrayed in the drawings from the Egyptian tombs. This plan is said to have answered well in thin crops, but to have been troublesome when they were heavy; it would no doubt be still more so when they were laid and twisted. In other cases the corn was cut low, and having been gathered together, was passed through combs or hackles, which detained the ears. These being cut off, were carried away separately in wicker-baskets. Pliny remarks, that both these modes are favourable to straw which is to be used for thatching. About Rome the corn was cut in the middle by a sickle. Varro is of opinion that from this cutting in the middle the word *messis* was derived. The upper part of the straw was called *palea*, and was used for fodder; the butt ends, *stramentum*, were used as litter. In some countries they pulled up all their corn by the roots, and fancied, says Pliny, that the disturbing the surface thereby was beneficial to the land. The reaping on Achilles’ shield is similar to ours, except that it implies a greater division of labour than we usually carry out. In a previous passage Homer declares the practice of rich men to have been, to start a gang of reapers at each end of a field of corn, and to their approach he likens that of the Grecian and Trojan hosts. Pliny in a very obscure passage, and Palladius in one which is more minute, describe a reaping machine which was used in the large farms in Gaul. We do not think that Messrs. Ransome and Mr. Hornsby would take the words of either author, or both combined, as working directions for the

the construction of the implement. This much is evident, that the body of the machine was fixed on an axle which connected two wheels. To the axle were fixed a pair of shafts, into which a very steady working ox was harnessed, not in the usual manner, but as a stable-boy would say, with his head where his tail should be. Consequently when he walked on, instead of pulling by the shafts, he pushed by them, and drove the implement into the standing corn. By some machinery which we cannot undertake to describe, it collected ears of corn, cut them off, and dropped them into a receptacle—'in carpentum:' Pliny says '*vallum*.' Palladius says that this implement answered well in open and even land, and that some farmers in Gaul cut their whole harvest with it without employing any reapers.

Threshing presents as many varieties as reaping, and most of them must have been very old. Almost every one can be identified with some expression in the 27th and following verses of the 28th chapter of Isaiah. Threshing was generally performed immediately after harvest, and frequently in the fields; but Columella says, that where the ears only were cut off, they could be carried into the granary and threshed during the winter. The threshing was by flail, by treading out (for which horses are said to have been better than oxen), and latterly by a machine drawn by cattle, described sometimes as having teeth, sometimes rollers, called *tribula*, *traha*, and *plostellum*, and which, whatever it might be, was adopted from Carthage. All the writers put forth their strength in describing the construction of the *area* or threshing-floor. Cato forms a concrete like surface of heavily rolled and rammed earth (*cylindro aut paviculâ coæquato*), and saturated with the lees of oil (*amurca*). Varro follows his lead; Columella adds that the floor is improved if straw be introduced into the mixture. Pliny and Palladius macadamize flint, pound it, and roll it with the fragment of a column; but the latter mentions a floor '*saxo montis excisa*,' we suppose flagged. Virgil in a charming passage, which is as poetical as it is correct, constructs a threshing-floor. Two lines suffice to prescribe the handworking of the earth, the levelling it with a very heavy roll, '*ingenti cylindro*,' and the covering with a solid surface of chalk: a third line points out that weeds and dust, which would spoil the grain, should be guarded against; while six more suffice to specify those peculiar habits of mice, moles, toads, weevils, and ants respectively, from which injury may be expected. Four words thrown in by way of &c., conjure up ideas of centipedes, earwigs, woodlice, and other disgusting inhabitants of cracks and chinks.

The Romans would not have incurred Mause Headrigg's reprobation

probation by 'impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, in raising wind for their ain particular use by human art.' They were content for the most part to 'dight the corn frae the chaff' by casting it with shovels in the teeth of a moderate wind. In cases however of protracted calm or other emergency Columella recommends the use of a *vannus*. It is mentioned by Virgil among the '*duris agrestibus arma*,' as '*mystica vannus Iacchi*;' and was no doubt a fan of some sort. The words are the same. They also used sieves to free the grain from dust. These are mentioned both in the Old and New Testament.

The modes of using straw were various, and the variations were local. Ordinarily the upper half was used as cattle food, the lower as litter; but when the former failed, the latter was bruised on stones—a rude anticipation of our chaff-cutting—and sprinkled with salt to induce the cattle to eat it. Columella sets very little value even on the *palea*. He says that in many places cattle are fed on it from necessity, but '*minus commode*.' Varro directs that where the ears only of the corn have been reaped, the straw should be cut and gathered immediately after harvest; but that if the crop were thin and labour is scarce, it will not pay for this, and it should then be pastured with cattle as it stands. Thatching houses with straw is spoken of as a practice confined to particular localities. Cato is precise, that every spike of straw and stubble should be gathered for litter, and even that it should be eked out with leaves of *ilex*. Virgil says, that to burn the stubble on barren land is good practice. Pliny, noting that this is done '*magno Virgilii præconio*,' adds, that the principal benefit arises from the destruction of the seed of weeds. Both Isaiah and Obadiah allude to the practice of burning stubble. In classing straw as fodder, the writers all agree in the order of merit—millet, barley, wheat. The straw of pulse only was given to sheep.

As to manure, the directions of the prose men are rather precise than cleanly, and we shall not enter into the subject very largely. It is only Virgil, as Dryden says, who can 'toss his dung about him with the air of a gentleman.' The value of every living creature on the farm as a manure-making machine is most minutely weighed up; and the separate sorts of manure are classed according to their respective values. The schedule presents some variations from modern opinion. The manure from water-fowl is said to be of no value, which contrasts strangely with our appreciation of guano. Columella puts manure from pigs at the bottom of the list, for which Pliny sneers at him. We stumbled somewhere on a passage interesting to modern farmers which we cannot now refer to. The purport was that part

part of the value of corn given to cattle is replaced in the increased strength of the manure. A diligent collection of everything which can beneficially swell the bulk of the heap is prescribed—leaves, weeds, scrapings of highways, &c. He is a very idle farmer, says Columella, who does not get together some manure, even if he does not keep cattle. The only allusion to extraneous manure, purchased for the farm, is confined to that made in aviaries, which seems to have been sown by hand both on meadows and on corn. Cassius is quoted as a great authority on the respective values of manures. Cicero and Pliny enter into the early history of manuring. The former says that it is singular that the learned Hesiod, writing about agriculture, should not have said a single word about manuring, whereas Homer, who lived so many ages before him (*ut mihi videtur*), represents Laertes to have soothed the regret which he felt on account of his son by cultivating and manuring his land. In the description of Laertes's gardening, as it has come to us, there is not a syllable about manuring; whereas in the seventeenth book of the Odyssey there is a distinct notice of a manure heap and of the agricultural purpose to which it was to be applied. Pliny asserts the antiquity of the practice, follows Cicero in the story about Laertes, and adds that King Augeas first discovered the advantage of manuring in Greece, and that Hercules published it in Italy: a statement which appears to negative the claim of King Stercutio to the invention for which he was immortalized and worshipped. Far be it from us '*tantas componere lites*.' The marvel would appear to be, not that a cultivator should make the discovery, but that any one should miss it.

Close on the heels of the directions for collecting and multiplying manure follow those for its manipulation and management. Dickson revels in the middens. Skillful husbandmen, say Columella and Pliny, cover up their heaps, and suffer them neither to dry by the wind, nor to be parched by the rays of the sun. Hollow water-tight receptacles which retain the moisture are recommended. Either oak leaves should be intermixed, or an oaken stake driven into the heap, to prevent serpents from breeding there. Columella delicately observes that the treasure should not be piled up in front of the parlor (*prætorii*) windows. Cato and Varro say that manure, heaped, turned, and rotted down, is stronger than when green. From this opinion Columella and Palladius dissent, holding that the benefit of the turning and fermentation consists in their destroying the seeds of weeds, but that they weaken the manure; and they therefore prescribe that it should be applied quite fresh to grass land, where the weeds cannot so easily get root. Palladius thinks it necessary to wash sea-weed

in

in fresh water before it is used as manure. Manure was principally applied in spring and autumn. A little and often was considered to be the best practice. Wet land required more than dry. Dickson ascertains that 800 Winchester bushels of well prepared manure to a statute acre was an average Roman dose. Pliny says that some persons think that land is best manured (*optime stercoreari*) by having sheep, perhaps cattle (*pecora*), folded on it.

Theophrastus says that mixing earths, '*ponderoso leve, levi ponderosum, macro pingue et contra*,' will often stand in the place of manure. Columella also records that his uncle, who was a most scientific and industrious farmer, improved his land by applying chalk to his sandy, and sand to his chalky and clay soils. Pliny, giving vent to the contempt for Columella which he is so little careful to conceal, says, 'that is the practice of a madman. What can a man hope for who cultivates in this manner?'

Though lime was used agriculturally by the Romans only in their vineyards and orchards, we cannot wholly pass by the curious information which Dickson's chapter on the subject contains. Cato recommends its application to olives, and Pliny to vines, but more particularly to cherries. He says that cherries were unknown in Italy till Lucullus introduced them after his victory over Mithridates, A.U.C. 680, and that, within 120 years of their introduction, they were dispersed by the Romans as far as Britain. We are very much inclined, however, to claim an indigenous origin for our bird-cherry and for the Scotch gear. We learn from Palladius that builders and plasterers were as fastidious about lime in his day as in ours, each requiring the limestone and the sort and quantity of sand appropriate to their operations respectively. Cato describes most minutely the mode of building the kiln and of burning the lime. We may certainly consider it as a singular proof of his sagacity, that, for several years last past, the practice of lime-burning in England has tended to return to the principle which Cato prescribes, from one which had long been considered as a great improvement. Limeburners will understand us when we say, that Cato's principle was close fires and a very obstructed supply of air, each kiln-full of lime being an independent burning. The modern practice among large lime-burners has been, till recently, deep open-topped kilns, supplied with fuel and limestone on the surface, the fire being urged by a brisk draft of air from the bottom, which served also to cool the lime in its descent to the holes in the kiln-bottom, whence it was drawn in a continuous stream. We have some experience in the matter, and believe that,

that, in point of economy, Cato is vindicated. He also describes a system of burning lime in partnership. The owner finds the stone, the kiln, and the fuel. The working partner quarries the stone, and finds all the remaining labour. They divide the spoil. The practice is not unknown now, nor do the proportions vary very materially: but our division is less favourable to the working partner, and ought to be, because our fuel is so much less cumbersome. Although Pliny limits the agricultural use of lime by the Romans to olives, vines, and cherries, he says that the Hedui and Pictones (the people of Autun and Poitiers) made their general land very productive by its application.

Varro reports, that when he led an army through Transalpine Gaul as far as the Rhine, he passed through a country having neither olives, vines, nor apples—where they manured the land ‘*candidâ fossiciâ cretâ*.’ Pliny says that on wet cold land in Megara the Greeks, who tried everything, applied ‘*leucargillon*.’ In Gaul and Britain, however, what we call marling appears to have been a staple practice in husbandry, and to it Pliny devotes several pages. He enumerates six different kinds of marl, called *marga*, *terra fullonia*, *glischromargon*, *eglecopala*, *capnomargos*, and other fine names. Some were clayey for light lands; some sandy for heavy lands; some rocky, and retaining that form to the great hindrance of stubble-mowing, till several years of sun, rain, and frost reduced them. Some lasted 10 years, some 30, some 50. Some were got at the day; and one sort which lasted 80 years, and which no man had ever been known to apply twice to the same land, was got in Britain by means of narrow pits 30 yards deep. The mode of working described by Pliny is similar to a sort of rude coal-getting which is now sometimes practised, where the seam lies at no greater depth. We have seen superficial marl pits in the midland counties in which grow the ruins of ancient oaks, acorns perhaps in the time of Pliny.

The general corn lands of the Romans were not enclosed or fenced, except occasionally against public highways. They were acquainted, however, with every species of fence which is now in use, and applied them to vineyards, gardens, orchards, cattle-folds, and parks in front of the villa in which wild animals were confined, ‘*ut possidentis oblectarent oculos*.’ Palladius, the last of the writers, recommends that meadows should be enclosed. Quick fences—‘*vivæ sepes*’—says Columella, are preferable to dead, because a mischievous fellow going by with a torch cannot set fire to them. They were raised from seed with much preparation and culture, in which pea-meal and old ship ropes bear a conspicuous part. Directions may be found in one or other of these

these authors for raising every sort of fence which now prevails in Great Britain or Ireland. Pliny particularly describes the frame by means of which such mud walls as are now seen in Buckinghamshire and adjoining counties were reared. He limits them to Africa and Spain.

Notwithstanding the ameliorations of climate which we are told to hope for from draining, we do not expect to see vines an object of the British farmer's culture, nor wine making one of his household labours; we shall therefore merely intimate that any one who is anxious to learn the ancient practice in these matters will find ample information in the agricultural writers. Beer comes home to our sympathies. Pliny says bluntly enough—'The western nations have their own way of getting drunk, by steeping barley. In Gaul and Britain the ladies use the yeast (*spumam*) as a cosmetic.' This art we fear is lost; but if the patriotic member for Derby will listen to the voice of antiquity, Bass's Kalydor may become as celebrated as his Pale Ale. The second use of yeast survives. These nations, says Pliny, used it for fermenting their bread: '*Quâ de causâ levior illis quam cæteris panis est.*' But the use of beer was not confined to the western nations. The Egyptian *zythus* was beer—Suidas says ἀπο κριθῆς γινόμενος, made of barley—and Pelusium was the Burton on Trent of Egypt:—

'Ut Pelusiaci proritet pocula zythi.'

Moreover, the Egyptians being destitute of hops, flavoured their ale with the bitter lupine, and with an acrid wild carrot, of which Pliny says—'*nemo tres siseres edendo continuaret.*' Wilkinson, most properly, devotes two or three pages to the Egyptian *zythus*. In Spain they made beer which would keep for several years. Tacitus speaks of German beer more scornfully than is consistent with its modern reputation. '*Potui humor ex hordeo aut fermento in quandam similitudinem vini corruptus.*'

Beer runs through all the classics. Athenæus says that beery men dance and sing as merrily as those who are overtaken in more generous liquor. Aristotle states, with more discrimination, that the former, when helplessly overcome, lie on their backs, and the latter on their faces. Æschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Archilochus, Hecataeus, and Aretæus all mention beer. Xenophon, during the retreat of the Ten Thousand, passed a convivial night with an Armenian sheik near to the sources of the river Phasis. The sheik's daughter, who had been married nine days, graced the feast with her presence. Her husband was not of the party, being off in the mountains coursing. On the floor of the subterranean dwelling stood a vessel filled with barley-bree, and furnished with hollow reeds of various sizes. Want of a common language

language did not prevent the observance of customary convivial compliments. The host, as his benevolence prompted, led some favoured guest to the beer-barrel, where the politer sort sucked the liquor through the reeds; but others, who had not learned manners, thrust in their noses like oxen. Xenophon says it was strong drink, but very pleasant when you were used to it. When the sun had risen on their revels, Xenophon, who commanded the rear-guard, took the sheik with him to the van of the army. There they found that General Cheirisophus and his officers had also met with good quarters, and were still protracting their festivities. They were crowned with rushes, and Armenian boys were ministering to them. To these boys they indicated by signs the form in which their services were required. Seven days were spent in these pastimes. On the eighth they took the sheik for their guide, and his son as hostage for his fidelity. The sheik led the army three days' march into the snow. Cheirisophus suspected treachery and struck the sheik, but neglected to fetter him. The sheik, resenting the indignity, levanted in the course of the night, leaving his son behind him. Then arose the only serious difference of the whole retreat between Xenophon and Cheirisophus, probably as to the fate of the boy. That, however, was settled by another general, Episthenes, who, having taken a fancy to the boy, carried him to Greece, and he proved, says Xenophon, very faithful.

In treating of fallows, we have spoken of the number of ploughings which the Romans gave to their land; but our description would be incomplete if we did not allude to the manner in which they were executed. On this point some passages are obscure, and Dickson is neither a very definite nor a very safe guide. He wishes to conclude from a single expression in Pliny, which appears as likely at least to refer to the width as to the depth of the furrow, that the ordinary Roman ploughings were nine inches deep. As we know that they were generally executed by two oxen, and that a jugerum, three-fifths of a statute acre, was a regular day's work, and was in free land considerably exceeded, a general depth of nine inches will not, to a practical farmer, appear very probable. They were not, however, very superficial, for Pliny will not allow a depth of four fingers—three inches—to be a ploughing; but calls it a scarification. As moreover one ploughing in the fallow course received a distinctive name, 'proscindere,' with respect to which Pliny says '*vi omni arato*,' and as he states that it was not unusual to attach six or even eight oxen to one plough, it seems probable that once at least in the fallow course the land was stirred to a considerable depth. There are several

maxims

maxims about going below the roots of all the weeds. We should bear in mind that the Roman plough was an implement which did not of necessity turn a furrow, though it was capable of doing so by a direction given to it by the man who presided at the stilts. Our word furrow implies a slice of land turned over, whereas their word 'sulcus' implies only a certain breadth disturbed and lightened up. The object of their fallow ploughings, and indeed of all their ploughings, except breaking up turf and the ridging which we have already described, was to stir all the land to an even depth. To effect this, they prescribed very narrow and equal breadths and very straight lines. They had not the trouble which we experience from the circumstance that the plough in going and returning turns the slice opposite ways. The Roman ploughman returned on his own traces, and one criterion of the perfection of his work was, that the surface should be left so even as to make it difficult to discern where the plough had gone. The overlooker is recommended to walk over the newly ploughed field, and to thrust in repeatedly a pointed stick, by which he will discover whether any land has been left unmoved. In order to ensure perfect culture, their second ploughing was always across the first. And even when the declivity was so great that they could not in either case go directly up and down, they took two oblique directions across the hill which would intersect each other. The characteristic of Roman ploughing was precision. To move uneven breadths was called to plough 'sulco vario,' and was much condemned. Lumps of earth undisturbed were called 'scamna,' and were said to diminish the crop, and to bring a bad name on the land. He who ploughed crooked was said to prevaricate, 'prævaricare;' whence, says Pliny, the phrase was imported into the law courts, and having been applied to those who went crooked in their ploughing, came to be applied to those who went crooked in their statements. The ridge on which corn was sown was called 'lira' and 'porca.' 'Liras rustici vocant porcas.' With us Prince Albert and Mr. Pusey have superseded the ridge-backed sow. We were content to look no further than 'lira' for the derivation of the word 'delirare;' but Mr. Hoskyns insists that it should be 'de lineâ arare,' whence also delirious. We wish some skilful husbandman would import these Roman maxims into the Midland Counties, where nineteen ploughmen out of twenty either prevaricate or are delirious.

So great was the importance which the ancients attached to ploughing. 'What,' says Cato, 'is the first point in good cultivation?' 'Bene arare.—Quid secundum? Arare.—Quid tertium? Stercorare.' Pliny declares the passage to be oracular, but

but muddles it in quoting. Theophrastus, who long preceded them both, says that no crop ought to be grown on the fallow-break unless it can be cleared off so soon as not to prevent the land from receiving all its summer ploughings. Cato forbids his bailiff to plough land when it is wet, or to cart over it, or even to allow cattle to go upon it. He says that it will not recover itself for three years. Columella, Pliny, and Palladius say that if you meddle with land while it is wet, you will lose the whole season. Dickson is very elaborate in investigating the construction of ancient ploughs, and appears to be borne out in the following conclusions:—

‘The ancients had all the different kinds of ploughs that we have at present in Europe, though perhaps not so exactly constructed. They had ploughs without mould-boards, and ploughs with mould-boards; they had ploughs without coulter, and ploughs with coulter; they had ploughs without wheels and ploughs with wheels; they had broad-pointed shares and narrow-pointed shares; they even had, what I have not as yet met with amongst the moderns, shares not only with sharp sides and points, but also with high-raised cutting-tops. Were we well acquainted with the construction of all these, perhaps it would be found that the improvements made by the moderns in this article are not so great as many persons are apt to imagine.’

The Egyptian ploughs, as represented in the drawings, are mere mud-scratchers, drawn sometimes by oxen, sometimes by cows with their calves skipping by their sides; and Pliny says that, on flooded lands, he has seen a plough drawn by a donkey on one side, and an old woman on the other—‘vili asello, et a parte alterâ jugi anu vomerem trahente.’ Among the drawings from the Egyptian tombs, engraved for Sir G. Wilkinson, are several which represent ploughing, sowing, and other operations, and in one of these a roller drawn by two horses driven with reins is introduced. The roller is hollow, supported by a frame-work inside, in diameter about two-thirds of the height of the horses, and the drawing would be no inaccurate representation of a modern agricultural iron roller. We are not aware that the use of such an implement in husbandry is mentioned by any of the ancient writers. If Columella had been acquainted with its use, he would not have recommended that land laid down for meadow should be smoothed by an instrument which, according to his own account, worked so clumsily as the *crates*. We have already seen that in compressing a threshing-floor a piece of a broken column was pressed into the service as a makeshift roller. The Romans might have valued this implement as a breaker of clods, and as an assistant to fine tilth, but not a single passage intimates that they sympathised with our idea of the advantage of a firm

a firm bed for the roots of corn. Quite the contrary. Perhaps, in the climate of Italy, their crops were not so liable to be top-heavy as ours are. Perhaps the young plant was not so liable to be thrown out by frost.

When we come to sowing, the remarkable unanimity which on most points of practice pervades the old authors gives way to a diversity that sorely perplexes the minister of Whittingham. That candid judge expends much unsuccessful labour in attempts to reconcile their opinions, and where this is hopeless, would fain make out that none of them can be convicted of heterodoxy. The directions given by them are very analogous to those which any gentleman would receive, if he were to enter an English county on one side, and ask the opinion of every farmer he met till he went out on the other. One would tell him to sow thin, because his land was poor, another because it was rich. A third would say, 'Be liberal with your seed, because you are early in the season;' and a fourth would advise the same because you are late. A fifth and sixth would differ as to whether wet land or dry required the most seed.\* This is the substance of what the ancients say in various passages—which we are not careful to harmonize, partly because their differences will dwindle when we mention the narrow limits between their thick and thin sowing. With few exceptions they recommend early sowing, and, as was their wont, enforce the practice by an epigrammatic maxim—'Early sowing sometimes deceives the husbandman; late sowing never—because the crop after it is always bad.' Pliny will not have the joke, probably because he finds it in Columella, and gives the maxim—'Early sowing sometimes disappoints the husbandman, late sowing always.' Their mode of sowing was by hand, broadcast, or rather, according to the Egyptian drawings, overcast. A two-handed seedsman nowhere appears. We find in Theophrastus and Pliny an opinion which lingers still among seedsmen, where it has not been superseded by the drill. The same land was said to require varying quantities of seed in different years, and its taking much was 'infausto augurio' for the crop. The land was supposed to be hungry, and to devour the seed. Theophrastus laughs at this as 'fool's talk;' but Pliny says it is 'religiosum augurium.' Dickson explains the matter very naturally. In sowing, the step and hand go together. When the land is clammy the seedsman takes shorter steps, and gives the field more handfuls. A clammy seedness is generally followed by an unproductive harvest.

The next and last point of practice is the quantity of seed sown,

\* Probably he would not meet a farmer who would tell him, with Pliny, that if seed barley remains long in the ground without vegetating, it will come up oats.

and in our observations upon it we shall confine ourselves to wheat. We approach the matter with some anxiety, because on our accuracy respecting it hangs the only chance we have of ascertaining what was the productive return for all the laborious culture which we have described. We may state as a preliminary, that the Romans were extremely particular in the choice of seed. They insisted on its being sound, plump, and well formed. They selected by hand from the ripened crop the boldest ears, rejecting all those which had any deaf husks. They were aware of the advantage of introducing seed from land which varied in soil or climate, and they represent that the produce of seed taken indiscriminately always degenerated in a few years. On the subject of quantity the writers are nearly unanimous and very precise. There is perhaps a slight tendency in those who wrote last to increase the quantity of seed. The smallest quantity of seed-wheat named is rather less than two bushels to the statute acre—the largest exceeds two and a half by a small fraction. Cato is silent on the subject of quantity, but all the other Roman authors are unanimous in fixing on five modii to the jugerum, or less than two bushels and a quarter to the statute acre, as the standard quantity of seed-wheat. Both in the Scriptures and in the old heathen authors statements occur of the returns of one hundred and one hundred and fifty to one. These are undoubtedly meant to express very large crops, but how large, while the seed is an unknown quantity, it is impossible to ascertain. If we take two bushels of wheat as the seed for an acre, no practical farmer will be very apt to believe that any one ever reaped 300 bushels or  $37\frac{1}{2}$  quarters of wheat from a single acre. By reducing seed, and by giving space and extra culture to each individual plant, an almost unlimited return to one may be obtained. That some such explanation must be given of these large statements is confirmed by the circumstance that, in the same passage in which Pliny makes them, he states also that an agent of Augustus sent him from Byzacium in Africa nearly 400 stalks (germina) from a single corn of wheat; and that Nero received from the same place 360 'stipulas ex uno grano.' In our homely way, we saw last summer a single bean producing 7 stems, 129 pods, and 519 beans, which any one so disposed might call a return of 519 for one. The return of the field from which this root was taken was 33 for one. When the Romans measure and state their seed their pretensions are much more moderate. Varro, using a little above two bushels of seed to the statute acre, claims a general return of 10 for one, and of 15 in land of extraordinary fertility. That is about 21 and 32 bushels per acre respectively. He speaks of this rate of produce as a great falling off from what had been obtained

obtained in the time of his ancestors. Half a century later, Cicero (*in Verrem*) gives an account of the produce in the rich lands of Sicily. He claims  $2\frac{1}{2}$  bushels of seed to the statute acre, and says, that well cultivated land gives eight for one, or, 'ut omnes Dii adjuvent . . . quod perraro evenit,' ten—equal to 20 and 25 bushels respectively. In another half century, Columella says, that over the larger part of Italy the instances are few in which the return is more than four to one.\* The increasing lamentations over diminished produce, as we descend in the series of authors, are quite consonant with these returns. They are confirmed also by unequivocal declarations in the later writers, that both the selling price and rent of land had declined, though the price of wheat had risen gradually from 3s. 6d. per quarter before and 10s. in the time of Cato to 60s. in the time of Pliny. The expense of agricultural labour had not, in the mean time, increased materially. Palladius, the latest author, states the price of an agricultural slave to be from 60*l.* to 66*l.* Cato is said to have paid for them 50*l.* each, but this is mentioned as being considerably below the market price, and is given as an instance of his skill in purchasing.

We have thus brought to a close our long digest of ancient agricultural practice and produce. In renewing our acknowledgments to Dickson for the assistance which he has given us, we are bound to say that for many of our statements he is not answerable. Some things which he either missed or purposely passed by we have brought forward from the men of old, and in several cases in which he has appeared to us to misconceive their meaning, we have, after due consideration, followed our own opinion, without making the difference between us matter of controversy. His translations we have generally discarded. Several matters on which he dwells largely, but which did not seem to have much connexion with British agriculture, we have omitted altogether. Equally we have omitted the constantly recurring directions of the ancients to govern ourselves, in sowing various seeds, or in eradicating particular weeds, by certain lunar and sidereal influences; and another class of directions, as a sample of which we may give, that a seed hopper ought to be lined with the skin of an hyena. Our reverend author is scandalised that some modern sceptics should have treated these maxims as superstitious, and is at much pains to prove that they are, or may be, consistent with sound reason. We by no means sneer at them, calling to

\* Some attempts have been made to explain away or to discredit this passage in Columella, but apparently without any reason. His 'cum quarto responderint' is exactly analogous to Cicero's 'efficit cum octavo'—'cum decimo extulisset,' and to the 'cum decimo redeat' of Varro. In short this is the only way in which the ancients express the amount of produce.

mind that the best housekeeper we ever knew would never allow a pig to be killed when the moon was waning, because bacon cured under those influences would not, to use her own phrase, 'swell in the pot.'

We are quite aware how many unexpected matters may turn up when we come to reduce a system of agriculture, which is depicted on paper, to the rough realities of practice. But the Roman authors appear to us to have this peculiarity, that they never look forward, but always backward. Their anxiety is not to promote progress, but to guard against declension. It is enough for Columella and Palladius to cultivate as Cato and Varro directed, and Cato and Varro are satisfied to appeal to the Greek writers and Mago. No one of them, as far as we recollect, claims any improvement as of recent discovery. We have eras in our agriculture, but they appear to have had none. We can point to the period when the value of our sands was doubled or trebled by the introduction of turnip husbandry, and the consequent intimate union of the fleece and the plough. We can tell that through general enclosures the exhausted clays of our open fields were allowed to recover their fertility by long rests in grass. Sowing corn by the drill, threshing by horse-power and by steam, permanent under-drainage, the new Leicester sheep and the improved short-horn, all attest our progress. They had nothing of the sort. They describe a very advanced and refined system of tillage, but they treat agriculture as an art whereof the origin is veiled in the mists of antiquity, which they do not seek to penetrate; which had descended to them in a state of perfection, beyond which they scarcely ventured to look; and which they must be careful not to deteriorate. Dickson's abiding faith is, that they were better farmers than the moderns, and, on almost every point where ancient and modern practice differ, he gives the preference to the former. Nor is he alone in these opinions. The very latest historian of the Papal States says, 'Agricultural science has not been carried as high in Scotland as it was carried more than two thousand years ago by the Romans, as any one who has ever studied the *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ* will readily admit' (vol. iii. p. 637). Whether the Rev. John Miley, D.D., himself has ever studied them, though he puts the word in *italics*, we are somewhat doubtful; but at any rate, from these judgments we appeal to the results. No one, we believe, doubts or denies that the agriculture of Scotland, if imperfect, and the still less perfect agriculture of England, have resulted in constantly increasing produce, and in enabling those countries to supply not only an increasing population, but a population whose scale of maintenance—with the exception, alas! of the class of mere agricultural labourers—has been constantly improving. Confessedly the reverse was the case in Roman agriculture.

ture. The successive writers speak of the same districts, the same soils, and constantly deplore diminished produce. And yet they do not say that the land received fewer ploughings, or hoeings, or weedings; that manure was less carefully husbanded; or that a less scientific course of cropping was adopted.

This falling off, having reached its crisis in the time of the later writers, evidently puzzled them sorely. Columella commences his treatise with it, and says that the fault cannot be in the earth. She must have the same principles of fertility as heretofore—so he has recourse to absenteeism and luxury, and such other explanations as pass muster with us in settling an Irish or West Indian difficulty now-a-days. Pliny also discusses the mystery—‘*Quænam ergo tantæ ubertatis causa erat?*’ It was either, he says, that the earth was then cultivated by the hands of great generals, and rejoiced—‘*ut fas est credere*’—in a plough crowned with laurel, guided by a ploughman who had received a triumph; or that these men planned their course of crops with as much judgment as their campaigns, and laid out their fields with the same diligence as their camps. One reason is about as good as the other. The latter might be applicable to the four acres of Cincinnatus or Atilius Regulus, but we are slow to believe that nature produces a generation of men who are all giants in mind, body, or spirit; and we have no doubt that the age of Cincinnatus produced the usual proportion of husbandmen of only ordinary intelligence and energy. We believe that failure was inherent in the system. Roman agriculture was founded on the assumption that culture alone would enable land to export corn continually for an indefinite period. They acted tenderly on the assumption, and said every other year, ‘*alternis annis*.’ A constantly diminishing produce, diminishing probably in proportion to the length of time during which the assumption had been put to the test, proclaimed its failure. On this assumption Tull attempted to base a system, but it did not survive him. Mr. Huxtable enunciates it as a principle, and founds calculations upon it; but no farmer who ever lived, ancient or modern, has relied on it so little in practice. His boxed bullocks, shedded sheep, and pampered pigs are a standing contradiction to his claim of a continuous yield of 16 bushels per acre. This, according to Roman husbandry, would be 32 bushels per acre in alternate years, with the addition (which we cannot stop to calculate, but the data for the calculation are given in Mr. Huxtable’s pamphlet) due to a manuring once in six years. To Mr. Huxtable’s assumption we oppose Roman results. He cannot cultivate better than they did, and between the time of Varro and that of Columella they reduced

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the yield from 32 bushels per acre to about 12. What shall we say to Mr. Mechi? Nine hundred to a thousand quarters of corn *bought* annually for consumption on a farm of 170 acres.\* Does not the shade of old Cato haunt his dreams? 'Patrem-familias vendacem non emacem esse oportet.' When we descend to instances which are less controverted, we find that the practice of Mr. Hutley in Essex, Mr. Hudson of Castleacre, and, in short, of every successful arable farmer in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, or the Lothians, is founded on conviction that land which exports corn continuously is not self-sustaining. Such of our agricultural readers as have the misfortune or the advantage of forty years' recollection will confirm our statement, that the great bulk of the English common fields, more particularly those which ran the rain off their surface, were, on the eve of enclosure, reduced to the state, described by Columella, of a return of about four for one. In fact the common-field system, which was one of a continuous carrying off of corn with no other aid but fallowing, and a little light adventitious manure, soot, and so forth, had worn itself out.

And here we remark the great distinction between Roman agriculture and ours. Theirs was correct, precise, regular, persevering, careful, but altogether unelastic. Ours, coarse, without system, inaccurate, often wasteful, but full of resource. They saw their produce dwindle, and their country become more and more dependent on importation for daily bread, and, with every temptation in price, found no remedy. When our clays struck work we resorted to a general system of enclosures, which enabled us to give them rest without entire abandonment; and we applied all our energy to obtain the wheat and beans, which they had furnished to us, from a description of land which every previous generation had considered to be wholly unsuited to such produce. We ransacked earth and sea, home and abroad, for adventitious manures. No doubt we have had great advantages. Any one who casts his eye over the list of British imports and exports, will recognize at once an enormous balance remaining with us of matters resolvable ultimately into manure. Indeed the account is almost all one way. In our hardwares and crockery we export no elements of fertility, and our exports of textile fabrics are but a small fraction in weight of the raw material which we had previously imported. We have to look far back for the period when we regularly exported grain, and when our imports of wool failed to balance or nearly so our exports of manufactured woollens. To set against all this there is great waste; but even the sea makes us some compensation, in the shape of fish and wrack, for the filthy con-

\* We speak on the authority of the *Times* Agricultural Commissioner.

tributions which our rivers pour continually into its bosom. The emerald fringe, which surrounds all our towns and most of our villages, attests the general balance and its application. The suburban lands, which are brought to the acme of fertility, as far as that can be attained by extra-manuring, form a very appreciable portion of the surface of England; besides which lands lying at distances varying with the facilities of carriage or back-carriage assist in sweeping off the fertilizing matters which accumulate in our great towns. There is no evidence in the ancient writers of any such process. There can be no doubt that, after the conquest of Carthage, Italy imported largely, and, as a large portion of her imports came as tribute, without much return. Probably the want of easy means of transport prevented the agricultural use of the manures which might have been economized in the towns. In the absence of such aid the constant repetition of corn crops, aggravated in many cases by a systematic robbery of the arable field for the sake of the more profitable vineyard, produced the state of exhaustion to which the progressive diminution of return so fully testifies.

No point in agriculture is better established than that long rest (what the Romans called '*longa desidia*') in grass gives to land renewed or increased powers of producing crops when it is again restored to culture. No fact is so entirely unexplained. None so palpably contradicts all our maxims. Here is no tillage, no stirring up, no exposure to light or air, no succession of crops. What becomes of the doctrine that the roots of plants exude something which is noxious to their own species? A field is laid down in grass, and every year it exports something; beef, mutton, wool, milk—or bone, sinew, and muscle in the shape of store cattle.\* Coexistent with a continuous export is the anomalous fact of increased productive power. Of this remedy for exhaustion we have availed ourselves largely. Our extensive pastures are our storehouses of grain—our safeguard against protracted dearth. Serious alarm would soon cover them with grain again. Our history teems with protests and futile laws against the increase of pasture. The process was inevitable: agriculture was rebelling against exhaustion, and was adopting the only remedy which difficulties of transport then permitted; a remedy of which the moistness of our climate diminished the

\* We have no inclination to discredit the statement that a marked declension of cheese produce occurred in the old dairy lands of Cheshire, and was arrested by the application of bone manure, nor to throw any doubt on the chemical explanations which have been given of those circumstances. We may mention, however, that in the great midland cheese-making district, to which parts of five counties contribute, and in which the generality of the cow pastures have been from time immemorial unviolated by the plough, we never heard of any such declension or remedy.

sacrifice, and perhaps also increased the efficacy. In addition to this remedy, we now possess a preventive. We prevent the exhaustion of our lands by the application of adventitious manures. But the remedy, whatever its deficiencies, is not attended by outlay. It is simply a pro tempore abandonment of cultivation. On the other hand, the preventive, to which we have given the fanciful name of *high farming*, is altogether dependent upon outlay. An outcry for the application of increased capital to farming is evidence that a state of exhaustion has been reached; or is in immediate prospect. When Sir R. Peel tells his tenants that an average produce of about 2 quarters of wheat per acre cannot pay, he indicates that their lands have approached the state which Columella describes to have been reached in Italy. To this result of their agriculture the Romans never systematically adopted a preventive, nor did they apply a remedy. Their business was to conquer and rob the world: their provinces bore an overwhelming proportion to their domestic limits. So it is in our case: but our connexion with our outlying dependencies was never framed on Roman principles, and their wide compass will not absolve us from the necessity of turning our attention with painful intensity on our internal resources.

Though the Romans never practised the resting system, any description of modern agriculture which should pass it by would be incomplete. In a new country a settler subdues a piece of land, flogs it to death and abandons the carcase, and then repeats the operation on a new subject. That is the agricultural system in large portions of the United States. A great part of Russian Finland consists of low irregular hills, which yield a spontaneous growth of fir-wood. When the trees in this puny forest have attained the size of a fence-rail, the cultivator sets it on fire, and following the burning with one or more ponies harnessed to a tool which cannot accurately be called either plough, hoe, or spud, but which in his hand jumps about with the agility of an operadancer, he scratches the wood-ashes into the little deposits of soil which exist between the protruding rocks and stumps, and with them some seed-rye; repeating this crop for two or three years, according to the staple of his soil; and then resigning his exhausted victim in order to renew the operation on the piece of forest which is next in succession. It would be difficult to improve his agriculture. A somewhat analogous occupation of various poor wastes was within a century known in England. In many of the enclosed counties, particularly in the Midland, Northern, and Western, whole districts were described by the appellation of up and down land. The agricultural principle was to call on mysterious nature to renew the exhausted soil.

The system was frugal, but slow. It might consist with pack-horses, perhaps with stage-waggon, but it was scouted by post-coaches, and exploded by railroads. It was not suited to a country fully occupied, and which had an increasing population. The gross produce was necessarily small, and could support neither high rents nor heavy payments. Every new agricultural device proposed to get rid of it.

We can remember when it was treason to agricultural science to doubt that the four-course shift, with turnips consumed by sheep where they grew, was self-sustaining. Sufficient virtue was supposed to exist in the feet of the sheep to set at naught a principle which had been sanctioned by experience in every age and every clime. The answer to the statement that land stimulated by culture could not permanently export its produce without exhaustion, was—rotation of crops and the four-course shift. Sane men assured the agricultural world, that a farm divided into four equal parallelograms, to be occupied successively by turnips, barley, clover, and wheat, would go on for ever on its own resources with increasing fertility. But these flattering prospects were destined to be materially abated. Turnips missed, land was clover-sick: in short, nature had not changed, and land severely cropped was exhausted. Now rotations are at a discount, and the jargon about improving crops, which Columella despised eighteen hundred years ago, has ceased; and high manuring, in one form or other, possesses the agricultural mind. No instructor has a chance of a hearing unless he professes to teach the farmer how he can restore to the earth the nitrogen, or ammonia, or some mysterious element which every one admits to have been carried off to the mill, the malt-house, and the shambles. Why all this outcry about draining? Mainly because draining is a necessary preliminary to successful manuring. When land is surcharged with water, and runs the rain off its surface, one portion of the manure which is applied to it is rendered effete by wet and cold, and another portion is swum away; but if land be porous by nature, or is rendered porous by art, every particle and every element of the manure is available for reproduction. The counties of Norfolk and Lincoln produce tenant-farmers who manure, not like the Romans, once in six years, but for every crop. Every schemer in agriculture professes to have a plan by which we shall drive foreigners from our markets by the mere exuberance of our domestic production. Some of all this may be absurd, some exaggerated, but it shows the bent of the national mind. Whenever the history of British agriculture is faithfully written, it will tell, not of a tame acquiescence in diminishing produce, not of the helpless iteration of a worn-out course, but of constant improvement.

ment. It may be truly said of the Roman agriculturist, that he farmed as his fathers did before him; but of no class of men could it be said less truly than of the British. Who among us would found his practice on an authority fifty years old?

It would be very easy—nay, it is daily practice—to write a description of British agriculture founded on undoubted facts, but which shall still be a caricature. From the backward arable practice of grazing and dairying districts—from the wayside cows of arable districts—from wheat-fields sacrificed to hop-gardens—from desolate lands, the improvement of which has been impeded by difficulties of tenure and mixed and imperfect ownership—from some sacrifices to the picturesque—and from more to the cherished feelings, prejudices if you will, of resident proprietors, which forbid the absolute introduction of the rectangular system which scientific precision would dictate—any critic, viewing the country from the window of a railway carriage, might select a group of agricultural deformities. They would bear the same relation to our general husbandry which reports from the felon's dock and the police office would bear to our general morality. A discerning 'commissioner' finds, in every district of Britain, some farming practice carried to considerable perfection, or some agricultural improvement urged to a considerable extent. The British farmer has acquired a sort of prescriptive right to be called pudding-headed and beef-witted, and would hardly know himself by any other description. He adopts it with perfect good-humour; and yet when he comes to be looked into, he stands out as the man who, under some disadvantages of climate and some of tenure, has urged a limited area, of no exuberant natural fertility, to an amount of produce hitherto unparalleled in the world's history—and is urging it onward still. There is talk, indeed, of throwing land out of cultivation, but action is all the other way. Never was the indomitable energy of the British agriculturist more conspicuous than at this moment. A fall in the value of every article of farming produce, which his experience gave him no reason to anticipate, has dealt him a blow under which he staggers. When abundantly-stocked markets have reduced the price of goods below the cost of production, the cotton-spinner takes to short time, the iron-master blows out furnaces, and the collier shuts up his pits for three days in the week. Under similar circumstances, guided, we hope, by a sure instinct which we blindly follow without comprehending it, the agriculturists make an universal rush to produce more. Everybody is determined to confute Malthus, and to prove to him that he misplaced the ratios—that the agricultural ratio of increase will double the produce of a rural district much sooner than the procreative ratio will double the population.

lation. Sir Robert Peel tells his tenants that 2 or 2½ quarters per acre cannot pay. No doubt that is so. A gross produce of 4l. or 5l. per acre from the golden crop of the series cannot sustain a landlord, a tenant, a rector, police, bridges, gaols, churches, lunatic asylums, union workhouses, labourers, and a chancellor of the exchequer. We must have 2 or 3 quarters per acre more. Mr. Huxtable, Mr. Hudson, and all of us, are solving, or endeavouring to solve, the problem how to buy them (for buy them we must) for less than they will fetch in the market. We are trying to confute the Roman maxim—*'bene colere necessarium est, optime damnosum.'* Our faith, if we have any, is in the power of consumption. We trust that the stomachs of all her Majesty's subjects are in a course of progressive dilation. 'Produce more,' say statesmen authoritatively, philosophers dogmatically, protectionists dolefully, free-traders fiercely. If we were to suggest 'produce cheaper,' we hardly know whether we should meet with a seconder. This indeed would involve many severe struggles which we would fain be spared. Visions of the disruption of ancient connexions, of the extinction of some deserving classes, of the application of the rule and square to the face of the country, flit painfully before our eyes. Having seen the domestic spindle and loom swept into the unsightly factory—almost every independent brook-side producer, in every class, absorbed into some leviathan steam-driven establishment—Her Majesty's mail-coach and Mr. Newman's neat post-chaise attached to The Rail—we can hardly hope that agriculture alone will be able to maintain its old relations, and to resist the economical pressure.

We are unwilling to close this long article without a word or two more on some conclusions respecting our Gallic and British ancestors at which we have arrived from a perusal of the agricultural writers of Rome. When her professed historians passed the boundaries of Italy, they occupied themselves little with any matters which had not immediate bearing on the career of Roman conquest. The nations to their north and west were unknown to history, were classed under the general appellation of barbarians, and nothing respecting them appeared worthy to be recorded except the degree of resistance which they were able to offer to the Roman arms. Of what Mr. Hoskyns appropriately calls their 'inner life' we learn nothing. Even when Tacitus writes a treatise On the Manners of the Germans, he gives an account of them which nothing but our respect for a great name prevents our calling childish and absurd. The people he professed to describe were a great nation, who repeatedly foiled the Roman generals, and destroyed their armies, and who, though harassed on their frontiers, were

were in fact never conquered. In epigrammatic and antithetical sentences he sets before us a state of orderly but very democratic freedom. Men inspired by romantic virtue, and restrained by puritanical morality. Women chaste, constant, and devoted, as became the wives and daughters of such heroes. If the nation had a fault, it was a somewhat too great proneness to convivial hospitality. That their dwellings were covered neither with tile nor thatch, that the men wore a robe pinned on with a thorn, and that the seminudity of the females was only redeemed from indecency by their perfect innocence, is all that we learn about their lodging and clothing. A statement that they made an intoxicating liquor from grain, and three sentences, which are rather negative than descriptive, dispatch the whole subject of their agriculture. The conclusion of the treatise declines, with a prudent reserve, to pass any opinion on the apparently prevalent report that the remoter tribes combined the visages of men with the bodies of beasts. From such history, and from the statements and silence of Cæsar and Livy, we appeal to numerous, but incidental and entirely unsuspecting, circumstances which meet us in the agricultural writers. They appear to us to warrant the inference, that a settled condition of society, and considerable progress in the useful arts, existed in Gaul and Britain before those countries were known to the Romans. Indeed we doubt whether civilization was not rather repressed than advanced by their classic invaders. Nor is this opinion inconsistent with the fact, that they were conquered. That they fell before armies to whose equipment and training the accumulated science of centuries had been applied, is analogous to the case of the village hero, who, though he has by activity and pluck thrashed all his rural competitors, finds himself powerless in the hands of a professional prize fighter.

The Romans found Gaul a country of large farms (*latifundia*), in which various agricultural appliances quite unknown to themselves were habitually practised. The Romans were ignorant of the general use of lime in agriculture—they learned it in Gaul. They found chalk beneficially applied to corn-growing both in Gaul and in Britain. In both countries various marls were applied to various descriptions of soil with scientific discrimination. In Britain a particular description of marl, which was used as a top-dressing to land, was got by pits 10 yards deep. This circumstance is very significant. Every one conversant with underground work will be aware that it implies some power of freeing the works from water, and some scientific mode of ventilating them. The heavy expense of such an improvement is justified by the statement that the benefit endured

dured for eighty years, and was only repeated after the expiration of that period. That circumstance again implies a settled state of society and great security of property. A Roman writer is not likely to have invented these matters, and we attach much more weight to inferences justly deducible from them, than we do to Cæsar's vague statement that no family ties existed in Britain, and that the connubial arrangements were analogous to those of the poultry-yard and sheep-fold. The case of agricultural implements is still stronger. Pliny states that the Romans, ignorant themselves of any other mode of separating flour from bran than a common sieve, found in Gaul a dressing-machine on the modern principle of a brush working in the inside of a porous bag, and brought it into use in Italy. We have already named the machine for reaping corn, which was so effective that on many farms in Gaul it superseded every other mode of reaping. We must recall to our readers what this machine performed. With no other aid than that of being kept in motion by a bullock, it collected the ears of the standing corn, cut them off, and dropped them into a chest which was part of the machine. Nothing of the sort is shown to have existed in civilized Egypt. In that country, as well as in Italy, the system of reaping the ears only, leaving the straw to be mowed by a subsequent operation, was in great favour; but the work was performed by hand. We believe that modern machinists have failed in every attempt to make a satisfactory reaping machine; and among the vast and almost speculative variety of implements which grace our agricultural shows, we are not aware that one which has professed to accomplish this operation has of late found a place. The single fact that the north-western nations made fermented liquor from grain may not indicate any high degree of civilization; but the statement, that, by the skilful application of one product of their brewing in the kindred art of baking, they enjoyed lighter bread than was known to the luxurious Romans, is not without significance.

In these cursory remarks we have confined ourselves strictly to deductions from the incidental statements of the agricultural writers. We are quite aware that this is a very narrow corner of a great field, which abler husbandmen than ourselves are occupying with resources which we do not pretend to command. We have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that our partial conclusions point in the same direction as their more extensive and elaborate researches.

ART. VIII.—I. *Genesis der Revolution in Oesterreich im Jahre 1848* (Genesis of the Revolution in Austria in 1848). Leipzig. 1850.

2. *The Political Movement in Austria during the years 1848 and 1849*. By Baron Pillersdorf. Translated from the German by George Gaskell, Esq. London. 1850.

3. *Officielle stenographische Berichte über die Verhandlungen des Oesterreichischen Reichstages* (Official Stenographic Report of the Proceedings of the Austrian Diet). 3 volumes, 4to.

4. *Denkschrift über die Wiener October Revolution* (Memorials of the Vienna October Revolution). By W. G. Dunder, *ci-devant* Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Vienna National Guard. Vienna. 1849.

WITH unabated confidence in the destinies of the Austrian Monarchy, and of that House of Emperors which has played for centuries the greatest part in the political transactions of Central Europe—deriving, as it were, from the storms and perils of each successive age fresh proofs of its vitality and fresh accessions to its dignity—we have watched with extreme solicitude and interest the momentous events through which Austria is once more slowly emerging to the rank of her former state and the influence of her ancient dominion. On former occasions we have endeavoured to trace her recent struggles in what may be termed the limbs of the Empire—in Italy, in Germany, and in Hungary; for in each of these great divisions of the races and the territory of Europe it is the peculiar obligation of the Austrian Government to play a conspicuous part, and to decide the fate of entire kingdoms in possessions which are no more than the provinces of her own territory. The Revolution of 1848 had, to a certain extent, commenced in each of these divisions; and even without the sudden convulsion of Paris, Milan was already on the verge of insurrection; Pressburg was agitated by the cabals of a furious opposition; Germany was divided by the measures to which the King of Prussia had already given the preface of his inauspicious approbation. But these elements of discord might have been controlled, and would at least have acquired but a subordinate importance, if, at that same conjuncture, the central power of the Empire had not been itself overthrown—if the statesman who had so long presided over its fortunes had not been swept from the scene, partly by the inexpressible panic of that strange and universal catastrophe, more by the fears and the ingratitude of those he had lived to serve. In Italy there might be war—in Hungary there might be insurrection—in Germany there might be anarchy—but it

was in the heart of Austria herself that the *revolution* had paralyzed the resistance of the Government—perplexed the councils of the Crown—unnerved the army itself, left in that supreme moment without orders and without supplies—and let loose all the calamities of rebellion and democracy on the other provinces of the monarchy and the conterminous states of Europe. Hence, although the brilliant campaigns of Marshal Radetzky over the Italian plains, where fifty years before he had himself faced the youthful genius of Buonaparte, present a more finished historical picture of military skill and political retribution—hence, although the Hungarian war is crowded with scenes and incidents of greater variety and more strange confusion, until justice and power brought the hard-fought conflict against a fretful and misguided people to its inevitable close,—he who would seize the true bearings of the Austrian revolution, and of that policy which has sought to regenerate the rescued Empire in spite of those who have sought only to revolutionize and dissolve it, must trace the central current of these events in Vienna itself, and must keep steadily in view the paramount influence which the triumph of anarchy or of authority in the seat of empire exercised over the local troubles of the respective provinces. To that subject we now propose more especially to direct our readers' attention.

The 'Genesis of the Austrian Revolution' is a small but striking and dispassionate production, from the pen of Count Hartig, professing, as its title implies, to treat of the causes of the Revolution, rather than to take a complete survey of its scenes of violence, its effects, or its catastrophe. Indeed, the narrative stops with the convocation of the Austrian Diet. From that point we shall trace the course of events, with the assistance of the Official Reports of the debates in that assembly. M. Dunder's very minute and curious account of the state of Vienna during the October revolution and the ensuing siege may serve to guide us to the convulsion which converted a reign of terror into a reign of lawful and necessary force. The time is not come when it is possible to trace with correctness the value of every incident or the force of every character in these tumultuous scenes. The historian of the year 1848 will seek in vain for those conspicuous impersonations of heroism or of popular energy which the turbid stream of revolution has in other times and countries borne along in its course. But it may even now be of some utility and interest to present in a connected narrative the occurrences which have so materially altered the condition of the Austrian Empire, and which must exercise a direct influence on the future politics of Europe.

And

And here we would at once dispose of the shallow error of those writers who have been led by their ignorance or their malignity to dismiss the Austrian Empire as if it were some imaginary quantity in the balance of Europe, with no real existence, and no inherent political power. This delusion is precisely the converse of the error—equally absurd—which ascribes to Italy an independent dominion, and to Germany a perfect union, because those countries have unity of race, language, and territory. Germany and Italy have, indeed, those conditions of unity which Austria has not; yet they, in spite of that material uniformity, are eternally divided; she, in spite of the diversity of her provinces, stands firmly compact on the legal though artificial basis of her empire. The reason is, that, by the authority of an ancient monarchy, invested with all the rights of sovereignty which can devolve upon a reigning House—by the intimate union for centuries of all races and classes round the standards of the Imperial army—and, lastly, by the political energy of the civil government, which derives from the sovereign its authority and from the army its force—these scattered provinces and these conflicting populations have for ages constituted one of the chief Powers in Europe. Destroy or enfeeble the principle of the monarchy, divide or paralyze the army, or even place the central government in a too absolute dependence on the popular will, and there is no future, because there is no union, in the Austrian Empire; but—as long as the sovereign, the army, and the government survive in the discharge of their respective duties—to contest the existence and the resources of the Austrian Monarchy is hardly less absurd than it would be to deny the Empire of Great Britain, because her territories are scattered over the globe, and because the government of all her dependencies rests in the last resort with the lawful authorities of this small island. Whatever may be the extent to which the limbs and dependencies of states may be extended, the true criterion of their political force is in the concentration of their resources. A room in Downing-street or in Leadenhall-street may govern a quarter of the globe; and it is the merest delusion to confound the diversities of a vast empire with the single force on which, after all, the existence of every body politic depends.

In the affairs of Austria that force had for many years resided chiefly in the grasp of a single man. Prince Metternich was the pivot of the State, and the strength or weakness of the Imperial tie was chiefly to be measured by the force he imparted to it. It would exceed our allotted limits to attempt a retrospective survey of the administration of that eminent minister. Probably when

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time and dispassionate criticism have more completely disclosed and explored it, Prince Metternich will be judged to have erred more from want of vigour in carrying into execution his own conceptions—which were constantly opposed by the prejudices and interests of other men of far meaner capacity—than from any systematic predilection for an imperfect system of administration. In later years it is acknowledged that the confirmed routine which characterized the Austrian administration paralyzed in great measure the political designs of the government. Power had in reality descended from the ministers who will be held responsible to the world and to posterity, to a race of bureaucrats and *employés* of comparatively low birth and low acquirements, many of whom have since played an odious part in the revolution; and who not uncommonly defeated the most laudable intentions of the Cabinet. Even Baron Kübeck's enlightened measures for the improvement of the finances and the completion of the great lines of railway communication, which will remain an imperishable memorial of the splendid works accomplished by the late government, met with impediments sufficient to have arrested a less ardent and able minister. In other departments; filled by older and feebler men, the action of the State had gradually dwindled away; and if other absolute governments have been overthrown for an excessive interference with the rights and habits of their subjects, it may be affirmed that the late Austrian Government arrived at the verge of dissolution by the contrary error, and perished by its neglect of the more active duties of absolute power, rather than by any arbitrary or excessive use of such authority.

It had long been the opinion of Prince Metternich that the tranquillity which Europe was enjoying was no more than a truce—that all the powers of the Continent were held in check by the spirit of anarchy, and, though solid in outward appearance, were nearly all alike undermined.\* The return of Lord Palmerston to the Foreign Office had been regarded at Vienna as a misfortune likely to be followed by very serious consequences to the continental States; and, accordingly, very few months elapsed before events occurred which taught the Radical party that they had no longer to fear the combined resistance of all the leading Governments of Europe. The fermentation which had arisen in Italy from the election of Pius IX. was undeniably aggravated by Lord Minto's rambling mission. The affairs of Switzerland, which Prince Metternich watched with peculiar interest as the most correct meter of the rise or fall of the revo-

\* Correspondence of the French Ambassador at Vienna, cited by M. d'Haussonville, vol. I. p. 60.

lutionary party, had reached the height of civil war: for the first time, the Radical faction was in uncontrolled possession of an established Government, with the command of its army and its police; and England, playing a double game, joined the negotiation only to delay it, whilst her agents on the spot contributed to hasten the defeat of the United Cantons. In Germany, the King of Prussia had just entered upon that uncertain and perilous course which has brought him to the point at which he now stands; and General Radowitz was already labouring in November, 1847, at Vienna, to promote a reform of the Germanic Confederation. In Hungary a Diet had assembled, which threatened, under any circumstances, to bring to some violent issue the burning questions which the domineering spirit of the Magyars had awakened between themselves and the ancient dependencies of the kingdom on the one hand—between the Hungarian constitution and the Crown on the other. Every part of Europe, even to the placid hereditary dominions of the House of Austria, showed some indications of an approaching storm; and the future historian, who shall collect and compare these signs of the times with the aid of a more complete experience, will perhaps wonder that they had been so imperfectly read beforehand.

In Austria itself the state of society and the attitude of the State were unquestionably bad. In spite of the attempt to suppress such works as that of '*Oesterreich und seiner Zukunft*,' and the more vehement productions of the Radical press in Germany, a very considerable shock had been given to the faith of the country in its Government by these discussions. Its financial credit was strangely impaired by the secrecy still thrown over all the statistical records of the Treasury; although, in fact, the more the truth was known, the more confidence would have been inspired by the extreme moderation of taxation throughout the empire, and by the strict economy with which the resources of the state had been applied to the public service; for, although the expenditure exceeded the revenue, that revenue was manifestly far below the amount which a more enlightened system of taxation might easily raise. Baron Kübeck was himself so sensible of this error, that he had repeatedly proposed the publication of the national income and expenditure; and the convocation of the States of Lower Austria, which afterwards furnished the pretext of the outbreak of the 13th of March, had been projected chiefly with a view to place the financial policy of the Government in a fair light before the country.\* The spirit

\* One of the principal difficulties of the Treasury arose from the desire of Baron Kübeck to reduce the military establishments, in opposition to the constant demands of the

of opposition which was permanent in Hungary, where the Diet had systematically defeated every measure of reform and improvement proposed by the Government, from the reign of Joseph II. downwards, had more recently manifested itself amongst the States of Bohemia, where it was allied to a puerile revival of the old Czechish language of that kingdom. Two centuries had elapsed since that tongue had any political signification in Europe; but it returned to life still tinged with the stern and enthusiastic character of the Hussite wars and Bohemian liberty. Nor was the '*subscribes Ferdinandule*' of the sixteenth century entirely forgotten even by the more courtly Estates of Lower Austria; and, with a very indistinct knowledge of what they were striving for, the members of these bodies were ready to engage in any contention with the Government. Those members were almost exclusively aristocratic, and could hardly be termed the representatives of the provinces; but this circumstance, and the favour which the Austrian Government was invariably wont to show to popular interests in opposition to the privileges or pretensions of the nobility, had contributed to detach the aristocracy from the Government, and to leave it in the day of trial almost entirely unsupported by its natural and most essential defenders. In Vienna itself the tone of society had become incredibly hostile and contemptuous towards the Government; and, as has since been acknowledged by those most nearly interested, the leading persons in the state, entirely surrounded by the circles of the diplomatic and administrative service or of fashionable life, remained absolutely unconscious of their own unpopularity. The mercantile and banking classes had their own grievances of vanity and interest aggravated by the speculative habits of the time, which the Government had not unwisely sought to check; and in the literary *coteries* connected with the university, the language of some of the more popular Professors might have served as a presage of the change which was shortly, as we shall have occasion to see, to convert that learned body into a Jacobin club. The *employés* of the Government joined in the same chorus of disaffection, and even in the highest circles of the Court the Emperor had recently been compelled to mark his displeasure at this shapeless but virulent opposition. Such was the

the War department and the imperial authorities in Italy for the efficiency of the forces in that part of the empire. The army in Italy had been raised to 85 000 men in February, 1848, but the military stores of the fortresses were extremely inadequate, as Radetzky found to his cost on the breaking out of the campaign. These stores had been chiefly accumulated in Hungary, then thought the safest portion of the empire, and so they fell into the hands of the Magyars, who were thus supplied with a complete materiel of war at the cost of their sovereign. The deficiencies of the imperial army in Italy were afterwards provided for by the mature judgment and indefatigable perseverance of Count Latour.

threatening aspect of affairs both abroad and at home, when the thunderbolt of the French Revolution of the 24th of February set fire to these combustible elements and changed the face of Europe.

It was on the 1st of March that intelligence of that extraordinary event reached Vienna: the day was gloomy, and the mists of the Danube hung heavily over the Imperial City; but by an unusual phenomenon at that early period of the year a thunderstorm broke over St. Stephen's about four o'clock in the afternoon: strange omens of the times on which the world was about to enter! The Revolution passed over Europe as a hurricane strikes a fleet of fishing-boats. Germany received the first and most violent commotion. The first idea that arose in the minds of men when they heard the name of a *French Republic* was that of foreign invasion and territorial war; but before the clock had thrice gone its rounds, a more electrical and irresistible irruption had taken place—the enemy was at the gates in the shape of raving demagogues and armed mobs—war had broken out, not between nations with the stately parade of armies, but in the heart of society, between class and class, between governments and the governed. On the 29th of February, Baden, still foremost in the race of democracy, had extorted from its ministry freedom of the press, trial by jury, and the right of bearing arms; for in all these outbreaks the rights of a free people were instantly coupled with the menaces of armed democracy. In Stuttgart, on the 2nd of March, the same demands were complied with. Nassau, Brunswick, Saxony, Hesse, Weimar, followed in the same track. The Germanic Diet made a vain attempt to stand at the head of the nation, and hoisted the tricolor of Germany, hitherto borne only by turbulent students or fanatical outlaws: but meanwhile fifty-one private persons assumed in Heidelberg the right to dictate the future constitutive Powers of the German Nation—for in that unparalleled moment every man seemed to command the distracted people except those who ought to have performed the duties of authority. In Germany and in Italy every power had bowed like grass to the wind, and the shock drove with augmented violence against the Austrian Empire, where, for the reasons we have already briefly indicated, nothing was prepared to resist it. Prince Metternich had long foreseen the danger, and was on his guard against the attacks which he hoped to repel on the outworks of the monarchy; but so sudden was the stroke and so universal its effect, that all his dispositions were utterly baffled, and the struggle began—if struggle it can be called—once for all, in the streets of the capital, in the seat of government, in the very chambers of the palace.

At Prague, on the 2nd of March, some of the leading members  
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of the Bohemian aristocracy, who were known for their liberal opinions, signed a declaration of their fidelity to the throne, accompanied with a hope that more efficient national representation might be conceded to the people. But it was at Pressburg, where the Diet of Hungary had already reached a high state of political excitement, that the blow from without was most intensely felt. On the night of the 3rd of March Kossuth pronounced the first of those burning harangues which disclosed the projects he already entertained for the dismemberment of the Empire. He affected, indeed, to touch the loyalty of the Magyars by a direct allusion to the probability of an abdication of Ferdinand in favour of that youthful sovereign whose rights Kossuth afterwards most fiercely contested—and he protested that the second founder of the House of Hapsburg would be the prince who should unite the different races of the monarchy in the bonds of one constitutional system. But he already repudiated the connexion between the financial interests of Hungary and of the Empire—he availed himself of the commotion produced by that crisis of bewilderment to bring to a point the agitation which had long been secretly working in Hungary—and either by an instinct of revolution, or from some previous acquaintance with the state of the democratic party in Vienna, he proposed the immediate appointment of a popular deputation to the capital, which was destined to play a considerable part in the scenes of the following week.

Meanwhile, the state of Vienna itself indicated an unwonted excitement in that easy and self-indulgent city: and the gradual but rapid steps by which the Viennese were borne onwards from the declarations of loyalty, which were familiar to them, to the last excesses of rebellion, are not the least curious part of this history. It still remains doubtful how far this downward progress was the result of accident and the blind impulse of the times, or how far it was secretly conducted by more skilful and unscrupulous hands. But the extreme suddenness of the first shock excludes the idea of preparation, and though the subsequent and more violent convulsions of Vienna were kindled or aggravated by foreign influence, the insurrection of March seems there, as well as elsewhere, to have begun by spontaneous combustion.

On the 6th of March an address was presented by the Trades' Union of Vienna to the Archduke Francis Charles and Count Kolowrat, which implied the equivocal disposition of the people—but it was received with unsuspecting confidence by the Archduke. It dwelt upon the connexion between Austria and Germany; for the first impression of the people of Vienna on hearing the cry for a renewed Empire, had been that their capital was once more to become the seat of Imperial power over Germany,  
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and their sovereign to resume the honours so long enjoyed by his race. These considerations, however, were soon mingled with other designs. A petition was prepared, addressed not to the Emperor, but to the Estates of Lower Austria, which demanded no less than the complete establishment of the representative system of government; and this petition lay publicly for signature in Vienna, unnoticed by the police, until the 12th of March—the eve of the revolution; and it was remarked as a singular presage that amongst the names attached to it some indicated a high position in the official service of the administration.

But a more decided warning of the approaching storm was given on the 12th of March by the students of Vienna. These young gentlemen thought proper to inform their sovereign, in an address which was voted by acclamation in a very tumultuous assembly, that in their judgment freedom was the strongest band between prince and people, and that the students of Vienna conceived themselves to be discharging the duties of good citizens in expressing their conviction that the realization of this freedom was absolutely necessary in the present eventful crisis of the world by the following concessions to the people of the Empire:—viz. freedom of the press and of public speech for the establishment of confidence between prince and people; improvement of popular instruction, with liberty of teaching; equality of religious sects in civil rights; and oral procedure with publicity in the law courts, especially of the German provinces. In these demands there was nothing which a wise government might not at some time, and under certain conditions, have conceded; but the mode in which these and similar demands were preferred by a parcel of boys was sufficiently characteristic of the universal disorder. The Professors ought to have controlled these political manifestations in the schools, but Doctors Hye and Endlicher, belonging to the faculty of law, encouraged the meeting. The lads threatened to force their way to the Presence-chamber of the Emperor with their address, and a state of total insubordination broke out in the University, which for many succeeding months rendered the Aula the head-quarters of the revolution.

These and many similar indications ought to have warned the Government of the dangers which the approaching convocation of the States of Lower Austria naturally enhanced. Early in March an anonymous placard was affixed to the doors of the Supreme Court of Justice, announcing the Constitution for the middle of the month. The Chancellor himself received many anonymous letters and warnings to the same effect; and so general was the impression that some extraordinary event would mark the 13th, that people took windows in the vicinity of the States'

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House to watch the unwonted aspect of a Vienna mob. To all these causes of apprehension the police authorities replied that there was nothing to fear; and the ministry, still unconscious of its own unpopularity or of the extent of the hostile strength, absolutely refused and neglected, even after the recent disaster in Paris, to take any extraordinary precautions for the public safety. Prince Metternich himself was evidently deceived by the excessive proximity of the catastrophe he had so long predicted. The pride of the Austrian Government forbade it to act as if the enemy were already within the sanctuary of its power, and that police which had been supposed to be the most perfect instrument of the Metternich system failed to give the warning of its dissolution. The barometer quivered at every passing shower, but remained untouched by the approaching earthquake.

At nine in the morning of the 13th of March a crowd of students, decorously dressed and unarmed, crowded the inner court of the building in which the States of Lower Austria were about to assemble. The deputies took their seats, but the popular excitement out of doors had already risen to a considerable height. Some Polish emissaries harangued the crowd, and a strange interchange of patriotic declamation took place between the orators of the Chamber upstairs and the populace in the court below. No order seems to have been maintained—no measures had been taken for the preservation of the peace. Shortly afterwards, the mob, headed by the students, forced its way into the hall, where, instead of offering that resistance to a revolutionary attack which their station and character required, the members of the Assembly at once concurred in the demands of the populace, and agreed to march at its head to the palace: A joint address of the States and the people was prepared—but torn to pieces as too moderate. ‘Down with Metternich!’ was the universal cry of the maddened city. The rout of moonstruck citizens, led by a crew of boys, made their way to the Burg. As yet nothing had occurred which deserved more notice than a street-row on the part of the people: now, the States of the province, with their Marshal at their head, lent a greater significance to this violent proceeding—and yet on the part of the Government the same apathy still prevailed.

The error committed at that moment, and in all the succeeding occurrences of those distressing days, arose from a misplaced desire to mediate between an irritated people and the insulted dignity of the Crown. Whatever concessions it might have been desirable to grant afterwards, the Government of a great empire had but one reply to make to a mob. The Conference of State, however—conscious that the personal qualities of the Emperor would

would be of no avail at such a moment, and that the troops in Vienna formed but an inconsiderable garrison, commanded by a young prince wholly unacquainted with street-warfare, and that they were ill-prepared for such a contest—still remained incurably averse to the decided measures which the case urgently required. The Emperor therefore assured the States that the demands of the people should be referred to a committee, and recommended the citizens to keep the peace. But such recommendations were ill-bestowed. The excitement was intense. The presence of the military, who were drawn out only to be exhausted by fatigue and insult, increased the unpopularity of a Government which had allowed itself to be defied with impunity. No fighting took place, but a few shots were fired here and there with effect. A larger number of victims perished by the pressure of the crowd.\* The tumult increased, and fears were entertained at nightfall for the security of houses and property, which were threatened with fire or plunder by the loose bands already prowling through the faubourgs.

Several hours had now elapsed from the commencement of the insurrection at ten in the morning to the twilight of a March evening; yet although we have accounts of these occurrences from eye-witnesses who passed a great part of that day in the Imperial Palace, it is nowhere stated that the Conference of State and the Ministers gave any efficient commands to the army or the police, or had adopted any plan whatever of defence and resistance—a fact which is the more inconceivable after the very recent example of the consequences of a similar neglect of the duties of authority in Paris. Each successive deputation to the palace counselled concession and increased the general panic. Amongst these supplicants who crowded the apartments of the Archduke Louis, came the Rector Magnificus of the University, in full robes, at the head of the Academic Senate—a strange mouthpiece of revolution. The petition of this learned body was that *arms should forthwith be delivered to the students* out of the Imperial arsenal, to enable them to protect life and property in the suburbs. This request to arm the very lads, who without arms had begun the mischief and kindled the conflagration, might well excite some surprise. But the Rector Magnificus, dropping on his knees before the Archduke, conjured him to place reliance on these boyish

\* The whole number does not seem to have exceeded fifteen. It is a characteristic circumstance, that when these 'heroes of March' were carried with national honour to the grave, the funeral oration was delivered by a *Jew preacher* of one of the chief synagogues of Vienna. To convey a correct idea of the ignominy of such rites, the abject condition of the Jews in the Austrian empire must be borne in mind; but the Jews have found ample opportunities in these disturbances to be revenged on the 'Christian dogs' for centuries of oppression.

volunteers.—‘Two thousand of them,’ said he, ‘are in such a state of excitement, that if force is to be used against them they will rush on the bayonets of the troops; let this ardour be turned to the defence of property and order; the troops are feeble in numbers and exhausted by the fatigues of the day, and the students will show themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them.’

This nonsense, delivered by a schoolmaster to the rulers of an Empire at the crisis of a revolution, had its effect. Archduke Louis, with his customary good-nature, but with very little good sense, granted the petition, and a Minute was drawn up to the purport that ‘For the maintenance of tranquillity and order the students should be armed, with the exception of foreigners.’ The Minute was handed over to the Ministers, who raised no objection, but as it passed from hand to hand one of the Members of the Estates then present in the Imperial apartments added in pencil, ‘It will also be expected that all the citizens will join the burgher-guard for the restoration of order.’ These words were thought perfectly natural; and so, by the folly of some and by the treachery of others, the whole population of Vienna was armed by order of the Government in the midst of a revolution. An attack which had already been made on the arsenal previous to this order had been repulsed by the troops, and some few insurgents had fallen on the spot. It was night when the doors of the arsenal were opened to the people. A thousand torches glared in the building. Weapons were rapidly passed from hand to hand.\* An hysterical and unnatural joy seemed to pervade the illuminated city. The mob plundered some houses in the suburbs, where the troops were still kept on the alert. But whilst these scenes were passing out of doors, a more momentous revolution was taking place in the Imperial Closet.

No sooner had the concession of the arms been obtained, which in fact included all the rest, than a cry arose in the same rooms of the palace for liberty of the press. The Prussian declaration, which abolished the censorship on the 8th of March, had chanced to appear in the Vienna Gazette of that morning—in the state of the city and the palace resistance at that point was impossible—and accordingly Prince Metternich sat down at a writing-table in the next room to draw up—under the dictation

\* Every visitor of Vienna will remember that the city contained two arsenals, the Imperial and the Civic, both situated in the heart of the town and undefended. The attacks upon these buildings and the promiscuous distribution of arms to the people, both in Vienna and in Berlin, may serve as a lesson of the imprudence of placing large deposits of arms in such situations. The trophies and relics they contained were plundered, and in October the sword of Skanderbeg was sold in the streets of Vienna for a couple of shillings.

of a turbulent populace—a declaration in favour of the liberty of the press! No sooner had he retired for this purpose from the principal apartment, than a cry was heard for the removal of the great minister, whose presence even in that hour seemed to exercise some control over the bystanders. Startled by the noise Prince Metternich rejoined the Archduke, and learned that his own dismissal was the next point in the demands of the people; and it must be added that he perceived, from signs to which the author of the 'Genesis' has not adverted, that the Court was not less disposed to drop an obnoxious servant, than the enemies of order to be rid of the prime object of their old awe. The short-sightedness and cowardice of the Court were severely expiated; but, on the other hand, it must be acknowledged, that in the course of that day the government of which Prince Metternich was the head had not shown the degree of vigour calculated to confirm the habitual confidence of the Imperial family. The statesman who had played so great a part in the affairs of Europe and the government of his country for upwards of the third of a century, fell with extreme composure and dignity. To the Archduke he tendered his resignation as the last proof of his devotion to the interests of the monarchy—to the surrounding and impatient crowd he protested that his resignation changed nothing in the fabric of the State, and that empires only disappear when they dissolve themselves! In the evening a band of the miscreants who were now roving about the city without let or hindrance, attacked and sacked Prince Metternich's private residence in the suburbs, and the aged ex-minister, whose mild and amiable personal character and manners will hardly be denied by the most rabid of his censors, effected his escape, to the great relief of his friends, by the road to Bohemia. Thus ended the first day of the Austrian Revolution.

Whatever may have been the designs of the revolutionary party and of the foreign emissaries who took part in this insurrection, previous to the 13th of March neither they nor any one else could have anticipated that they should encounter no resistance from a police famed for vigilance and a garrison of regular troops, and that every concession would successively be made on their first bidding, even to the deposition of the virtual Ruler of the Empire. Accordingly, the first day of the revolution was marked by no distinct plan, and seems to have followed the mere impulse of sedition. But the discomfiture of the Government was already complete, and the democratic party hastened to turn it to their advantage.

On the morrow the streets of Vienna were thronged with irregular bodies of armed men claiming to belong to the burgher guard,

guard, in place of the trusty and regular defenders of the State. The Court selected Count Hoyos for the command of the National Guard, as it was then first called, and Archduke Albert, who had acted on the preceding day, though inefficiently, in command of the troops, transferred his authority to Prince Windischgrätz, who had just arrived in Vienna. A popular address, written by Bauernfeld, was placarded at all the corners of the streets, calling upon the people to secure the broadest concessions of constitutional government. The palace was still infested by timid counsellors or false friends, who pressed on to the presence of the Emperor, and though they were driven back from the door of the closet by a haughty Hungarian chamberlain, who still stemmed, with his hand on his sabre, the torrent of democracy, they penetrated by a side-passage, and obtained from the easy and alarmed Prince another declaration that the censorship was abolished and the press free. At that moment 'freedom of the press' was the prevailing cry of the most illiterate capital in Europe. A huge placard with that popular shibboleth was thrust into the reluctant grasp of the statue of Joseph II. on the Burg-platz, whilst the leaders of the revolution artfully circulated, in order to keep alive the excitement of the multitude, a report that the Government was seeking to elude its engagements. Credulous of evil, the people were even more prone to distrust their own success than to turn it to advantage. All means were employed to foment agitation in the streets and panic in the seat of government. A wretched playwright who had written a couple of farces for the Court theatre rushed into the palace with every mark of terror to announce the advance of fresh hordes of the mob. But by this time Prince Windischgrätz, who alone seems to have retained in these scenes his judgment and composure, had arrived, and had taken measures to provide for the physical safety of the Court. Its moral decisions were still under coercion, and in the night of the 14th a family council was held, at which the young Archduke Francis Joseph, now Emperor of Austria, was present, to determine whether a constitution should or should not be offered by the Crown to satisfy the wishes of its subjects.

The rapidity with which the resignation of Prince Metternich was offered and accepted had left the principal office in the State unfilled; Count Kolowrat however still remained. Prince Windischgrätz had fortunately assumed the temporary governorship of Vienna. Count Münch Bellinghausen, Baron Kubeck, with Count Hartig, the author of the book before us, and Baron Pilgram, besides the Archdukes, formed this council. The result of their deliberations was announced next morning in the following terms:—

'His

‘His Majesty, in consideration of the present political circumstances, has resolved to convoke the estates of the German and Slavonian empires, as well as the central congregation of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, by delegates around the throne, in order to ensure their co-operation in legislative and administrative questions. Accordingly, His Majesty will give the necessary directions for the meeting of this assembly on the 3rd of July, if not before.’

The cautious terms of this declaration sufficiently indicate that, although a great revolution had in reality been effected, it was still in the hands of men retreating with their front to the enemy. The news spread like wildfire through the city, and was hailed with general enthusiasm; but ere long it was remarked that the word ‘constitution’ had been omitted in this rescript, and that the document had not been published in the Vienna Gazette. Suspicion was excited, and the concession, which had been hailed with gratitude an hour before, was already despised and distrusted. It was then resolved to issue an imperial patent embracing all the great concessions of liberty of the press, a national guard, and the immediate convocation of the Estates of the realm, with a view to the CONSTITUTION of Austria; and this patent was countersigned by Count Inzaghi as Chancellor, Baron Pillersdorf, Baron Weingarten, and a Hofrath. The old and trusty councillors of the empire had retired from the scene, and the triumph of the revolution was complete. The Emperor drove out in an open carriage, and was greeted with a frenzy of enthusiasm more appalling to the ears of a reflecting sovereign than the murmurs of discontent; whilst by a remarkable coincidence the Palatine of Hungary, accompanied by the deputation of the Magyars already alluded to, headed by Kossuth and Bathiany, entered Vienna and divided with his Majesty the applause of the multitude.

‘They were received with thousands and thousands of huzzas, and escorted to their lodgings. What then was the motive and the purport of such an ovation? *Visibly* these new comers had contributed nothing to the gifts from which the citizens of Vienna anticipated their happiness—there must then have been some *invisible* co-operation which led the populace to express its gratitude, not to the Emperor alone, but also to the men who arrived precisely at the decisive moment for the purpose of loosening the secular ties of Hungary and Austria, and to substitute other ties, less firm, or rather merely apparent, in their place. There can, in short, be little doubt that this deputation arrived at that moment for the purpose of assisting the revolution, if necessary, or, if not, of triumphing with it: the conduct of the Magyars in the following month of October raises this supposition almost to certainty.

In the midst of all this jubilation, the anarchists did not cease to work upon the suspicions of the people. Men whose external appearance was foreign to Vienna mingled with the throngs, and whispered with

with malignant caution, "Ere the Constitution is ready, the Russians will be here,"—*Hartig*, p. 196.

The organization of the democratic party in Europe, while still surprised by the suddenness of its own triumph, was not comparable to what it became in the following months, when the combined forces of German, Hungarian, and Italian anarchy fought their great battle in Vienna. But already in these first movements of the masses a very striking correspondence may be traced throughout Europe, denoting obedience rather than originality, and discipline rather than accident. The secret societies of the German handicraftsmen, in the annual passage of thousands of that class of men through Switzerland, had undoubtedly trained a considerable portion of the wandering population of labourers in socialist principles and revolutionary plans. Hungary, Sardinia, and France supplied a few leaders and directions, and, more than all, the example of success; insomuch that schemes which were in themselves so puerile and improbable that they were despised by the police itself, were suddenly converted into realities, triumphing over veteran statesmen and armies, and changing the course of history!

When the revolution of the 15th of March was consummated Austria remained without a government; for on the one hand that convulsion had paralyzed the former administration and deprived it of its real head, but on the other it had not brought into power the leaders of the popular cause. The Archduke Louis still remained in an important position; and the materials employed to reconstruct the cabinet were fragments of the edifice which had been overthrown. The ministry thus appointed on the 20th of March consisted of six men who, according to Baron Pillersdorf, had never previously exchanged opinions or concerted any political system, and whose programme was therefore wholly unknown to their country, and, we may add, to themselves. Count Kolowrat assumed the nominal and provisional presidency of the council, Count Ficquelmont the direction of foreign affairs, Count Taaffe the department of justice—Baron Kubeck retained (for a few days only, from ill health) the finances, which he was peculiarly qualified to direct—and Baron Pillersdorf took the home department, which at that crisis involved the fate of the empire, and gave him the real direction of the government. His was the name which the people received with the greatest favour; for, although he had grown grey in the service of the State, he was supposed to have the energy and the convictions necessary to accomplish the work of reform. The difficulties of his position were immense, but we are bound to say that no man was ever selected more unfit to perform its duties. His whole administration

tration was a series of concessions and calamities, each aggravating the effect of what had gone before. He lowered the authority of the Crown without regulating that of the people. He allowed more than half the empire to slip from his grasp altogether; Hungary ceased to acknowledge the rulers of Austria—Lombardy was in the hands of the enemy—Bohemia in arms—Germany in dissension. Lower Austria and Vienna itself became the focus of a malignant revolution rather than the seat of empire. Throughout this gloomy and humiliating period of Pillersdorf's administration the fierce and subversive spirit remained unsubdued—nay, rather, whilst it availed itself of the weakness of the ministry to strike a firmer hold on the delusions and growing wants of an excited and impoverished people, it was preparing for the great struggle which came in October, and which alone decided whether Austria was to give war or peace, government or anarchy, death or life to Central Europe.

The first errors of the Cabinet were that they affected to treat the inchoate constitution, and the mere promise of representative government, as if it had already imposed on them the restrictions and the duties of constitutional ministers. They set at naught that monarchical authority which was still the strongest tie of the empire, and they recognised an indefinite power which paralyzed their own activity when it should have been most energetic. One of the concessions of the 15th of March had been the abolition of the censorship of the press, to be accompanied by a law to repress the abuse of that popular engine. The censorship was abolished, but no sooner were legislative conditions proposed than the Aula of Vienna, or Academic Club, protested against them with success; the Minister yielded, and throughout the whole period which ensued the press was as absolutely unshackled by any obligations of law as by any considerations of decency and duty. Events succeeded each other with incredible rapidity. On the 20th of March the insurrection of Milan had broken out, and Radetzky was retreating on the Adige. On the 2nd of April the standard of the German tri-colour waved from the tower of St. Stephen's, and a few days later the Austrian deputies were chosen for the Frankfort Convention. Bohemia was agitated by the precursors of a Slavonian movement. Hungary had been consigned to an independent ministry, whose measures we are not now called upon to discuss, and on the 10th of April the Emperor had been conveyed to Pressburg to sanction a statute which dismembered his empire, and threw another kingdom into the whirlpool of the revolution. But in the midst of this chaos Baron Pillersdorf attempted to allay the storm by the immediate promulgation of a complete constitution framed on the Belgian model, which of course

course superseded the regular convocation of the States promised on the 15th of March. This constitution of the 25th of April existed for just twenty days, and perished in a street-riot, to make way for a more peremptory display of revolutionary predominance. In the mean time the streets of Vienna were daily disturbed by violent, though not sanguinary, ebullitions. The Archbishop was insulted in his palace by a mob. Count Ficquelmont was tracked to the house of his daughter, the Princess Clary, and compelled to resign. This circumstance placed Pillersdorf at the head of the Cabinet. But no measures were taken for the restoration of order and the vindication of the law. Instead of the precautions required by the state of the capital, the Emperor was induced on the 4th of May to publish a sentimental proclamation, countersigned by Pillersdorf, and addressed to his 'beloved Viennese,' in which he exhorted the populace to be quiet, and assured them that His Imperial Majesty was no where more at his ease than in the midst of the inhabitants of Vienna, surrounded by the National Guard and the Academic Legion.

'The minister,' says Count Hartig, 'who after such repeated popular excesses could propose to his Sovereign such an address to an excited people and countersign it, has left behind him a document which can hardly admit of two opinions as to his fitness for the exalted post he had accepted.'

The Cabinet, which had already lost all the men of weight and experience in civil affairs it had contained, was recruited by more popular elements. Baumgartner, originally a professor of natural philosophy, and more recently director of the Imperial tobacco manufactory, became minister of public works—Doblhoff, an empty demagogue, minister of agriculture and commerce. He was destined soon afterwards to pass to the department of the interior, which he held during the Constituent Diet with signal incapacity. But whilst the ministry became more feeble, the revolutionary party gained in audacity and strength. A club, called the 'Political Committee of the Vienna National Guard,' was formed in connexion with the Academic Legion, and a regular official establishment was conceded to it in the late palace of the Bohemian Chancery, under the presidency of Professor Endlicher. This body formed a perfect school of sedition, and worked with as much energy on the labouring classes as M. Louis Blanc in the conference of the Luxembourg. At length, to use Baron Pillersdorf's own account of it, this 'Central Club drew within the reach of its discussions and decisions all political transactions and all the steps taken by the Executive power.' The ministry found itself compelled

compelled to protest against this usurpation, and the result was another struggle, followed by a more signal defeat.

The same fermentation was going on at both extremities of Europe, and on the 15th of May—the very same day which was marked by the invasion of the Parisian Assembly and the great outbreak at Naples—a mob of students and National Guards forced its way into the Burg, in which unwonted locality, strangely enough, the Cabinet had met to deliberate. The '*braves ouvriers*' of the Faubourgs, who by this time were emulous of the distinctions won by their Parisian brethren, joined the *émeute*, and it was remarked with alarm, even by the democratic leaders, that they came provided with sacks and baskets to carry off the plunder of the aristocratic mansions of Vienna. The National Guard demanded to occupy the posts of the Palace and the city in equal force with the troops of the line. All these demands were already conceded by the trembling Government, when Dr. Giskra, a professor of laws and philosophy, rushed into the throng and declared that nothing was obtained if they had not a *Constituent Assembly of the nation sitting in one chamber*. This last demand had not emanated from the masses; it was the work of that conclave which was secretly leading the revolution. In fact, when it was made the agitation had ceased, and the mob had retired from the antechamber of the palace. Yet in the course of that evening another party of demagogues penetrated into the house of the prime minister, and extorted from his fears a written assent to these further concessions. The unhappy statesman fulfilled his pledge by a surprise on his feeble sovereign, without the knowledge of his colleagues or of the heir to the throne. The proclamation of the 16th of May, which abrogated all that had preceded it, by surrendering the empire and the constitution itself to the hands of a popular assembly, was the work of Pillersdorf alone, though subsequently countersigned by his colleagues. Just two months had sufficed to bring the empire from the system of Prince Metternich to the verge of a Convention! Having arrived at this point, when every fault had been committed and every duty neglected, there remained but one enormity for the Government to perpetrate. Terrified at the result of its own weakness—it tendered its resignation at the moment it had yielded everything to the revolution. The persons of the Imperial family were notoriously in danger. The preceding evening had seen the armed mob in the corridors which led to the Imperial apartments. The garrison was divided and distracted by the miserable and insulting position in which it had remained since the 13th of March; and the Court, which had yielded everything to its treacherous and incompetent advisers, found itself forsaken by them in the very moment

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that it completed the sacrifice. Baron Pillersdorf states, with insufferable pedantry, that this resignation was in perfect accordance with constitutional principles, and argues that all military resistance was impossible in the immediate presence of the sovereign. But his error throughout seems to have been that he mistook the clamour of the mob for the right of the nation, and replied to the brutal demands of a revolution by an appeal to the abstract principles of a constitution which had as yet no existence, and which the people were violating before it had been established.

Thus far the progress of the drama presented so many points of resemblance to the great French convulsion of 1789, though with far less of sanguinary levity on the part of the people, that it might well be imagined that the same avenging angel was about to visit another sovereign house with the chastisement of nations, and already that fatalism which has seemed heretofore to attend the march of revolutions, consigned the descendants of the Hapsburgs to exile or to death. That such presentiments harassed the Imperial family cannot be doubted; but they were repelled and conquered by the strong though unpretending sense of duty of the Archdukes, by the youthful spirit of the heir presumptive, by the piety and judgment of the Empress, who played a most important though unseen part in these events, and by the energy of the Archduchess Sophia, prepared as she became at length to sacrifice even her own ambition to the welfare of the empire and the dignity of her son.

Throughout the revolution, the discreet, right-minded, and patriotic conduct of the Court was a tower of strength to the permanent interests of the empire; for the Imperial family remained united and collected in its policy when every province seemed torn asunder, and every statesman distracted by the storm. The determination of the Court to quit Vienna, after the scenes of the 15th of May, was in reality the first blow dealt at the revolution—for it established what in those days seemed almost forgotten, that the mobs of great cities are not the permanent masters of the governments which reside in them, and that the rights of sovereign power are independent of the place in which they may be exercised.

The destructive party availed itself of the flight of the Emperor and of his family to prefer accusations against the aristocracy, which was said to have removed these illustrious personages in order to be revenged on Vienna, and against a so-called Camarilla supposed to have given this advice. Both these representations are completely untrue. The events of the 15th of May, and the publications of the following day, might well awaken in the Imperial family the sentiment that they were no longer safe in Vienna; and the moment when the Emperor could

no longer entrust the custody of his own house, like any private person, to guards of his own choice and confidence, may have reminded the Empress Maria Anna of the imprisonment of Louis XVI.—for she had spent her childhood in the island of Sardinia, to which her parents had fled from the consequences of the first French Revolution, and she had been brought up in the traditions of the Reign of Terror. It may therefore be understood, that a strong wish was felt to withdraw from similar dangers more than once repeated since the month of March, before the defence, or to speak more correctly, the custody of the Imperial palace was made over to that National Guard, a large part of which had already grossly failed in its duty and respect to the sovereign. The arrangements for the joint occupation of the palace by the troops and the National Guard were to be carried into effect on the 17th of May; there was therefore no time for delay if this very natural wish was to be acted upon. The strictest secrecy was observed, and no one of the household was acquainted with the plan. A drive to Schönbrunn was proposed in the evening, and from thence orders were first given to proceed along the road. A servant was ordered to announce the departure of the Court to the minister of war. This minister hastened to acquaint his colleagues with the fact, and retained the messenger in the War Office until he was interrogated by the Cabinet. All he could say was, however, that the Emperor had resolved to travel to the Tyrol for the sake of his health, and that the Imperial family had resolved not to quit his Majesty. The household and the aristocracy of Vienna were not less surprised by this departure than the ministers and other inhabitants of the capital.—*Hartig*, p. 299.

Had there been any confidential relations between the Court and the Cabinet, or had the ministers shown a spark of resolution in defence of the sovereign whom they nominally served, the departure of the Emperor might have been turned at once to considerable advantage. The citizens of Vienna were pained and alarmed by an event which wounded their vanity, and reminded them that the ties of loyalty and trust which had so long united them to the patriarchal family of their princes, were virtually broken. Addresses came in from some of the provinces, especially from Styria and Silesia, strongly hostile to the last excesses of the revolution. The Emperor was received with enthusiasm in the Tyrol, and Vienna began to comprehend that the empire might be governed even though anarchy raged within her walls. No republican feeling was manifested, and a libel which had been circulated by foreign agents to the effect that the last day of the Emperor's presence in the capital would be the first day of *the Republic*, was torn down with contempt. The Cabinet had professed to have been deterred from vigorous measures on the 15th of May by the proximity of the Court. The Court was now at a distance and in safety, yet the ministers were more reluctant to act than before. They had, however, one man amongst them who  
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continued in his own department to serve the State with inflexible fidelity and unwearied industry, and who, if he had been invested with due authority, might even then have commenced the restoration of legitimate rule. His peculiar excellence, however, consisted in his talents as a military administrator rather than as a political chief, and he took but little part in the conflicts of each succeeding day. The upright and gallant Latour, for it is to him we allude, had been for some time at the head of the War Office. At that very moment when the springs and wheels of Government seemed broken and scattered—when the most considerable army of the monarchy had suddenly been driven back from Milan to the Adige, and Hungary began, for the first time, to grudge her military supplies for the defence of the empire—with an empty treasury, a fugitive Prince, and an exhausted commissariat—Latour was already supplying with the steady application of a veteran on a field of battle the means which were ere long to retrieve the fortunes of that cloudy day. The army, though dispirited and even crest-fallen, wanted only to be called upon by its chiefs, and emancipated from the fatal contact of the armed citizens, to do its duty and to save the monarchy. But the time was not yet come. The evil had not reached its height. The presumption of the civil authorities still repressed the energy of the military power. The house was burning, but, to use a homely figure, the lodgers kept out the firemen.

The morning after the retreat of the Emperor the fact was announced in a feeble proclamation to the bewildered city, and the ministers disclaimed, truly enough, all knowledge of his Majesty's plans. They retained office, however, provisionally, and indeed had now lost the opportunity of shaking off their perilous honours. Count Hoyos was immediately despatched to overtake the Emperor for the purpose of prevailing on the Court to return, but in vain; the ministers continued at Vienna to follow what they termed its constitutional system in complete independence of the sovereign. It was not till the end of July, when the National Diet was assembled in Vienna, and loudly demanded the return of the Court, that Ferdinand quitted his retreat among the faithful mountaineers of the Tyrol.

At last the ministers found themselves absolutely compelled to resort to some measures of repression. On the 20th May a law for the correction of abuses of the press was published, which however never came into operation, because the machinery for striking juries, by which such offences were henceforward to be tried, was not yet in existence. On the 25th of May a more decided measure was adopted and announced—namely, for the dissolution of that fatal 'Academic Legion' which the pompous Rector Magni-

ficus had called into being on the sinister evening of the 14th of March. The task was not an easy one, for the fidelity of the National Guard was dubious, the resistance of the students certain. The troops employed were far too weak to command obedience, and the Legion soon found itself supported by sympathising National Guards and bands of workmen. Baron Pillersdorf seems mainly to have relied on his own powers of persuasion. They were treated with scorn. A report was spread abroad that Prince Windischgrätz was already marching against Vienna, and this added fuel to the fire. Barricades were raised in all the streets, and paving stones carried up into the houses; but these preparations were uncalled for. No attack was meditated on the anarchists. The principal members of the Committee of Public Safety and Count Montecucculi, who had taken a leading part in the municipal reform of Lower Austria, fled from the resentment of the populace, and the Government purchased another instalment of repose by an abject concession. The troops were consigned to the barracks. The city gates were placed in the hands of the National Guards and the Academic Legion, which last corps retained an increasing power. Two regiments of the line, now obnoxious to the hatred of the people, were ordered to march to Italy. The loose elements of the revolution, encouraged by this absolute and easy triumph, were now consolidated into a 'Committee of citizens.' National Guards, and students of Vienna, for the maintenance of peace and order, and for the defence of the rights of the people, and in Vienna from that moment the whole power was in the hands of this pure ochlocracy. This popular body was expressly declared, on the 27th of May, to be independent of any other authority. In that state of anarchy the capital remained, and in that state the members of the Diet found it, when, by another capital error, they were convoked in the midst of these scenes and under the direct grasp of the mob. The strongest sympathy had been, of course, excited between the demagogues of Vienna and those who at the same time exercised a similar tyranny over Berlin and Paris. But for the present, the chief interest of the struggle lay in other parts of the monarchy, though it was to Vienna that these elements of discord converged, and it was there that the revolution was to fight its final and decisive battle.

Such was at that moment the state of the Austrian Empire, that in the later weeks of May, 1848, five distinct governments were in activity in its different kingdoms and provinces, all acting without reference to each other. The Court at Innsprück had wisely summoned to its councils the experience and wisdom

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of Baron Wessenberg, who succeeded Count Ficquelmont as Minister of the Imperial Household and of Foreign Affairs. To him was added Doblhoff, despatched from Vienna to keep up the necessary communications between the Court and the capital. Count Battyany was also part of the time at Innspruck, on behalf of the Hungarian government, and he succeeded in imposing on the Court a series of measures which served only to advance the revolution in that country; for no real control was or could be exercised over the Ministers at Pesth, although Prince Paul Esterhazy and Count Szechenyi still formed part of the Magyar Cabinet, with the vain hope of restraining their revolutionary colleagues. In Pesth the schemes of the Magyar separatists, and the triumph of the Radical faction in the National Ministry, became every day more apparent. Milan was in possession of Charles Albert—and Radetsky maintained an uncertain footing, in expectation of reinforcements and supplies, on the Adige. In Prague the movement had also reached a formidable pitch, and had ended on the 31st of May in the proclamation of a distinct National Ministry. In Vienna itself we have seen to what anarchy the interests of the State were consigned. When Charles V. fled from Innspruck by torchlight, and crossed the Alps before Maurice of Saxony amidst the storms and terrors of defeat, the star of the House of Austria was scarcely more dim than when the scanty retinue of Ferdinand reached that same refuge surrounded by the brave soldiers and loyal subjects of the Tyrolese valleys.

Our limits, already inadequate to a complete survey of these events, forbid us to enter upon the more extensive and complicated subjects of the foreign relations of the empire—the war in Italy, the dissensions of Germany, the dread of France; but we cannot omit to remind our readers that it was at the earlier stage of this crisis, and in the midst of these dangers, that the new Ministers of Austria appealed to the British Government for its moral support, and appealed in vain. The terms which Baron Hümmelauer was instructed to discuss in London, were, indeed, dictated by little short of desperation: but Lord Palmerston seems only to have thought how even those terms could be turned, not to the redemption of the empire, but to the advantage of his own perfidious Italian ally; and in rejecting them for even greater exactions, he lost the sole opportunity of obtaining the independence of Lombardy, which was his object, without contributing the least assistance to the embarrassed statesmen of Austria. When Wessenberg succeeded Ficquelmont the foreign relations of the empire began to improve. The appointment of the Archduke John to the post of Vicar-General of the Germanic body, served at least to perpetuate

petuate the connexion between Austria and her natural confederates. The alliance with Russia was promoted by the active and judicious friendship of the Emperor Nicholas, who seemed throughout this period to forget his own traditional interests and designs in his zeal for his allies. And the army of the empire continued to receive, from the steady spirit of Latour, a uniform and skilful direction which formed a striking contrast to the confusion of all civil government. Reinforcements were on their way to Italy—an available force was collected round Prague under the command of Windischgrätz—and if the Court could then have taken a more energetic resolution, the calamities which marked the following months might possibly have been brought to an earlier termination.

The first act of the Emperor from Innsbruck was, however, to address a manifesto to his subjects, accompanied by a letter of undeserved confidence to the Minister who had allowed the power of the Crown to be trampled under foot by a mob of students. The manifesto declared, that in the present state of Vienna, when the freedom of the Imperial family was threatened, the only alternative which remained was either to force a retreat with the help of the garrison or to withdraw in silence to the provinces still faithful to the Crown. The Emperor had taken the latter and more pacific course; and he still professed his resolution to maintain all the substantial constitutional privileges he had granted to the people since March, provided they were sanctioned by legal authority and not by the violence of armed factions. There can be no doubt that, instead of delivering these paternal exhortations, the duty of the Court was, after the fresh outbreak and conflict of the 26th of May, to appoint a military governor of Vienna and place the capital under martial law. The popular leaders were not as yet provided with cannon from the arsenal, and the orderly citizens would have felt they were not wholly abandoned by the Government; but the constant decline of all authority and the increasing despotism of the clubs and the mob had, before many months elapsed, reduced the whole city to a state of the most absolute subjection to the banditti who ruled the streets. Up to that time, however, no successful resistance had on any point been offered to the revolution, and wherever the torrent had burst its banks, the whole country lay inundated and desolate. A turn was, ere long, to occur in this disastrous series of events, but it still seemed remote and uncertain.

The revolution had from an early period assumed in Bohemia a distinct and peculiar character. The national sentiments of the Cheskian people had been excited for several years preceding the actual crisis by a somewhat forced revival of their literature, and

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by recollections of freedom and independence, which persecutions; now two centuries old, had failed to obliterate. When Count Stadion announced from his box in the theatre of Prague, on the 15th of March, that the constitution was proclaimed in Vienna, those words had to the Bohemians a meaning scarcely understood by most other provinces of the empire. They at once saw themselves in imagination at the head of the Slavonian population of Austria, just as the Magyars saw themselves absolute masters of Hungary and its dependencies; and the Government, which was making concessions in Vienna to a mere mob, was making concessions in Prague as in Pesth to the ambitious and avenging spirit of an awakened nationality. Their object was not indeed the dissolution of the Austrian monarchy, as it was contemplated by the Magyars or the Italians: on the contrary, the Bohemians were disposed to rely on the numerical superiority of the Slavonic race and on the ascendancy their own personal qualities had long given them in the affairs of the monarchy, to consolidate their power in Austria and its dependencies with no diminution of their loyalty to the Emperor or to the empire. Such was the spirit which prevailed amongst the body of Bohemian deputies who formed the *right* or moderate party in the Diet; and such on another point was the direction and the object pursued by Jelachich with the southern Slavonian populations. For some years past a secret association had existed in Prague among the lower class of citizens of Bohemian descent, by whom only Bohemian was spoken. On the occurrence of the revolution of February in Paris, this body at once assumed or avowed its political character, and on the 9th of March a meeting was called by anonymous letters at the St. Wenzelsbad, where a petition was adopted to the Emperor. The authorities had warned the citizens not to attend this meeting, but took no measures to prevent it; the consequence was that it consisted of about 1300 persons of the lowest rank, who elected by acclamation a committee as the nucleus of the movement party, and this committee assumed a permanent authority. As each succeeding day increased the force of the revolution, a second petition was shortly afterwards prepared, chiefly by a party of students, demanding popular representation on the broadest basis and a responsible Bohemian ministry residing in Prague. The committee, accompanied by some 200 armed students, forced the Governor-General of the kingdom, Count Rodolph Stadion (brother of the more eminent governor of Galicia), not only to receive but to *sign* that document. Submitting at once to this demand—to the great disgust of the more intelligent part of the city—he wrote to Baron Pillersdorf that ‘he could answer for nothing if all  
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was not granted.' All was granted. A National Guard was formed with the Bohemian cockade. Labour and wages were promised to the working classes. Committees were formed to prepare the most extensive reforms for the approaching Diet; and these committees were subsequently converted by another popular demonstration into a species of National *auschuss* or Committee, which was likewise recognised by the Governor. After these acts of weakness Count R. Stadion resigned, and Count Leo Thun, a young nobleman of great firmness and judgment, was raised to the post which his predecessor had only quitted after having abandoned every defensible point and given an uncontrollable impulse to the revolution. On the 1st of May an address was published by 21 members of the self-elected National Assembly, calling upon all the Slavonian provinces of the empire to 'appear by their representatives on the 31st of the same month in the ancient city of Prague, to take counsel for the interests of their race, and especially to counteract the absorbing influence of the Germanic body about to meet in Frankfort.' The Bohemians had already protested against any measure tending to identify them with the Confederation or Germanic empire. A Slavonian detachment of the National Guard, which was in truth an armed club, assumed the name of the Swornost: another club, called the 'Slovanska-Lipa,' was formed, which reckoned 600 members on the 24th of May. The picturesque streets of Prague were thronged with the uncouth figures and barbaric dialects of Poles, Moravians, Slowacks, Serbians, Illyrians, and all the races known only to Europe by the muster-roll of an Imperialist army. On the 2nd of June this strange congress of 'oppressed nationalities' opened its proceedings by fresh stimulants to the prevailing excitement. The old hymn of St. Wenceslas was sung round the relics of the Bohemian martyrs and in churches which had rung with the controversies of John Huss and the Utraquists. A Serbian pope said mass before the statue of King Wenceslas in the Rossmarkt, and passions as fierce as the flames of Constance, or as fatal as the rout of the White Mountain, started into life upon that bridge from which St. John Nepomuck had been plunged in the Moldau.

Prince Windischgrätz, who was in command of the military forces, and who had witnessed in Vienna on the 14th of March the consequences of a total want of preparation against a popular insurrection, began to take the necessary military precautions. These were of course regarded as a proof of reactionary tendencies. On the 7th of June a large meeting of the people resolved to petition the Emperor to remove Windischgrätz and to give the command to one of the Archdukes. Some disturbances

turbances took place, principally among the workmen in the cotton factories. On the 10th a vast assemblage was formed in the Carolinum—the building of the University, founded by the Emperor Charles IV.—to demand the withdrawal of the troops from certain strategical points which they had occupied on the Wyssehrad, and to require a battery of 6 guns, 2000 muskets, and 80,000 rounds of ball-cartridge, for the use of the town: both requests were refused. On the 12th a procession of the Swornost proceeded with revolutionary songs and tumult to the headquarters of the staff, and overpowered the sentinel. A shot was fired from the opposite house, aimed probably at Prince Windischgrätz, who might be seen in his rooms; it unfortunately struck his wife, a most amiable daughter of the House of Schwarzenberg, and killed her on the spot. That was the signal of the battle which raged for two days with extreme violence, and was renewed by the entrance of a fresh band of Czechs from the country into Prague on the evening of the 14th. The conflict ended in the entire submission of the town, the dissolution of the National Committee, many of whose members were implicated in the insurrection, and the postponement of the projected Diet of Bohemia. Many prisoners were secured—some of them with a complete plan of operations in their pocket, which had been skilfully and boldly executed by the popular leaders. ‘This was,’ says Count Hartig,

‘the first victory of lawful force gained in the stormy year 1848 over insurrection. That which had not been attempted, or had been attempted in vain, in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, and other cities of less note, was accomplished in Prague by the courage, judgment, and firmness of Prince Windischgrätz. His moderation and self-possession were unshaken in that terrible hour by the death of his own wife and by the severe wound of his eldest son, whose knee had been shattered by a ball in the midst of the city. He found strength in his high mission as the champion of legal order, and the freedom which that order can alone secure, against the savage despotism of fanatical democrats who were threatening all Europe with devastation, until upon the banks of the Moldau their course was stayed.’—p. 313.

It was stayed but for a time, and these brief details give a very imperfect picture of the violence of that contest. At the very outset of the struggle Count Thun, then Governor of the kingdom, had gone in person to the barricades to endeavour to arrest the effusion of blood. His remonstrances were the more in season, as he had acquired a deserved reputation for his acquaintance with the language and national interests of the Bohemian people; but they found no audience. He was seized by the students and kept in close custody for forty-eight hours, the leaders

leaders of the insurrection threatening to hang him if Prince Windischgrätz did not withdraw the troops. An attempt was even made by these ruffians to act upon the fears of his young wife to induce her to entreat the Governor to give way. With a spirit worthy of her position and her husband, the young Countess refused even to write one line of entreaty to divert him from the strict path of duty. Prince Windischgrätz declared that if a hair of his head were touched he would annihilate the Carolinum, in which he had been confined, and would put every man in it to the sword; and on the following afternoon Count Thun was liberated.

The government at Vienna, on the first tidings of this outbreak, sent down to Prague—not instructions to the Governor or reinforcements to the Commander-in-Chief—but two commissioners, Count Mensdorf and Baron Lazansky, empowered to supersede Prince Windischgrätz and to assume the administration of Bohemia. The removal of the Prince was precisely the object and the pretext of the insurrection, and to obey the absurd directions of the Cabinet was to capitulate at discretion. The Prince refused at first to surrender an authority confided to him by the Emperor, and Count Thun forcibly represented the extreme weakness and danger of such a proceeding. Nevertheless both these personages did resign—but in a few hours Count Mensdorf himself comprehended the absolute necessity of resistance, and the operations were successfully resumed. A heavy fire from the heights on the left bank of the Moldau appalled the city. The barricades were everywhere carried by the troops, and after three days' severe fighting Prague surrendered. This conflict was not only the first, but the most successful effort of the restored military power of the empire. The tranquillity of the capital of Bohemia has not been again disturbed, even during the October revolutions at Vienna, although at that period and in the course of the second Hungarian campaign the army was necessarily withdrawn from Prague; and in the subsequent debates of the Diet at Vienna and at Kremsier, the Bohemian party formed the nucleus of the constitutional majority opposed to the revolutionary designs of some other elements of the monarchy leagued with the democratic societies throughout Europe.

The period now approached when the Diet or constitutional assembly of the empire was to meet, and the elections were already going on, those of Bohemia having been somewhat delayed by the conflict at Prague. The Court remained at Innspruck, still undecided as to its course. When, in the month of May, Baron Wessenberg had accepted the arduous and perilous duties of head of the Government, it is understood that he had urged with great force,

force, and indeed as a condition of his acceptance, the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, and that the crown should pass at once, not to his Majesty's next brother, the Archduke Francis Charles, but to his son, the Archduke Francis Joseph, who would complete his eighteenth year on the 18th of August, 1848. The ambition of this young Archduke's mother, the Archduchess Sophia—a proud and energetic Princess of the House of Bavaria—resisted this proposal for the time, and it was in fact only carried into effect in the following December, with the consent of all parties. Meanwhile it was necessary to provide for the exercise of the functions of the Sovereign, though the Court was unwilling to return to Vienna, and though, if it had returned there, the consequence would have been only to place it in stricter dependence on the will of an uncertain popular assembly. The Court required securities for its own safety against the people; the people required them against what were termed the reactionary designs of the Court. In truth, as Count Hartig observes, the only securities which could have been of any avail must have consisted not in the indefinite promises of a multitude to keep the peace and obey the law, but in effectual precautions taken by the authority of the Crown to preserve and enforce them. No such precautions were taken by the Government: but the popular leaders supplied the want of *their* securities by more practical measures—they demanded cannon for the National Guard, and received *six entire batteries* from the Imperial Arsenal. The Court therefore resolved to remain at Innsbruck, and on the 16th of June a proclamation appeared by which the Archduke John was appointed the full representative or *Alter Ego* of the Emperor, not only for the opening of the Diet, but for all the business of Government. The consequence of this decision was, that from that day the Imperial power in the two principal cities of the empire—Vienna and Pesth—was absolutely committed to two personages wholly independent of each other, and acting by the advice or compulsion of discordant and even hostile ministries; whilst at the same time the *corps diplomatique* was summoned to Innsbruck by direct invitation of the Emperor. An attempt was made to form a new administration, not in immediate dependence on the threats of the clubs of Vienna; and Count Stadion, the Governor of Galicia, was sent for for that purpose: he was, however, of opinion that the time for him to act was not come. The same want of resolution still paralyzed the ablest servants of the Crown, and the afflicting malady which has since incapacitated Count Stadion from serving his country may already have affected his character: for we cannot but believe that a decided attempt

attempt made at that time to form a new administration, which should have convoked the Diet in Linz or Olmütz, under the eye of the Court and out of the reach of the mob of Vienna, might have proved successful, and would have prevented much of the bloodshed and misery that ensued.

The Archduke John assumed the duties of his office, as *locum-tenens* of his nephew, on the 25th of June, and as far as popularity and honesty of purpose went, no Prince of the Imperial House was better fitted to discharge these duties with success. But these same qualities had already caused an accumulation of tasks to be heaped upon him, each of which would have sufficed to employ the whole time and energy of a younger man. He was to represent the Sovereign in Vienna; he was to mediate between the Hungarians and Croats, already on the brink of war; and on the 28th of June he was elected to the office of Vicegerent of the Germanic empire. In the two former capacities no results attended his exertions, and shortly afterwards he withdrew altogether to Frankfort, where he still rendered an important service to Austrian interests by maintaining that counterpoise against the growing ascendancy of Prussia, which Austria had at that time no other means of supporting in the councils of Germany. In consequence of these engagements the formal opening of the Diet was postponed till the 22nd of July.

We shall not attempt minutely to describe the aspect or the proceedings of the assembly to which the fate of the Austrian empire seemed at that moment to be committed; but after a somewhat extensive perusal of its proceedings we retain no impression beyond that of its utter incapacity for any of the objects which it was chosen to promote. The list contains few names of political renown or previous experience. The best of its members were a few men connected with the scanty literature of Austria, amongst whom M. Borrosch, the bookseller of Prague, played a prominent part. Of the twenty-three deputies from Galicia twenty were peasants, who could not understand German, or read and write in any language—the rough hair, the unclean person, and the serge coat of these Polish shepherds were strange varieties in this Imperial Diet of a mighty realm. The structure of the constitution was no more than the nominal occupation of this miscellaneous assemblage; no measures were taken to forward that work, and even the declarations of the fundamental rights of the people, which had been drawn up in a loose and declamatory style, remained undiscussed when the catastrophe occurred. What this congregation really aspired to was the immediate direction of the Government by the terror which the revolutionary minority affected

affected to exercise over the capital, over the ministry, and over the empire. The representatives of the motley provinces of Austria assumed the name of a Sovereign Assembly; they exercised the authority of a Convention: but in the whole course of their existence they evinced no perception of the rights they were to defend, or the duties they were to fulfil. The only creditable portion of their career was the resistance offered by the Bohemian party to the extravagant demands of the 'Left,' though that resistance threw the revolutionary party back on their adherents out of doors; and precisely as the Mountain in the French Convention of 1793 derived its support from the Jacobin Club and from the Sections of Paris, the democrats of the Austrian Diet were at once sustained and impelled forward by external influences. There, however, the parallel stops, for though the agitation in Vienna was unceasing, and the anarchy of the capital complete, it was kept up rather by the relaxation of all authority over the people and by the intrigues of the foreign enemies of the Government, through Polish, Magyar, and Italian agents, than by any tendency on the part of the Viennese themselves to a total subversion of the monarchy. It must be borne in mind that the condition of the people, and especially of the masses of labouring population in the suburbs, had become frightfully necessitous. Money was more freely distributed by the leaders of the movement for building barricades than for any pursuits of lawful industry, which indeed were universally checked; and the Assembly continued to sit and to wrangle, within the grasp of the power which was one day to destroy all semblance of control and authority.

The first of these explosions after the opening of the Assembly, took place on the 23rd of August, and appears to have been confined to the class of workmen who were irritated at the reduction of wages which had just taken place. A conflict ensued near the Prater and the Brigittenau, between the mob and a detachment of the National Guard: six persons were killed, but the Government allayed the tumult by distributing relief, in the shape of fictitious public work, to the people. This opportunity was, however, wisely taken to dissolve the 'Committee of Public Safety,' on the ground of its having utterly failed to effect its professed object, whilst it secretly tended to favour the projects of anarchy. This determination of the ministry had been chiefly taken, and was defended by the influence of Bach, one of the representatives of Vienna, and by far the ablest man whom the revolution in Austria has raised from the circles of literature or the law to the higher posts of political power. Bach was then Minister of Justice; for Pillersdorf had fallen on the very first  
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vote of the Chamber, despised alike by all parties, and had been succeeded in the office of Minister of the Interior by Doblhoff. Doblhoff was weak and inefficient, but the evident necessity of resistance was acknowledged by the Government, even for the defence of the Assembly itself against the populace. On the 14th of September the disturbances were renewed with a more hostile and threatening character. Between five and six in the evening a considerable group of soldiers and National Guards had assembled in apparent amity before the offices of the Minister of War, when suddenly armed bodies of men, under command, and with a sort of military array, marched on to the ground. These leaders of the sedition consisted partly of National Guards and partly of persons wearing the ensigns of the Academic Legion, and they were distinguished by a printed bill or placard upon their hats to the effect that 'the restoration of the Committee of Public Safety could alone save the threatened liberties of the free-minded citizens of Vienna.' The Government instantly prohibited this placard, and Bach declared with great spirit in the Assembly on the following day, that Ministers were not blind to the gross illegality of such menaces in the mouths of a disciplined mob—for such was in fact the National Guard of Vienna. Unlike its prototype in Paris, the Viennese burgher guard had on almost every occasion surrendered itself to the democratic faction, and the violence of the battle which ultimately ensued was mainly attributable to the direct hostility of part of the National Guard and the army.

'Whoever,' said M. Bach on this occasion in the National Assembly, 'has watched the course of events for the last three weeks within and without this House—whoever has sought to penetrate to the more secret springs which have caused the agitation of the last fortnight—for the real leaders have not yet appeared on the surface—whoever has followed these disturbances attentively and dispassionately, will acknowledge the right of the Executive Government to oppose these manifestations. I do not doubt that unless a powerful force of the best portion of the National Guard, backed by the troops of the line, had at once advanced yesterday to put down this tumultuous body, the day would not have passed off as easily as it did. For three weeks past a crusade has been preached against the majority of this Chamber, as well as the Government which it supports, as the enemies of the people. Those who hear me cannot have forgotten the cry perpetually raised and proclaimed to the people as the doctrine of liberty:—*What matters it that the majority of the Chamber is against your cause, since behind the minority stands the whole body of the people?* I ask if that is a doctrine of constitutional government? and though I know the words I utter are poison to the enemies of freedom, it is not of them that I am afraid.'

This language sufficiently indicates the bitterness of feeling and the growing hostility which existed throughout the months of August and September, between what was called the constitutional Government of Austria and the ochlocracy of Vienna. But in order to comprehend the full force of these elements of discord it is necessary to advert to occurrences which were passing elsewhere, for the storm gathering in the eastern provinces was destined to break on St. Stephen's.

It is not our intention to attempt in this place to follow the course of events in Hungary; but our readers will bear in mind that throughout this eventful summer that kingdom was under the absolute control of an independent government, acting in constant defiance of the common rights and interests of the empire—recalling the Hungarian regiments from Italy when Charles Albert was still on the soil of Lombardy—despatching ambassadors to Frankfort to contract closer ties with the democratic faction of Germany in opposition to those German authorities whose sway the Hungarian ministers repelled—and fomenting both within and beyond the frontiers of Hungary whatever elements of revolution and dissolution were in their judgment best calculated to weaken and depress that power which they were seeking to betray and to dismember. For these reasons the Hungarian policy, as directed by M. Kossuth, may be traced throughout the disasters which crowded the summer of 1848: but by a singular compensation of retributive justice, whilst the Magyars were everywhere seeking to league themselves with the enemies of Austria, their own domestic oppression raised up the stoutest partizans of the Imperial dynasty on their own frontiers, and called forth the timely energy of a host and a commander which the Court itself had not suspected or hoped for.

The 11th of April, 1848, had witnessed the dissolution of the old Hungarian constitution, and whilst the triumphant Magyars exulted in a revolution which seemed to have realized the wildest dreams of their vanity and ambition, the other races and dependencies of the kingdom instantly perceived that the barriers which alone mitigated the paramount influence of that aspiring race had been swept away. They knew by experience that the very first object of such men as Louis Battyany and Kossuth would be to Magyarize the Slavonian and Croatian provinces, and even to cut their way by conquest if necessary to Fiume, on the Adriatic; for that port and the magnificent adjacent harbour of Porto R  had long been regarded, not without reason, as the points which most conveniently open the territories of Hungary to the trade and policy of Europe, although the population and geographical situation of those provinces exclusively connect them with  
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the southern Slavonian or Greek tribes, and with the possessions of Austria on the Adriatic coast. To such conditions the Croatsians were not prepared to submit, and at the very outset of the revolution they had appealed to the Sovereign by a deputation from Agram to protect their privileges from invasion. The Emperor was induced to give an assurance that the recent reforms in Hungary would change nothing in the union and internal ties of the monarchy; but he added a more practical proof of his own resolution to protect those ties by naming Baron von Jelachich to the office of Ban of Croatia, which had not been filled up since the Diet of 1834. As the nomination of Jelachich has been cited in proof of the faithless disposition of the Court towards the Hungarian ministry at that early period, it is important to remark that it was made and gazetted on the 28th of March, 1848, about fourteen days *before* the statute sanctioning the independent Hungarian ministry received the Royal Assent. It is therefore false that any Hungarian counter-signature was necessary to confirm the choice of the Ban, as Count Teleki has ventured to assert in his manifesto. The Croatian party lost no time in preparing to defend itself against what it held to be the aggressive and unjust policy of the Battyany ministry, and though they continued to profess the most unshaken loyalty to the King, and entire readiness to remain in dependence on the central authority of the empire, they refused to acknowledge the absolute power which the Magyars had extorted from the Crown to the great prejudice of other races inhabiting the same kingdom. For the first time too the authorities at Pesth assumed a right to command the military resources of the kingdom, forming part of the Imperial armies, and in particular to dispose of the powerful organization of the military frontier. This last pretension roused the Croatsians, in the latter half of May, to the verge of active resistance. Indeed although Agram was the centre of the political movement of the Croatian party, and the seat of its Assembly, civil war had broken out considerably earlier with the most appalling ferocity along the south bank of the Lower Danube. On Easter Sunday the Slavonian population of the Syrmian districts had risen against the Magyars. At Kikinda especially a frightful massacre took place, in which the Magyars slew defenceless citizens, violated the sanctity of the altar, and even mutilated the bodies of their prisoners. The patriarch of Carlowitz, Rajajitsch, swore a solemn oath upon the altar to avenge the unhappy races of the Wallachs and Slavonians—whilst along the frontier even to Transylvania, acting under the leadership of Bishop Schagura, these persecuted populations, forming the bulk of the inhabitants, were slaughtered and plundered by Magyar authorities

authorities and courts-martial, until they turned with exterminating fury upon their oppressors. The intercepted correspondence of Bem himself with Kossuth affords conclusive evidence of the aversion these sanguinary proceedings had inspired throughout those parts of the kingdom; and they produced of course a powerful effect when related, in the month of June, to the Slavonian Congress held in Prague.

Whilst these horrors were going on, still imperfectly known in the solitudes and wastes of that remote country, the Magyars, on the other hand, began to impute the resistance of those whom they considered as their Slavonian subjects and dependents to the secret instigation of the Court; and the more so as the vigorous remonstrances of the Slavonian Assembly at Agram coincided with the flight of the Imperial family to Innspruck. These suspicions so far prevailed, that the Hungarian Government caused the Ban to be summoned in disgrace to Innspruck—where he was confronted with Count Louis Batthyany, the Palatine Archduke Stephen, and Count Szechenyi—Prince Esterhazy being also present. The Ban defended his conduct: terms of accommodation were proposed: and at that moment hopes were entertained that a reconciliation would be effected by the Archduke John between these conflicting parties. These negotiations occupied the whole month of June: the Ban had left Agram on the 2nd of that month to dispel the intrigues of his enemies:—he returned to it on the 28th, and was received with universal enthusiasm. Meanwhile the agitation and preparations for resistance to the Magyars continued not only in Croatia and Esclavonia, but in Servia. On the 2nd of July the Radical Magyar Diet was convoked in Pesth—but it was attended by no deputies from the Slavonian dependencies of the Crown, except from the royal burgh of Essek on the Danube. We do not believe that Jelachich was suborned by the Court, or that any double game was played by the advisers of the Crown; for it is absurd to impute to Ferdinand at Innspruck any responsibility for the actions of ministers at Pesth, over whom he exercised in reality no control; and we have already seen the complete impotence of the Cabinet at Vienna even in the far nearer disturbances of Prague—nay, of Vienna itself. Their military resources, such as they were, were all directed to Italy. But a journey at that moment to the retreat into which the sovereign of that great empire had slunk from the turbulence of his capitals and the conflicts of whole races of his subjects, might have taught a lesson to a man of less powerful mind and less loyal resolution than Baron Jelachich. He at once perceived that the monarchy was expiring for want of a more vigorous direction and of military support; and although, when it became necessary to act, he scrupulously

pulously disclaimed all authority from the Crown, and even summoned the troops at their own risk and peril to join his standard, yet he had perceived, and perceived rightly, that the domination of the Magyars was equally opposed to the rights of Croatia and to the unity of the empire: insomuch that, in combating for those about him, he was also about to render even more essential services to those above him. On the 8th of August the Court quitted Innsbruck to return again to the capital; and though that measure had been taken in order to unite parties and conciliate the people, the state of Vienna at that very time gave premonitory indications that a more formidable crisis was at hand. The cause of the Ban was, therefore, more and more identified with that of the monarchy.

The Magyars, on their side, were so well aware that in attacking the Croatian provinces they were in reality assailing the firmest adherents of the empire itself, that they employed every artifice to win over the German population of Austria to their cause, and to foment the jealousy already entertained against the Slavonian party in the Imperial Diet, which had been returned by Bohemia and the other Slavonian provinces. They represented the real objects of the Ban to be not so much the protection of the monarchy and the defence of Slavonian nationality, as a plot for the restoration of absolute power and the subjugation of all other races. They negotiated with the Frankfort Parliament, but still more with the German democratic clubs, whether in Vienna or elsewhere—insomuch that the leaders of the revolution became their agents and allies, and in return were abundantly provided with money from the inexhaustible resources of M. Kossuth's bank-note press. The 6th of October brought all these preparations to their fatal consummation. But ere that day arrived, the month of September was still big with the most portentous events which had happened since the outbreak of the revolution. We have already seen that Vienna was in a state of permanent incandescence; the populace were armed; the garrison had been reduced, by the jealousy of the Assembly and by the demand for troops in Italy, to only 6000 men—and, the well-affected portion of the National Guard having rapidly fallen away, what remained of that body was rather favourable to anarchy than determined to resist it. The Italian campaign was, indeed, gloriously terminated; but the subterfuges of the Piedmontese Government, still speculating on the internal difficulties of the empire, and still supported by the illusions of Mr. Abercromby, forbade Radetzky to reduce his army. In Southern Germany extensive preparations had been made by the revolutionary party for a general explosion to take place on the 20th of September. The plan miscarried on the

the large scale on which it had been projected; it broke out partially on the 18th; and the democrats sustained a complete defeat on the barricades of Frankfort, and in some of the southern districts of Germany, where their leaders were arrested; but Prince Lichnowsky and Auersperg were barbarously murdered by the Frankfort mob, and the Constituent Assembly of Germany was only protected by the prompt advance and gallant conduct of the federal troops from Mayence. From that moment the democratic party acknowledged that it was in Vienna alone they could hope to strike their next decisive blow. So strongly and so generally was this feeling entertained by the ultra-German republicans, that, as soon as the intelligence of the great insurrection of Vienna reached Frankfort, Robert Blum started with Fröbel for Austria, prepared to take part in a struggle of decisive interest to the Empire, to Germany, and to Europe, and, as he declared at Breslau on his way, to return a conqueror, or to perish there.

Amongst the most important questions which had been raised but not decided by the revolution, that of the supreme authority over the Imperial army was the most delicate; for—though a division in the civil government of Austria and of Hungary might lead to contradictory results, and a division in their legislative powers to angry discussions—a division in the military authority must have assumed a far more fatal character, since it tended to array, and did actually array, one half of the army against the other. That excess of military anarchy had not even been sanctioned by the Hungarian statute of the 11th of April: no proper War Department existed in Hungary; and—although conditions had been imposed on the foreign service of the troops—the general Imperial regulations of military service and command, and the oath\* constantly

\* These are the words of the Austrian Military Oath, taken by all the troops of the monarchy every year:—

'We swear to God the Almighty a solemn oath to be faithful and obedient to his Majesty our most illustrious Prince and Lord, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, Bohemia, Galicia, Lodomeria, Croatia, and Esclavonia, Archduke of Austria, &c.; to obey his Majesty's Generals and our other authorities, honouring and defending the same, and to give effect to their orders and commands against every enemy, whoever it may be, and wherever the will of H.M. may direct, by water and by land, by day and by night, in fights, in storms, in combats, and in enterprises of every sort; in a word, in every place, at every time, and on all occasions to fight boldly and manfully—never to forsake our troops, our colours, and our standards—never to come to the least understanding with the enemy, but ever to behave as good soldiers in obedience to the articles of war, and in this wise to live and die with honour. So help us God. Amen.'

The articles of war define with the utmost precision the punishments incurred by the breach of this oath. The 4th article refers to attempts at insubordination; the 5th punishes high treason by the rope; the 18th punishes desertion of colours and breach of oath by death, &c. It was by virtue of these articles alone that military punishments were inflicted on the Hungarian officers at Arad and elsewhere.

constantly taken and renewed throughout the army to the service of the Emperor and the defence of the Empire, were not abrogated. In spite, however, of this still entire *legal* supremacy of the War Office of the Empire, the ministry at Buda had begun to exercise direct military authority, which, as we have seen, increased the irritation of the Ban and the troops along the whole military frontier—and the Imperial Commandant in Buda-Pesth had quitted that city after a popular demonstration which destroyed his authority and the last hope of peace.

On the 31st of August a despatch was addressed by the Hungarian Government to Prince Esterhazy, with reference to a communication from the Imperial Minister of War. In this despatch the Magyars declared that as long as the Ban of Croatia declined to obey their orders, they would send him no money for the support of his troops. Jelachich being pressed for means to pay his soldiers, who were in extreme destitution, and must have lived by marauding, had appealed to the War Minister at Vienna. Count Latour had answered that, as long as the Hungarian Government occupied a legal position, he could send neither artillery nor ammunition which might be used against them; but he transmitted a sum of 280,000 florins, on the ground that the Emperor's troops had an undoubted right to the Emperor's pay. This statement was made by Latour himself only six days before his death to the Austrian Assembly, and approved by that body.

On the 11th of September, the Ban, who was at that time acting entirely from his own sense of the dangers of the empire, aggravated by the increasing arrogance of the Magyar Government, crossed the Drave. He published on the same day a proclamation, based on a memorable declaration of the Croatian people of the 9th of March, 1722, and therefore contemporary with the Pragmatic Sanction, in which that province accepted the rule and dominion of 'the princes and princesses who should hereafter possess not only Austria, but also Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, and who should reside in Austria;' and whilst he professed his earnest desire to obtain a central administration for the empire, especially in the departments of war, finance, and foreign affairs, and equal rights for all the tribes and races of the Imperial dominions, he declared the determination of his own people to acknowledge the authority of no usurping nationality. The Hungarian Ministry responded to this appeal on the 14th by a levy *en masse*, and everything indicated the approach of a mortal struggle

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where. Suppose the case of an Irish rebellion in which whole Irish regiments and the constabulary force had gone over to Mr. Smith O'Brien; would not the British articles of war have been applied with equal severity?

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between the two most martial and most hostile races of the empire. All hope of reconciliation was over. The Ban reached the Lake Balaton, where an interview had been proposed between him and the Palatine on board the steamer recently launched by Count Szechenyi on that vast piece of water. The steamer bore down, but *without the Imperial colours*; and Jelachich, probably suspecting that he should be kidnapped, refused to go on board. The Archduke Stephen retired to Vienna—a step that has thrown a shade over the brilliant hopes which his character and attainments had before excited. To complete this state of confusion, the Hungarian ministry had resigned or rather dissolved itself. Louis Battyany retired from office; the more moderate members of that luckless cabinet—Prince Esterhazy, Count Szechenyi, Baron Eötvös, and Deak—left the country; and everything fell into the hands of a man frantic with vanity and ambition, at the head of a revolutionary Assembly and a deluded people.

The object of the Court, acting on these questions under the advice of Bach and Count Latour, and with the full support of the Imperial Assembly, which had refused by a vote of 186 to 108 to receive a deputation of the Magyar Assembly, and strongly sympathized with the Slavonian cause, was, above all things, to prevent a collision between the military forces which were advancing under the Ban, with the habitual organization of the Slavonian frontier, and the very inadequate strength which the Magyar rulers then possessed; for it must be recollected that Pesth had at that moment scarcely any means of defence, and the battle of Schwechat, fought nearly six weeks later, proved the inferiority of the Hungarian levies to the followers of the Ban. Had the Government wished simply to reduce and conquer the Magyars by the army of Jelachich, no commissioner would have been sent to Pesth, but the Ban would simply have marched on that city. The course which the Government did adopt was, on the contrary, that which seemed best calculated to avert this collision, by appealing in the name of the Crown to the loyalty and military obedience of both parties. Count Hartig remarks, that with reference to the armed population which existed in the land of the Magyars, the Austrian Minister of War was the only authority who could effect this humane object, for, as the eighth clause of the third article of the recent Statute of Hungary recognised the unity of the army, he still retained some direct influence over all the troops in Hungary and Transylvania, though they were under the immediate orders of the Palatine. Count Lamberg, a nobleman of large possessions in Hungary and Carinthia, committed to neither side, and possessing high rank and experience, was therefore, on the very day after the  
Palatine

Palatine had returned to Vienna, invested with the supreme military command throughout the kingdom and its dependencies; and this commission was preceded by an Imperial proclamation exhorting the whole nation to peace and obedience, whilst it reprobated the efforts made to dismember the Empire, refused to acknowledge the division of the army, and withheld the Royal sanction from the scandalous and illegal system of *assignats* with which Kossuth was already inundating and ruining the country. At the same time forces were despatched from Moravia to quell the disturbances which had broken out, though with less intensity, in the northern counties. But the moment had now arrived when the pampered audacity of Kossuth was at length to plunge Hungary into open rebellion and total revolution.

On the 27th of September the revolutionary Convention, which had assumed the powers of the Constitutional Diet of Hungary, nullified this proclamation of the Crown, and resolved to resist the military commission which gave Count Lamberg the command of the troops. On the morning of the following day a placard, in the Magyar language only (which half the inhabitants of Pesth do not understand), was posted on the walls of the city, declaring that every man should be hanged who obeyed the Royal Commission (Dunder, p. 26). The streets were thronged with excited crowds—news arrived by breathless messengers that an action was at that moment going on at Stuhlweissenburg, some six hours' ride from Pesth, in which the right wing of the Ban's army had already been routed—a cry was raised that Lamberg was already in Buda, and the drums beat to arms.\* The mob rushed over the bridge, and attacked the house which served as the head-quarters of General Hraböwsky, at which the Royal Commissioner had just arrived. Hraböwsky was insulted and locked up—Lamberg, who had travelled without escort, and apparently without suspicion of the true character of the savages he was to deal with, had quitted the house, and was proceeding to place himself under the protection of the Assembly. In the middle of the bridge his carriage was stopped by a party of National Guards and fierce insurgents armed with scythes. These were headed by two members of the *Vienna Academic Legion*—for a detachment of that body were fraternizing in Pesth with the armed enemies of Austria, and were sent back to Vienna a few

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\* It is almost superfluous to remind the reader that Pesth and Buda are situated on opposite sides of the Danube, like the Strand and the Borough. The seat of government was in Buda; the Diet sat in Pesth since its removal from Pressburg. A bridge of boats connects the two divisions of the Hungarian capital; the suspension-bridge was first opened about six weeks later, when Prince Windischgrätz re-occupied the city.

days later *to do their work*. One of them advanced with the hoarse question, 'Who goes there?' 'The King's Commissioner, Count Lamberg,' was the reply. 'To hell with you then,' rejoined the ruffian, and a single blow cleft the skull of that gallant and wholly innocent servant of the Crown. His body, scarcely lifeless, was torn from the carriage, and dragged streaming with blood along the bridge: the populace on the other side seized on their prey and mutilated it with every barbarous indignity, until some of the better-minded of the National Guard interfered to prevent the people from hanging this trophy of their guilt in front of the House of Assembly. The assassin, who had been a student of medicine in Pesth, was paraded about the city in triumph, preceded by his bloody weapon—he continued unmolested during the whole reign of M. Kossuth and his accomplices; and it was not till after the final restoration of the Imperial authority that the treacherous villain suffered on the gallows the penalty of his crime.

This event, which stamps the Hungarian rebellion with indelible atrocity, is as yet to be judged of chiefly by its results: its causes still rest with the depraved consciences of its projectors. Certain it is that some such frightful and decisive blow could alone deliver over Hungary into the hands of Kossuth's faction, by rousing the worst passions of the populace, by inspiring terror to the moderate party, and by cutting off all means of reconciliation with the Court. The deed was done; it remained unpunished by those whom it concerned; and it produced those effects which the usurping rulers had most reason to desire.

But although this act of horror decided the course of events for many months in Pesth, nothing was secured unless a bold effort could be made to carry the attack into the very heart of the Empire. The check which the Ban had received at Stuhlweissenburg was momentary. The Court instantly responded to the assassination of Lamberg by the most vigorous measures for the chastisement of so daring an act of treason. Count Recsey was ordered to proceed to Hungary with full powers; no doubt could remain as to the necessity of quelling and avenging these scenes of blood: the Magyar Diet was dissolved by proclamation. On the 3rd of October another proclamation was issued giving Baron Jelachich full military authority over the troops in the kingdom, which was placed under martial law. If Vienna had remained quiet, these measures would probably have succeeded; but, as an intercepted letter of the 4th of October from Pesth said, 'Hungary has one chance more. For God's sake get up a pretty revolution in Vienna, and we are saved.' The German demagogues in

in Vienna, as we have seen, had already kept that city for weeks on the brink of a convulsion, threatening the majority of the Assembly and insulting the Crown, whilst they received from the anarchists of Frankfort the impulse already given to that faction from the head-quarters of the General Conspiracy at Paris. This position of affairs brought them into direct and open union with the ultra party in Hungary, and from this point the two forces which we have endeavoured to trace from their source pour onward their united and destructive stream.

M. Dunder, an eye-witness and actor in these scenes, says:—

‘The means employed to crush the Kossuth faction in Hungary served as a pretext to the anarchists to foment amongst the population of Vienna and in other places a mistrust of the intentions of the Government, which originated in the Magyar propaganda. In the Democratic Association this alliance was concluded with Kossuth’s faction, and the plan was formed to overthrow the ministry by a revolution, to raise Hungary to independence, and to proclaim the Republic. The Radical party kept up an incessant cry of reaction and treachery, and at last resorted to the most reprehensible means of accomplishing its object. It led the people astray and produced the October revolution, which was rendered possible by the want of respect for law, order, and true freedom in the mass of the people, and by the want of discipline in the National Guard.’—*Dunder*, p. 33.

Again,

‘The Radical party of the city of Vienna, principally composed of foreigners, of Jews, and those especially from Hungary, had for months succeeded in acquiring, by their vehement declamation, an influence over the middle classes, which proved the political inexperience of the citizens of Vienna far more than the vices of the system they had overthrown. . . . In all the Vienna revolutions and riots it is notorious that Hungarian money was spent. For months some fifteen or twenty Jew apothecaries and doctors were known to act as the go-betweens from Buda to the Aula of Vienna, by whom a large number of students were kept in the leash by small loans and donations, so that at the moment when the Magyar cause seemed sinking under its internal and external enemies, they broke forth in the much-needed explosion at Vienna. . . . It is indisputably proved that the Vienna revolution of the 6th of October was not made by Vienna or by the Viennese, but by the Magyars, with the help of the Radicals in and out of the riding-school in which the Diet was sitting. . . . It is notorious that the murderers of Latour expressly declared that their intention was to avenge the support which that minister was supposed to have given to Jelachich in his campaign against the Magyars.’—*Dunder*, pp. 204–207.

So far the Adjutant of the National Guard. Count Hartig distinctly asserts in addition that the murder of Latour was openly spoken of in a numerous assembly of the democratic party held in the

the rooms of the Odeon, in the first days of October, and was communicated to the noble veteran himself by an ex-officer then present. Latour, however, disdained to notice or even to credit the ferocious menace: nay, he neglected to take precautions as a minister to avert the general calamities which the possibility of such an act rendered but too probable.

We do not choose to quote passages in which the '*ci-devant* Adjutant of the Vienna National Guard' takes on himself the responsibility of naming individuals as the direct agents of the Magyar Government in these dark intrigues. Indeed we think M. Dunder should not have allowed himself to name any one in connexion with such proceedings—unless when he could appeal to judicial evidence. But what the policy of the Magyar Government was in the days which elapsed from the murder of Count Lamberg on the 28th of September to the murder of Count Latour on the 6th of October, no one who traces the series of causes and effects can possibly doubt: and when we are told by the enthusiasts of anarchy that the Hungarian insurrection was invested with the dignity of a great national contest for independence and freedom—our answer is, that the best cause which ever was defended by rebels assumes a tenfold blackness when it stoops to the practices and crimes of revolution, aggravated by being perpetrated on a foreign soil. If the Magyars had set fire to the cathedral of St. Stephen's and the palaces of Vienna by way of a diversion in favour of their own treasons, no one would have disputed the barbarism of such an action; but to set fire to the execrable passions of the Vienna mobs, and even to tamper with the fidelity of the army, for the purpose of annihilating the Constitutional Assembly and the monarchy of Austria, is, in our eyes, a sin of at least equal magnitude.

The movement of this long-impending day began in an unexpected quarter, and in a form which has, happily, with only one exception, not recurred in Europe. A single detachment of that army, which has elsewhere so gloriously maintained its character, had been seduced from the track of honour. The Austrian system of allowing a particular regiment to remain for a long course of time at the same station has many obvious disadvantages. The Richter battalion of grenadiers, for many years quartered in Vienna, had contracted numberless ties of intimacy with the population. For some days previously they had shown signs of insubordination, and they were known to frequent the places of resort used by the democratic party. These facts and the want of troops in Hungary, immediately after the open declaration of rebellion in that kingdom, induced the Minister of War to order their immediate departure. This order was received with

with strong indications of mutiny in the evening of the 5th of October. Dunder says: 'It is notorious that the grenadiers were worked up to resist the order by an excess of spirituous liquors within the well-known pothouses.' (p. 207.) The manufacturing population of the Gumpendorf suburb, in which the barracks of this regiment were situated, grew excited; and when it appeared that the grenadiers were on the verge of open revolt, a numerous deputation of the Democratic Association, composed of Students, National Guards, women, and Magyar agents with their national colours on their caps, marched down to applaud and salute them. The civil magistrate, Braun, sought for the assistance of the National Guard—its officers were not to be found. The Grenadiers now refused to march unless one of their comrades, who had been put under arrest on the preceding day, was restored to them. Count Auersperg, then in military command of Vienna, seems to have underrated the gravity of these circumstances, which were reported to him in the night. The National Guards and the disaffected began meantime to muster in support of the refractory grenadiers. At four A.M. on the 6th the peremptory order was given to march, and some other troops, less disposed to fraternize with the people, set the example; but it was not till six o'clock that the Richter corps would move, and then with every sign of insubordination. As they passed along the glacis, they drew together a mob of the most threatening aspect. The alarm drum was beaten without orders in Mariabühl and the Leopoldstadt. Repeated attempts were made to stop their progress to the railroad station at Florisdorf, and a barricade was thrown up on the Tabor bridge.

'The labourers on this bridge assumed as their rallying cry an expression they never dreamt of the day before—*Hungarian freedom for our Hungarian brothers!*'—Dunder, *ibid.*

The Hess division of the regiment passed the barricade; the three other divisions refused, amidst the cheers of the people. Every minute the excitement increased. The University, now the centre of the revolutionary movement, was in commotion, and the Academic Legion marching to the rescue of the mutineers. Three students (two of them Jews) harangued the populace from a carriage, and declared it was the will of the sovereign people to go hand in hand with the Grenadiers—that the Camarilla and enemies of the people must be put down. Meanwhile General Bredy had collected a small body of troops, with two cannon and some sappers. He harangued the people—went on foot amongst them, and across the bridge, where an attempt was made to fling him into the Danube. The tocsin now rang in the city: the other detachments of troops, which remained faithful to their duty, were  
insulted;

insulted; still the hope of the Government was to reduce the grenadiers to obedience without attacking the people. But they had yet to learn the disaffection of the great mass of the National Guard itself. At 11 A.M., whilst the sappers were endeavouring to repair the suspension-bridge, an attempt was made by the people to capture a gun. The artillery officer retreated. The workmen made a second attack with more success; but at that moment General Bredy ordered the Nassau regiment of the line to fire, and the conflict began. The Academic Legion returned the discharge, and Bredy himself received two mortal wounds. The action then became furious and general. Lieutenant-Colonel Klein, of the Nassau regiment, also fell on that spot at the head of his corps; but the Richter grenadiers, National Guards, and armed Students so outnumbered the loyalists, that the latter were driven back with the loss of three cannons. Their retreat was harassed by fire from the windows in the Augarten and the Tabor-strasse. A second engagement took place between the Wrbrna light-horse and the mob on the Carmeliten-platz, but it was not till noon that any considerable detachment of troops entered the inner part of the city.

The battle then raged in awful confusion round the walls of the cathedral of St. Stephen's. All ranks, all classes, seemed mingled in one frenzy of civil war—National Guards, citizens, even soldiers fighting on both sides, without leaders, without orders, without result. At two o'clock the operations of the loyal force, consisting of three companies of pioneers, became more regular, and twenty rounds of grape-shot were fired on the crowd; the soldiers were, however, too weak to maintain their position, and were again driven back with the loss of their guns. The Assembly passed the day in idle communications with the ministers and fierce international disputes among its members. The ministers themselves, partly from want of adequate military force, partly from want of resolution to proceed to extremities, took no decisive measures. They sent reinforcements to the Stephan's-platz when it was too late, for that spot was already in the hands of the insurgents, and the cathedral itself, with its solemn grandeur and its Imperial tombs, was desecrated by a horde of assassins, and streaming with the blood of Austrians shed in the cause of foreign democracy by Austrian hands. A miscreant was heard to boast on the following day that he had slaughtered one of the black and yellow party on the high altar itself. The Cabinet remained in deliberation at the Ministry of War, situated at the corner of the square called 'Am Hof'—close to the Imperial palace. The nearer boom of the retreating cannons, the advancing shouts of the infuriated people, warned them that all defence

fence was becoming hopeless. The building itself still offered some means of resistance, and there were two cannons in the court; but at that crisis was issued a written order, signed by Latour and Wessenberg, 'to cease the fire' on all points. It was in vain. The popular torrent was rushing onwards against the seat of government, which was ere long to be stained by the most atrocious of its crimes. Latour prepared for defence. It was then a quarter past three o'clock. The guns were drawn out. The orderlies were placed in the stable. A party of the Deutschmeister grenadiers in an inner court. Yet no shots were fired or active resistance offered. The closed doors at length gave way under the axes of the mob. The people streamed in—led by a man in a light grey coat. Ere long the cry rang on the broad staircase, 'Where is Latour? he must die!' At this moment the ministers and their followers in the building, with the exception of Latour himself, found means to escape mingled with the throng. The deputies Smolka, Borrosch, Goldmark, and Sierakowski arrived, in the hope of restraining the mob; but Borrosch had, it is said, in his hand a paper, recently signed by Latour, and with sand sticking to the ink, whence the people concluded that their victim was still close at hand. The Generals who were with Latour, perceiving his imminent peril, entreated him to throw himself upon the Nassau regiment or the Deutschmeister grenadiers, and retreat to their barracks. He despised and denied the danger, and even refused for some time to change his uniform for a civilian's dress, until the peril becoming evident he put on plain clothes, and went up to a small room in the roof of the building, where he soon afterwards signed a paper to resign his ministerial office. A working man named Ranch, supposed to be trying to protect Latour, was seized and hung in the court, but fortunately cut down by a National Guard before life was extinct. The mob rushed into the private apartments of the minister, but did not plunder the property found there. They came with a sterner purpose. The act of resignation was scornfully received by the people, but here again the freshness of the writing betrayed the proximity of the hand which had just traced it. The crowd discovered his place of concealment from the man who brought this paper to them, and ascended the narrow stairs and passages. Latour hearing their approach, and recognising the voice of Smolka, Vice-President of the Assembly, who was doubtless anxious to protect him, came out of his retreat. They descended together from the fourth story of the palace. At each successive landing-place the tumult increased. At length in the court below the populace broke in upon the group which still clustered round Latour, and dispersed it. A workman struck the hat from his

his head. Others pulled him by the hair—he defending himself with his hands, which were already bleeding. Count Leopold Gondrecourt still attempted to cover him with his body. At length a ruffian, in the dress of a Magyar, gave him a mortal blow from behind with a hammer, and the man in the grey coat cleft his face with a sabre. A hundred wounds followed; and, with the words '*I die innocent*,' he gave up his loyal and manly spirit. Every indignity was heaped upon his remains in atrocities we refuse to relate. Yet all this while the soldiers stood to their post at the guard-house, obedient to the last order of the minister himself, not to advance upon the people! At 5 P.M. Sierakowski re-entered the Diet with the words, '*Latour is dead: his corpse is hanging in the yard!*' The galleries of the Diet were occupied by armed men, and the majority dispersed by the furious menaces of the people. The Bohemian deputies more especially were marked out for destruction, and only saved by the active assistance of some of their colleagues.

At this point we take leave of this vast and unexhausted narrative. The work of destruction and the triumph of the revolution in Austria was at that moment complete. The ministry was virtually dissolved, for Wessenberg and Bach narrowly escaped the same fate as their bolder colleague. The Court, escorted by 20 companies of infantry, 6 squadrons of cuirassiers, and 8 guns, retired with precipitation from Schönbrunn to Olmütz, where the authority of the Government was once more collected, and united to the authority of the army. The Assembly remained entirely in the hands of the mob, the minority controlling by terror the inclinations of the greater number; and, though it declared itself in permanence, its real power was divided and contemptible, until a secession took place which reduced it to the rump of a faction. In Vienna all government ceased: the plunder and burning of the arsenals followed the murder of Latour, the populace was armed, and the only semblance of authority placed in the hands of a municipal council, which continued to act in conjunction with the Aula and the commandants of the revolutionary National Guard. Meantime the Magyars had attained their object; for many weeks, or even months, an effectual diversion was made in favour of the Hungarian insurrection—whose chiefs again had engaged, though falsely, to repay this service by advancing with the Hungarian army to the relief of the capital when pressed by the Imperial forces. It is scarcely needful to add that those daring and unscrupulous soldiers of fortune from other countries who figured everywhere else in this great warfare against society and authority were not wanting in Vienna on the 6th of October to instigate the populace by their incendiary

cendiary language or to assist it by their military experience ; for the cause which triumphed in Vienna on the 6th of October was the cause not only of Hungarian but of Italian, and of German—we may safely say, of European anarchy. So numerous were the applications for passes to leave Vienna, especially for Poles and Magyars going to Cracow and Pesth, on and after the 7th of October, that it was found necessary to appoint *seven* officers, of whom M. Dunder was one, to assist that branch of the police, and many thousands of emissaries who had taken part in the contest of the 6th of October escaped, as he says, from the city before the day of retribution arrived. Two days later, on the 8th of October, Kossuth was proposed in the Diet at Pesth, by a deputy named Zákó, as President of the kingdom of Hungary ; and, in accepting that dictatorial office, his power was literally based on the bloody tumult which had just torn out the very heart of the empire.

We are not acquainted with any book, written under similar circumstances of excitement, which displays an equal amount of minuteness and, we believe, of general fairness in the record of such a catastrophe as the journal of M. Dunder ; and it may be possible hereafter from it and other materials—especially the evidence before tribunals as gradually made accessible—to give a complete narrative of the unparalleled state of Vienna during a reign of terror which was only terminated by the gallantry and resolution of the army under Prince Windischgrätz—by the determination of the Government to cease their fatal policy of concession to an insatiable mob—and by the resources which the empire at large afforded to the Crown against the anarchy of the capital and the rebellion of one large portion of its dominions. Upon this basis authority was at length restored—and transferred ere long to a youthful and patriotic Emperor, supported and assisted by statesmen of extraordinary energy and activity, who have laboured with indefatigable zeal to repair the injuries of past neglect, to efface the scars of recent revolution, and to promote the regeneration of the Empire on principles not inconsistent with its real wants and with the just requirements of its various populations.

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ART. IX.—*Memoirs of the Political and Literary Life of Robert Plumer Ward, Esq., Author of 'The Law of Nations,' 'Tremaine,' 'De Vere,' &c., &c. With Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, and unpublished Literary Remains.* By the Honourable Edmund Phipps. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

IN Mr. Ward's last publication (*De Clifford*, 1841) we find the following remarkable passage:—

'My own experience often makes me pity any sincere man who undertakes to record the operations of his own mind in its every day dress. For whatever the virtue or ability of the journalist, ten thousand to one, if he be honest, his pages will depict a great deal of wickedness, a great deal of vanity, or a great deal of folly. What good did the historian of his own heart or of his own actions ever do, except amuse the world by making them laugh at him, or instruct them to avoid by making them hate his faults? Do we want proofs of this? Search the memoirs of [Mlle. de] Montpensier and Madame Roland, who are so good as to reveal their personal charms to the world; or Rousseau, who revealed all his vices; or Laud, who revealed his secret superstition; or Dodington, who seemed to boast of his venality; or Watson, or Cumberland, or Gilbert Wakefield, who, gifted with learning and powerful intellect, disfigured themselves with vanities, in the first two most amusing, in the last most disgusting. "O that mine enemy would write a book!" was the wish of an injured man, panting for revenge. He would have improved upon it had he wished that book a journal. But if he does write one, let him have a care how he publishes it: or shows it, you will say, to a friend who will publish it for him.'

It is certainly singular enough that the next publication from the same pen that wrote this passage should be a journal of the very class thus severely denounced; but we quote it—not as a canon of criticism to be implicitly and rigidly applied either to the authors specified or to Mr. Ward's own case, but because it leads us to conjecture that Mr. Ward may probably in his latter years—perhaps about the time that he was writing '*De Clifford*'—have revised his earlier diaries, and by suppression or correction diminished, to his own satisfaction, we may suppose, the objections which he had so sharply registered against such publications. His *diaries*, as they now appear, fill a large space in these volumes, though illustrating but a small one in Mr. Ward's life. They begin with the formation of Mr. Perceval's Ministry in October, 1809. and are continued to a month before his assassination in May, 1812; there then occurs an interval of near seven years to October, 1819;—and the last extract is dated in November, 1820. Thus covering in all a space of time little exceeding three years and a half, they occupy nearly one-half in bulk, and certainly

certainly the most valuable half, of Mr. Phipps's compilation. On the suspension of the Diary in 1812 the Editor says :—

‘Here the Diary breaks off, to be not again resumed till the 27th October, 1819. Whether it were that he was discouraged at the thoughts of the task it would be to fill up the chasm he had allowed to intervene, or that the business of his office, with the necessary Parliamentary attendance, allowed him but little time to employ in this manner, or that it has in fact been continued in some book which is not now to be found, does not appear. The progress of the war at this period was so active, that the spare moments of one holding so important a position in the Ordnance Office would no doubt be few and far between.’—vol. i. p. 482.

We rather dissent from this latter opinion. The chasm could not, we think, have been produced by the pressure of public business: for the three or four years of which we have the Diaries were, undoubtedly, the most busy, both in Parliament and in office, of Mr. Ward's whole life; and we therefore suppose either that he did not choose to continue his Journals, or that he came, on a deliberate revision, to the conclusion of ‘De Clifford’—that it would be wiser to suppress them. The Editor tells us that he possesses some materials later than 1820, but—

‘The remaining portion of Mr. Ward's diary, though embracing many curious and interesting political details, and *professedly intended for publication*, appears to me to comprehend a period too recent to make its continuance expedient. It will be seen by the extracts already given, that he both entertains and expresses very decided opinions as to the political conduct of his opponents, and even occasionally of his own party. I know, too, from the warm kindliness of his nature, he would have been the last to wish that any pain should be given to their surviving connexions, through expressions of opinion which he considered justified, and even required, by the events upon which he was commenting. It is upon this principle that many omissions of names and of particular anecdotes have been determined on, and it is with the same views that I have stopped short at a period when such omissions would too frequently interrupt the continuity of the journal.’—vol. ii. p. 101.

We are a little startled at the expression ‘*professedly intended for publication*,’ and we should have liked to have known the precise nature of that *profession* and to what it exactly applied—for in all the preceding diary there seems, as we read it, nothing like an intention of publication, and the intelligent editor must be well aware how very different must be the complexion, and even the value, of evidence *prepared for publication*, from the record of a private and contemporaneous impression accidentally brought to light. We believe, with the editor, that Mr. Ward would have  
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been unwilling to give pain to the surviving friends of those on whom he may have passed unfavourable opinions, and we so much approve his own reserve as to the later journals that we should not have complained if he had exercised it earlier. We will not make matters worse by mentioning names unfavourably alluded to, but assuredly there are several 'surviving connexions' of eminent persons who cannot be altogether indifferent to the way in which they are so often ungently, and sometimes even unjustly, dealt with. We do not complain of Mr. Ward. The man, as he himself tells us, and as all who look into themselves must feel, who records his own impressions stamped in the heat of party and the hurry of news-gathering, can hardly avoid speaking harshly of adversaries whose hostile and, as he thinks, culpable acts he sees, but of whose justificatory or palliative motives he is necessarily uninformed; such a man must, we repeat with Mr. Ward himself, be liable to do injustice to others, and frequently to compromise his own claims to sagacity or candour. This is inevitable, and provided there be no malice or bad faith (and certainly Mr. Ward may be acquitted of either), not to be much complained of; for it is only through some such medium, and by a comparison of opposite testimony, that posterity can arrive at anything like the true state of facts—or what in a political view is often more important than even facts—public opinion about them. 'Men are affected,' says the Grecian moralist, 'less by facts than by opinions about facts.' We have already more than once discussed the disadvantage in point of delicacy and the advantage in point of truth of an early and frank publication of inculpatory memoirs, and on the whole we (not without considerable hesitation and some important reserves) have arrived at a conclusion in favour of the latter. If there is anything like charge to be produced against a public man, it is better it should appear while either the man himself, or his confidential friends, are at hand to meet, refute, or explain the allegation. While, therefore, we give Mr. Phipps credit for the reserve which, he tells us, he has exercised in some cases, we consider him to have been rather inconsistent in his own views, than blameable in fact, for a few disagreeable personalities which he has permitted to remain in his work; nor are we insensible to the candour and propriety in which, on some occasions, he endeavours to revoke or mitigate the censures pronounced too hastily by his author.

There is another preliminary observation which ought not to be omitted. Mr. Ward, though very intelligent and inquisitive, and living in the best official society, was not (except for the short time he was Under Secretary of State, during which we have no diary) in what is considered confidential office—and had little

or no personal share in what we may call the interior working of the higher parts of the political machine, and, indeed, it would seem as if, after the 'De Clifford' maxim, he had said or *left* behind as little as possible about himself: his diaries are therefore for the most part notes of his casual conversations and correspondence with his political acquaintance—mainly made up, in short, of what he himself calls 'the gossip' of Whitehall or St. Stephen's. This does not render the matter less amusing—but it diminishes the importance and gravity of his censures in some cases, and warns the reader to distinguish between what he relates of his own knowledge, which may always be relied on, and the statements and opinions of which he is merely the echo. With these reserves his journals may be pronounced to be as trust-worthy and authentic as they are in their general tenor amiable and entertaining.

Robert Ward, sixth son of John Ward, a Gibraltar merchant, was born in Mount Street, London, the 19th of March, 1765. His mother, Rebecca Raphael, was a Spaniard of Jewish extraction; but no lively, blue-eyed Saxon ever showed in aspect or manner less indication of his maternal origin. His father realised a large fortune, which was inherited by his eldest son George—the wealthy proprietor of Northwood Place in the Isle of Wight, the father of the late Mr. George Ward of Northwood, and of the late Mr. William Ward, twice M.P. for the city of London. Robert seems to have had the patrimony, more than usually scanty, of a younger son of a large family, but 'by the kind co-operation of his elder brothers' he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, and subsequently enabled to eat his way through the Inner Temple to the Bar. Between his leaving Christ Church and being called to the Bar the 18th of June, 1790 (p. 8), he was obliged by an alarming appearance of disease in the knee-joint to proceed to the South of France for the benefit of the waters of Barèges, which seem to have made a complete cure. Mr. Phipps introduces some anecdotes of adventures in France at that very interesting period, but which we cannot well reconcile with the *only date* that he gives us during the first nine and twenty years of Mr. Ward's life—namely, the call to the Bar in 1790. He states that he had remained in France

'till the horrors and excesses of the French revolution had reached such a height as to threaten even his own personal safety.

'It happened, unfortunately for him, that another *Ward*, of about the same age and personal appearance, had incurred the suspicion of the republican party at a moment when suspicion lost all its doubts, and death followed close upon the heels of certainty. *To use his own words*, "I was arrested for having the same name, and the same coloured coat and waistcoat, as another Ward, guilty of treason; was ordered with-

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out trial to Paris, to be guillotined; and only escaped by their catching the real traitor. I was, however, *banished the republic* merely for my name's sake."—vol. i. pp. 8, 9.

And again—

'He now thought of returning home; but, in passing through France, had another narrow escape. War having been just declared, it was with the greatest difficulty that he passed from that country to England. So narrow was his escape, that he was the last person to embark on board the last packet that was permitted to sail for England.'—vol. i. pp. 10, 11.

Now all this is irreconcilable with Mr. Phipps's distinct statement that this visit to France was *prior* to Mr. Ward's call to the bar in 1790—a statement which we have taken the trouble of verifying;—for the *Republic* was not proclaimed till the 21st of September, 1792—the first use of the *guillotine* was in August, 1792—war was not declared nor the packets interrupted till February, 1793; nor can we find in our ample catalogues of the victims of the guillotine any Ward but the General Ward who was executed on the 23rd of July, 1794. Mr. Phipps does not tell us where he finds Mr. Ward's '*own words*' for these anecdotes; whether he had misunderstood some table-talk, or has misread a scrap of MS., we cannot guess—but there is obviously some great mistake somewhere. So there must be, we think, in a more important anecdote which immediately follows the former:—

'It was soon after his return from France that an adventure occurred to him which *savours more of romance than of reality*, and in which a lucky *chance* would by some be said to have introduced him to the notice of him who was then the most powerful man in England,—William Pitt; while those who look more closely into character would see in it but the natural consequence of that boldness and energy which Mr. Ward displayed throughout his after-life.'—vol. i. p. 12.

The anecdote is this,—that 'early in 1794,' he, '*fresh from the horrors*' of revolution, in one conversation converted to loyalty a republican watchmaker, whose shop he had one morning accidentally entered, and who had imparted to him '*a most fearful plot against the Government,*' and which—induced and accompanied by Ward—he proceeded to reveal to the Ministers:—

'They went to the chief magistrate, Sir Richard Ford, who attached so much importance to the communication, that the three were at once ushered into the presence of Pitt and his colleagues, assembled with Macdonald and Scott, the Attorney and Solicitor-General. The singular history was duly narrated in detail; the arguments carried on by the young Mentor, the misgivings of the republican, and then the details of the *impending danger*. The countenance of Pitt was turned with interest on the young lawyer, who seemed not only to share that horror of revolutionary movements with which he was himself so

strongly imbued, but who had so gallantly acted upon it. "What was your motive, *young gentleman*," he inquired, "for thus entering the shop?" "I, Sir," answered young Ward, "*am not long returned from France*, and have there seen in practice what sounds so fine in theory." Warrants were issued upon the information of the watchmaker; and thence arose one of the principal incentives to the state trials of 1794, which, however, as is well known, did not end in a conviction. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pitt was not of a character to lose sight of the young lawyer who had *performed so distinguished a part on so important an occasion*.'—vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

Now, passing over the same apparent anachronism which we have just noticed as the date of *his return from France*, there are many other circumstances that make us look with suspicion at this story. Mr. Phipps does not state on what authority it rests—no doubt in some way or other on Mr. Ward's own, but whether written or verbal, at what period of his life, or whether it reached Mr. Phipps through one or more *hearsays*, does not appear; but however that may be, we must say that it appears to us not merely, as the editor says, 'savouring of romance,' but absolutely incredible. The substance of it—so accidental and sudden a conversion and confidence—is sufficiently improbable, but some of the accessories are, if possible, more suspicious. We can find in the State Trials no trace of the watchmaker or his information, though several informers appeared; nor indeed of what could be fairly called 'a most fearful and imminent plot.' Nor do we understand why, if both Pitt and Scott were so struck with the merit of the young lawyer, 'who had performed so distinguished a part on so important an occasion,' he did not appear as one of the *seven* or *eight* junior counsel employed in the ensuing prosecutions. Nor, to descend to a smaller circumstance, can we believe that Mr. Pitt, then about 35 years old, should have addressed a barrister but five years younger than himself, as old *Serjeant Flower* does Lovell in the *Clandestine Marriage*, as '*Young Gentleman*.' But the most important difficulty is, that notwithstanding the distinct and repeated assertion that Sir James Macdonald was present at this remarkable interview as *Attorney-General*—a point on which there could be, we think, no mistake—the fact indisputably was *not so*. Sir James Macdonald had ceased to be *Attorney-General* and had become Chief Baron of the Exchequer early in 1793, a twelvemonth before this supposed interview. We wonder that with regard to an event to which Mr. Phipps assigns such influence on the whole sequel of Mr. Ward's life, he did not see that the anecdote, as he relates it, certainly required some confirmatory explanation. Precision as to dates and persons is the first requisite in a writer of memoirs, and embroidered anecdotes are more deceptive than even total inventions.

In the summer of that same year, 1794, Mr. Ward composed and next year published a 'History of the Law of Nations,' of which Mr. Phipps gives, as we understand him, not a very favourable report :—

'He who should take it up with the expectation of finding in it authoritative dicta upon any point in question would be disappointed ; while the lover of history will be agreeably surprised to find himself wandering, and wandering with profit, through the most flowery paths of the history of the middle ages.'—vol. i. p. 16.

It is a long time since we have had occasion to see this work ; but we think it has more professional weight than Mr. Phipps assigns to it. He says it was favourably noticed on its first appearance in the Annual Register : we add a more substantial praise, that it is quoted as a text-book both by Martens and Dr. Story,—themselves great authorities. In 1795, as we *calculate* by the context (for Mr. Phipps is throughout very parsimonious of dates), Mr. Ward appears to have made a London-ball acquaintance with Miss Catherine Maling, 'of a good family in Durham,' and sister of Miss Sophia Maling, then about to be united to Henry, Lord—and afterwards first Earl of—Mulgrave. They were both ladies of great personal attractions, mental accomplishments, and most exemplary and amiable characters. To this connexion Mr. Ward owed no doubt not only an enviable share of domestic happiness, but his early and rapid advancement in political life. Lord Mulgrave was married in the October of that year ; and Mr. Ward's union with the younger sister took place on the 2nd of April, 1796. Mr. Ward had at first joined the Western Circuit, but his alliance with the families of Maling and Mulgrave induced him to change to the Northern—with, it seems, but moderate success. He never had much reputation as a common-law lawyer, but his book on the Law of Nations produced him some lucrative business before the Privy Council ; and it is to be presumed, though it is not so stated, that his connexion with Lord Mulgrave now brought him into the more immediate notice of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, with whom Lord Mulgrave, though holding no office, was on the most friendly and indeed intimate terms. It was no doubt this circumstance, coupled with the reputation of his former work, that towards the end of 1799 induced Lord Grenville to request him to write an essay in defence of the Belligerent Right of Search against the pretensions of the confederation of the Northern powers, commonly called the *Armed Neutrality* ; but before the task could be completed, Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville had resigned, and, in spite of all Mr. Ward's diligence and activity, his 'Treatise on the Relative Rights and Duties of Belligerent and Neutral Powers in Maritime Affairs'

Affairs' was not ready for publication till very shortly before, as Mr. Phipps says, 'the still more convincing arguments of Nelson had virtually decided the question at the battle of Copenhagen.'—vol. i. p. 46.

Lord Eldon, who on this change became—from Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—Lord Chancellor, was, it seems, willing to recompense Mr. Ward's zeal by a judicial appointment in the colonies; and a Judgeship of the Admiralty Court in Nova Scotia and another in the West Indies happened to fall vacant, Mr. Ward, we are told, might have had either: but a fit of illness, and some hesitation and delay on his part till the vacancies were disposed of, saved him fortunately from the exile and mediocrity thus offered him—the offer itself, we think, proving that Lord Eldon could have had no great opinion of Mr. Ward's qualifications for Westminster Hall. 'In 1802 Mr. Ward was destined,' says Mr. Phipps, 'to meet another slip between the cup and the lip';—a phrase which implies what the preceding narrative does not, that Mr. Ward was somewhat taken by surprise by the loss of the Nova Scotia office. What the new disappointment was, is not specified; but it appears to have been something in Lord Chatham's gift, which Lord Mulgrave, at Ward's request, had asked for him. 'The event of the application,' writes Ward to Lord Mulgrave, 'is only what I expected, though I thought it but right, if you saw no objection, to *put myself in the way of fortune*' (vol. i. p. 56). We do not understand why Mr. Phipps has not mentioned the office in question. Was it the Clerkship of the Ordnance, to which Mr. Wellesley Pole was about that time appointed, and which Mr. Ward himself attained ten years later?

On the subject of the Peace of Amiens, Mr. Phipps introduces a couple of letters from Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville to Lord Mulgrave, explaining the differences that arose between the two former on this subject. The letters add nothing to what is everywhere stated, but they have the advantage of being explicit and confidential explanations, and we shall, therefore, make some extracts from them:—

'Dear Mulgrave,

'Park-place, Wednesday.

'You would learn from to-day's Gazette, that our long suspense is at length terminated, and that preliminaries of peace were signed yesterday evening. As you will naturally be anxious to know the terms, I inclose a short statement of all that are material; they will of course not be published at length till after the ratification. I cannot help regretting the Cape of Good Hope, though I know many great authorities do not attach to it the same importance that I do. In other respects I think the treaty very advantageous, and on the whole satisfactory; and the stipulations in favour of our allies are peculiarly creditable.

creditable. I shall be very happy to find that it strikes you in the same view. Ever sincerely yours, W. PITT.'

Lord Grenville's letter is much longer, but the following are the most material passages. After deprecating the excessive concessions made to France, he says :—

' Nothing can be further from my wishes (even if I had, in other respects, the least pretence to attempt it) than the influencing on this subject the opinions of any other persons. I have the misfortune, on this point, to differ completely from Mr. Pitt, with whom I have so long agreed on all questions relating to it. I may also possibly, or even probably, differ from others whose opinions I value highly ; but with so strong an impression on my own mind, upon a matter which so nearly concerns the merit or demerit of all my past conduct, and in which the future safety of the country is so much interested, I cannot but act on the best judgment of my own mind.

' I expect to see Pitt next week at Dropmore, but I have no hope that discussion can bring us nearer in opinion on this subject, although nothing, I trust, will ever alter our intimate friendship. When you come to town, or its neighbourhood, I shall be most anxious to converse with you on the whole business. Ever, dear Mulgrave, most truly yours, G.'

For the 'disappointments' we have just mentioned, 'and all others' which Mr. Phipps alludes to but does not specify, Mr. Ward was, he says, 'amply consoled by the offer of a seat in Parliament' from Mr. Pitt, who communicated first to Lord Mulgrave and subsequently to Mr. Ward himself, that Lord Lowther (the late Earl of Lonsdale) had at his representation agreed to name Mr. Ward at Cocker mouth.

'If,' says Mr. Phipps,—

'If a smile should be caused by the frankness and simplicity with which the nomination, on the part of a peer of the realm, is alluded to, it *must be viewed as a type of the times* ; and it may well be wished that no worse use had ever been made of the privilege.'—vol. i. p. 56.

'*A type of the times !*' We wish Mr. Phipps could let us see some of the letters of our own times *in pari materiâ*—the correspondence, for instance, on the return of either of the Romillys for Canterbury or Devonport—of Mr. Denison for Malton—of Mr. Trelawny for Tavistock—or, most recent and curious we suspect of all, Mr. Hatchell, her Majesty's Irish Solicitor-General, for Windsor, who, we would wager, does not know what shire Windsor is in. We are pretty confident that these *types of the present times* would not be found more pure and honourable than the secret history of the return of Edmund Burke for Malton, or Charles Fox for Midhurst, or William Pitt for Appleby, or George Canning for Wendover ; and, to bring the comparison still closer, we have pretty good evidence, from a recently published

published letter, that Mr. Ward's son was not quite so independent a member for the new borough of Sheffield as his father had the honour of being for Cockermouth. There can be no doubt that Mr. Ward's alliance with Lord Mulgrave recommended him, as we have already said, to Mr. Pitt's notice (we discard altogether the watchmaker theory), but it alone would not have brought him into Parliament; that distinction he undoubtedly owed to his two learned works on public law, at a crisis when civilians were respected in Parliament, and when great maritime and international questions happened to assume a peculiar interest and importance. For our own parts we continue to feel the same satisfaction that we formerly expressed, that the frauds and trickeries of the Reform Bill—disgraceful to its authors, but lucky for the country—still enable the Ministry to bring their Irish solicitors and Treasury Secretaries into Parliament independently of mere popular suffrage, which is every day becoming, as the Duke of Wellington foretold that it would, more and more embarrassing to the requisite efficiency and legitimate independence of a monarchical Government.

Soon after the meeting of the new Parliament, in November, 1802, Mr. Pitt began to find himself in an awkward position with respect to the three parties into which his late administration had now split—the Addingtons who were in, and the Grenvilles who were out, and the section of his own immediate followers who, under Mr. Canning, were anxious to force him back into office. We need not attempt to recapitulate on this less appropriate occasion the details of that period which we have already given in our reviews of Lord Malmesbury's *Correspondence* (Q. R., vol. LXXV., p. 456), and Lord Sidmouth's *'Life,'* (Q. R., vol. LXXIX., p. 522); but there is one point on which we think Mr. Phipps has fallen into an error which it is of some importance to set right. Our readers will recollect that amongst several schemes, prompted by a pretty general desire for the return of Mr. Pitt to power, one, devised by Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury, was an address to be signed by a number of influential members of both Houses to Addington and Pitt jointly, inviting, on the score of the critical state of the country, the former to facilitate and the latter to undertake the formation of a stronger Government. All the details of this project, and especially of the part of it connected with this proposed address, are fully stated in the Malmesbury correspondence, and more succinctly, but we hope clearly enough, in our Review. Now, for the whole of this transaction, this 'paper plot,' which the present Editor thinks absurd, and indeed dishonourable, he treats Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury as exclusively responsible; and

and while expressing his astonishment that the sagacity of Canning or the experience of Malmesbury should have been led away by so foolish a scheme, he considers that Mr. Pitt himself and 'those more intimately connected with him'—meaning, no doubt, Lords Mulgrave and Lonsdale and Mr. Ward himself—'acted like wise men and prudent politicians.' But Mr. Phipps, we must say, here mistakes an accident, and a contingent one, for the substance. There was, no doubt, a somewhat ludicrous and not very candid suggestion thrown out by Canning to Malmesbury, that if they should fail in getting a sufficient number of important signatures to their address, they might remedy the deficiency by a '*prescript*' to this effect:—'It is thought most respectful to Mr. Addington and Mr. Pitt to present the paper to them without the signatures *which are ready to be affixed to it.*' (*Malmes. Corresp.*, iv. 103, Q. R., vol. LXXV., p. 457.) This was certainly Canning's own, but it was a very small expedient, almost a pleasantry, which never passed beyond him and Lord Malmesbury, and had no more to do with the main affair than another alternative, which was also thought of, of having the address presented by a deputation, if any sufficient deputies could have been found. Mr. Pitt himself was undoubtedly cognizant of, and to a considerable degree consenting to, the general design—and as we shall show presently, those more intimately connected with Mr. Pitt, Lords Lonsdale and Mulgrave and Mr. Ward, saw nothing either absurd or dishonourable in the scheme of such an address.

It appears that Mr. Ward's domestic alliance with Lord Mulgrave, and his parliamentary connexion with Lord Lonsdale, led him early and all through his life to correspond with them on the public questions and topics of the day—to Lord Lonsdale, we happen to know, that he wrote constantly, and that his letters were very minute and entertaining. A few of these letters and the answers of his kind patrons (very remarkable for good sense, good feeling, and good taste) are not the least valuable portions of these volumes. Now Mr. Ward was by Mr. Sturges Bourne, a common friend of his and Canning's, let into the secret of the intended address, and empowered to communicate it to both his noble friends. Lord Lonsdale does not disapprove the design, but with his usual good sense doubts its opportunity and success:—

'On the first view of what you have suggested, many circumstances strike me as likely to oppose strong, if not insurmountable, difficulties to the accomplishment of an event so much to be wished, but that, I am afraid, is rather to be wished than expected on the grounds you seem to think it practicable. It is certainly a very high matter; and you must allow me to say to you, "*Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ tractas*"

tractas." I have no hesitation in saying, nothing, in my opinion, and, as far as I can judge, in the opinion of the country, could be more generally grateful to the people at large than Mr. Pitt's return to power; but whether the means that must necessarily be used would not, in the present unsettled state of public affairs, create greater evils than they might remove, is a question I cannot presume to decide.'—vol. i. p. 85.

Lord Mulgrave objected to one passage of the address, but concurred in the general object:—

‘Friday, [12 November, 1802.]

‘Dear Ward,—I have received your letter. I see nothing generally objectionable in the copy [of Canning's Papers] it incloses. The hint at the proposed parliamentary proceedings I certainly cannot assent to, because I think the measures might be injurious to Pitt's character, and that it would be more likely to throw obstacles in the way of his return to power than to advance that important object. I feel the urgent necessity, for the security and prosperity of the country, of Pitt's return to the administration of its affairs; and if I receive from him either a conditional or discretionary assent to my taking steps to advance it, I should most zealously enter into any measures that I think conducive to that end.'—vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

And when his Lordship communicates next day the overture to Mr. Pitt, it is in these terms:—

‘It appears to me that this is the time for you to come forward to unite the confidence, raise the spirits, and confirm the stability of the empire, by resuming the direction of affairs. You will judge how that is best to be effected. It has been intimated to me, that measures are in contemplation to obtain that most urgent object. I will not, on any consideration, adopt any step in which you are so much concerned, without first knowing from yourself that the object at least is not disapproved by you. If I should receive from you either a conditional or discretionary consent to my joining in such a measure, I will, as it may be, conform to your restrictions, or act to the best of my judgment. If you wish me to forbear taking any part, I shall remain quiet; if you are disposed to converse with me on the subject, which I should prefer, I shall be ready to go to Bath for that purpose at a moment's warning. I feel the object of the utmost importance, because I think the revival of energy and union in Europe, if any resources for either remain, depends as much upon it as do the security and exertions of this country.'—vol. i. pp. 79, 80.

Mr. Pitt thought it more consistent with his dignity not to brusquer at that moment an open rupture with Addington, and the result of the division on Mr. Patten's motion—3rd of June, 1803—when he did take at length the field, and was beaten by 335 to 56, shows that he and his friends would have acted more ‘like wise men and prudent politicians’ if they had delayed it still longer.

Mr. Ward had now taken his seat, and was anxious to be delivered of his maiden speech. He intended to have answered Dr.

Laurence

Laurence (whom Mr. Phipps strangely calls 'a Doctor Laurence') on some question of public law, and he even thought of replying to one of Mr. Fox's tirades against Addington, but had not courage to rise nor—apart from the opportunity of speaking—had he any great disposition to make his first appearance in support of the Government, against which all his personal friends were caballing. At last, however, he spoke, and, it seems, very inopportunately:—

'It is curious that Mr. Ward's maiden speech (thus often urged and often deferred) should have been in support of a measure—a Bill for the appointment of Commissioners to inquire into Abuses in Naval Affairs—which, in the end, by the manner in which it affected his intimate friend Dundas, caused so much mortification to, if it did not also accelerate the death of, Mr. Pitt. . . . The first speech is entirely omitted in the Parliamentary History; and even in the Morning Chronicle of that date, in which it is, as he himself says, "most correctly reported," so meagre an outline is given as to make it unfit for extract.'—vol. i. pp. 108, 109.

It might be, we think, more adequately noticed as a '*type of the times*' than the case so designated by Mr. Phipps, that the protégé of Lord Mulgrave and the nominee of Lord Lonsdale should, as his first essay, have taken a line in direct and, as it turned out, most essential difference from his patrons and his party; but the truth we take to be, that Ward did not foresee the consequences of Captain Markham's Bill, and that probably, being new in Parliament, and not at all familiar with party tactics, he fancied he had a neutral question open to him. However, he took what was the popular, and what happened also to be, in our opinion at least, the rational and constitutional side of the question. One important fact—the charge ultimately produced against Lord Melville—gave this commission a very peculiar importance; but that fact and several minor ones which attracted no political notice amply proved the necessity of a special inquiry, and justified on general principles Mr. Ward's support of the measure. Lord Mulgrave, in an excellent letter to Mr. Ward, though he evidently did not like the bill, consoles him for the blame which he had incurred from the Canningite section of the party, and congratulates him on his oratorical success in a strain of more kindness than, in this point, of sagacity:—

'*Omnibus par es, omnia expectabimus.* You may and can do all that Grant has done, if you will watch your opportunity with the same vigilance, and avail yourself of it with the same industry. Many deep, important, and extensive subjects await us.'—vol. i. p. 112.

We suppose that Mr. Ward must have given more promise as a speaker than he was destined to fulfil, when we find a person of

of Lord Mulgrave's taste and judgment equalling him with Sir William Grant, one of the weightiest and most powerful speakers that Westminster Hall ever sent into St. Stephen's Chapel.

The breach between the Pitt and Addington parties continued to widen till the open rupture by Mr. Patten's motion already mentioned; and in September, 1803, appeared the celebrated pamphlet, called '*Cursory Remarks on the State of Parties, by a Near Observer,*' which, with great bitterness and some vivacity, attacked Mr. Pitt for his conduct towards Addington. It was replied to by a pamphlet called '*A Plain Answer by a more accurate Observer,*' known, says Mr. Phipps, to have been the production of Mr. Long (afterwards Lord Farnborough). We stated in our review of the *Life of Sidmouth*, that 'this pamphlet was actually written by Mr. Peregrine Courtenay (a brother of Lord Devon's, then a young man in one of the public offices), under the guidance of Mr. Long, and retouched by Mr. Pitt's own pen;' and for this we had the authority of both Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Long. These pamphlets, which really exhausted the arguments on both sides, were nevertheless followed by a crowd of others; and amongst them one, towards the close of the year, by Mr. Ward, under the title of '*A View of the Relative Situations of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington previous to and on the night of Mr. Patten's Motion, by a Member of Parliament.*' This pamphlet was written and published without Mr. Pitt's knowledge, and Mr. Phipps says without that even of Lord Mulgrave. We believe it, for the practical conclusion from its reasoning would be a coalition between Pitt and Fox. It had not much success, and there were two or three slips of the pen which were ridiculed by some adverse pamphleteers. It began absurdly enough, '*When Brennus the Gaul;*' and we remember that for a season his own friends used to make merry with this pedantic exordium, by calling him *Brennus the Gaul*,—a pleasantry which Mr. Ward bore with great good humour.

All these petty disputes and intrigues (for so we must call them) brought about Mr. Pitt's last short unhappy administration, in which he was forced to obtain the assistance of the very men whom his friends had stigmatized and he himself had superseded. On this change, Lord Mulgrave had a seat in the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy; but no opening was made for Mr. Ward. Within a few months after Mr. Pitt's accession to office (October, 1804) occurred the capture of the four Spanish treasure frigates, which, taking place prior to a declaration of hostilities, occasioned a considerable clamour at home and some odium abroad. On this occasion Mr. Ward resumed his professional pen, and drew up '*An Inquiry into the Manner*

in

in which the different Wars of Europe have commenced during the last Two Centuries.' This essay had Mr. Pitt's sanction, and by his desire was altered from the form of a professional essay to that of a political pamphlet; and, as Mr. Phipps remarks, a similar change, from a legal to a political character, was, about the same time, made in the author. A Welsh judgeship, it seems, had been intended for Mr. Ward; but at this critical moment the health of Lord Harrowby, who held the Foreign Seals, giving way, Lord Mulgrave replaced him at the Foreign Office, and Mr. Ward became Under-Secretary of State—an office that, at such a crisis, carried him deep into the confidence and private society of Mr. Pitt. Here, indeed, Mr. Ward was at the fountain head, and would have had much of the greatest interest to tell; but Mr. Phipps has, unfortunately, found nothing. This interesting period is all a blank, except, indeed, that Mr. Phipps here introduces a little 'instance of that playful humour, which, though well known to Mr. Pitt's more immediate associates, the public hardly gave him credit for.' In the summer of 1803 Mr. Ward had hired a small cottage near West Molesey in Surrey, where Mr. Pitt passed a day.

'Summer was closing fast, and damp and cold had robbed gloomy firs, a shady lawn, and small rooms level with the ground, of their chief attractions. "What could persuade you," inquired Mr. Pitt, as he looked around him, "what could persuade you, Ward, to come to such a dismal place?" "That which is the grand motive to a poor man,—money," replied Ward. "Indeed! and pray how much do they give you?" inquired Pitt.'—vol. i. p. 135.

Mr. Pitt's last moments were marked by an affecting circumstance, in which Mr. Ward was in some way concerned:—

'When he could no longer continuously articulate, he made the name "Robert Ward" audible, and added signs for paper and ink. His trembling hand having feebly traced a number of wandering characters, and added what could be easily recognised as his well-known signature, he sank back. The precious paper (precious, whatever may have been its unknown import, as a proof of remembrance at so solemn a moment!) was afterwards handed over by the physician in attendance, Sir Walter Farquhar, to Mr. Ward; and many a time did he declare, as he displayed it to me, that he would give anything he valued most in the world to be able to decipher its unformed characters.'—vol. i. p. 176.

It is conjectured that this may have been an attempt on the part of Mr. Pitt to recommend some provision being made for Mr. Ward, to compensate the loss of his professional pursuits by his acceptance of so short-lived an office.

Concerning the Talents-Administration, Mr. Phipps gives us nothing, but some volunteer remarks of his own in defence of the conduct

conduct of that coalition in their difference with George III. We shall not be induced to revive, in a skirmish with Mr. Phipps, a contest which public opinion and public conscience decided against the Whigs near half a century ago; but we may be allowed to express our regret that, if he found nothing amongst Mr. Ward's papers on this subject, he did not think of supplying the deficiency (as he has done on so many less important occasions) by some extracts from his own family papers, exhibiting *Lord Mulgrave's* opinions on this point, which Mr. Phipps will, we are sure, agree, would have been more weighty than his own, and, we can confidently add, of a very opposite character.

When that motley ministry had—to use the witty but just illustration which one of themselves, who understood the case very differently from Mr. Phipps, afterwards applied to a repetition of the same folly—knocked its arrogant head against a wall of its own building, Mr. Pitt's late government was revived under the Duke of Portland:—Mr. Canning becoming Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Castlereagh for the Colonies; Mr. Perceval Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Mulgrave First Lord of the Admiralty; and Mr. Ward obtaining a seat at the board presided by his noble brother-in-law. We learn here, for the first time, how large a share Lord Lonsdale had in the reconstruction of the Government, and especially in the association of Lord Mulgrave to it. When the difference of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning exploded about two years later, Lord Mulgrave wrote to Lord Lonsdale—

‘As my taking a share in the Government originated with you, and was in compliance with your interposition, I have thought it necessary to apprise you that the Administration, in the formation of which you bore so considerable a part, is in a state of confusion that threatens its dissolution.’—vol. i. p. 211.

‘It was *in those days*,’ says Mr. Phipps (in reference to Mr. Ward's appointment at the Admiralty), ‘usual for the First Lord to have the choice of those who, as civil or naval lords, should compose the Board.’ This is a mistake, historically worth correcting. We believe the First Lord had no more special patronage in this matter *then* than now. Of course the Premier would never place at a board any one not likely to be agreeable to the First Lord and his other colleagues; but the First Lord's independent choice was understood to extend *at furthest* only to the appointment of one of the sea lords, who was to be his first and most confidential adviser on professional subjects; and, when he happened to be a peer, to one of the civil Lords who should represent the department in the House of Commons; and even these two were of course named in concert with the Prime-minister.

Such

Such was *then*, and such we presume now is, and always must be, the practice. There is, therefore, an error in substance though perhaps not in terms in the following passage:—

‘Well knowing his capabilities for the public service, one of the earliest to whom Lord Mulgrave offered a seat at the Board was Mr. Ward. He had further the credit of being the first to introduce into office, and into the very department in which he earned so high a reputation, Mr. Croker. Nor should it be forgotten that it was at the same period, and by the same nobleman, the brilliant talents of Lord Palmerston were secured to his country. In a letter of this period, written with all the modesty that generally accompanies true talent, the young Lord Palmerston expresses the satisfaction he feels in accepting the office tendered to him unsolicited, and his anxiety to justify the good opinion which such a step must indicate.’—vol. i. p. 184.

Lord Palmerston and Mr. Croker, both new in Parliament and public life, could not but be gratified at the concurrence of Lord Mulgrave in their nominations, and were no doubt glad to cultivate the friendship of that amiable, accomplished, and *very clever* man, but their appointment must have been, in fact, that of the Minister.

Mr. Phipps, too, exaggerates a good deal the importance of the station of Mr. Ward as a junior Lord of the Admiralty; and the statements he makes on this subject and a considerable correspondence, for instance, between the First Lord and Lord Collingwood, when in command of the Mediterranean fleet, that he produces, rather belong to the biography of Lord Mulgrave, or, indeed, to general history, than to the Memoirs of Mr. Ward.

But we now arrive at the most interesting portion of these volumes—the dislocation of the Duke of Portland’s Government, and its reconstruction under Mr. Perceval, in the autumn of 1809. We have already stated why we cannot expect much novelty from Mr. Ward’s relation, and indeed he himself, in a light and pleasant letter of the 30th of September, to his colleague Lord Palmerston, who happened to be in the country, characterises very modestly the kind of information that he has to give.

‘This is entirely a letter of nothing; but inasmuch as it is so, and of no value to you, while it perhaps may amuse my old age to look at the sort of gossip Lords of the Admiralty wrote to one another in 1809, I will beg the favour of you just to put it into a cover, at any time convenient, and return it to, &c. R. WARD.’—vol. i. p. 219.

And the contents of this letter are very much of the same character as the most of Mr. Ward’s memoranda, and were, we see, thought by him worth preserving for the same purpose. Mr. Phipps estimates them more highly, and compares them with Lord Malmesbury’s, but gives the preference to his own friend’s.

‘There is indeed the same minuteness of detail, the same daily record

record of the impressions and opinions of contemporary politicians, and here the parallel ends. Lord Malmesbury writes as a *bystander*, Mr. Ward as an actor, in the scenes he narrates. If the one character is likely to present greater impartiality, the other infuses more spirit into the narrative. If it is said that a looker on sees more of the game, it must, on the other hand, be conceded, that an actor knows more of the real motives and temper of those engaged.—vol. i. p. 205.

We cannot quite subscribe to this; and since the comparison has been instituted, we feel bound to say that we think Lord Malmesbury was a more dexterous journalist—a better sketcher—dealing in higher and more general interests, and seeing and hearing a greater variety of persons and things; and we must add that Mr. Ward, as to the greater portion of the matter he handles, was as much a *bystander* as Lord Malmesbury. But however this may be, Mr. Ward's Journal is in many respects curious and interesting: it opportunely commences nearly where Lord Malmesbury's ends; it embraces the whole of Mr. Perceval's administration, and gives us a series of consecutive political details concerning that period which is nowhere else (that we know of) to be found. On the important preliminary which led to the formation of that administration—the rupture between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh—nothing new can be now told. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning circulated at the time amongst their friends statements of their respective cases; these found their way into the newspapers, and are collected in the Annual Register for 1809, and to them Mr. Ward has not much, or indeed anything, to add.

But there was another branch of this affair, which, though obscured by the greater éclat of the personal quarrel, was of more real importance, and had a more lasting effect on the public interests, and of this Mr. Ward affords the best and indeed the only detailed explanation that we have seen—we mean the difference which (pending the Castlereagh affair and collaterally with it) arose between Mr. Canning and Mr. Perceval on the prospect of a vacancy in the Premiership, from which it had become evident that the Duke of Portland, whose health was in a very dilapidated condition, must speedily retire.

When Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh circulated their statements, Mr. Perceval seems also to have allowed his friends, amongst others Mr. Ward, to see a copy of the correspondence on the whole affair. Of this Mr. Ward made a *précis* which Mr. Phipps has now published. The leading fact was already well known, that Mr. Canning assumed as a basis that the first minister must be in the House of Commons. This position had for it the examples of Lord North, Pitt, Addington, and Fox, and is undoubtedly as a  
general

general principle the more convenient ; but it is obvious that it had with Mr. Canning the special merit of *implying* his own elevation to that post. Mr. Perceval, with perfect candour and unaffected modesty, allowed Canning's superior parliamentary powers, but asked whether, after having led the House of Commons for two so important years, he himself could, without loss of character, fall back into a subordinate rank. All he asked, therefore, was the *status quo*—that he and Canning should keep their respective positions under a First Lord of the Treasury in the House of Peers. Mr. Canning admitted to the fullest extent the reasonableness and moderation of Mr. Perceval's views ; he also admitted that, even if so disposed, Mr. Perceval could not from the nature of things act under him—but he added that neither could he act under Mr. Perceval. These communications were frank and friendly on both sides, and (bating Mr. Canning's somewhat premature claim to the first place, which neither the public nor the party were as yet prepared to admit) creditable to both. Canning's expedient for reconciling these difficulties was supposed to be the inducing Mr. Perceval to go into the House of Lords, in which, however—if he ever had distinctly made such a proposition—he would have failed. Mr. Perceval was not a man to become the dupe of such an expedient :—

‘ Mr. Perceval used these remarkable expressions : — “ However he (Canning) attempted to gild and decorate the ornament, I am persuaded that he meant only to put *an extinguisher on my head in the shape of a coronet.* ” ’—vol. i. p. 280.

There is in the earlier part of this correspondence a communication from Mr. Perceval to the Duke of Portland, which shows how blameless that right-hearted and high-spirited man was throughout these unhappy affairs. The *précis* by Ward has these sentences :—

‘ Resolves nothing shall make him to consent and give the pledge with the rest to stand by one another in an arrangement with respect to Lord Castlereagh *unknown to him*. Thinks, if he does, Lord Castlereagh, nor no man, can ever “ have the least reliance upon the sincerity or implied good faith of any political (I will not call it friendship, for it would be prostituting the term, but) connection with me hereafter.” All that he will pledge himself to is, to serve under any First Lord of the Treasury to be taken from their own body, including Lord Wellesley, provided Lord Castlereagh can be kept ; but will not pledge himself to anything in respect to Lord Castlereagh without his knowledge.’—vol. i. p. 226.

The question as to the future premiership was in this suspended state when the other branch of the affair exploded in the resignations of the Duke of Portland, Castlereagh, and Canning

himself, leaving Mr. Perceval the critical task of keeping a Government and the remnant of the Tory party together. With great difficulty, but chiefly by the confidence which his personal character inspired, he succeeded in forming *that* Administration, which, as he fairly told one of those to whom he offered a share in it, was not likely to last three months, but which, with some occasional changes of persons, substantially existed for one and twenty years, and carried the country through the most difficult and dangerous times to the highest pitch of glory abroad and prosperity at home which it ever had attained.

This success arose in a great measure from Mr. Perceval's original difficulties; the desertion of so many of the more experienced statesmen and the indecision of several others forced him on the bold decision of calling into office the *younger spirits* of the party. Mr. Robert Milnes, who had recently distinguished himself by two brilliant speeches, was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which with singular modesty he declined, and soon after retired to private life, which happily he still enjoys and adorns; but the new Minister's other nominations called forth men who have since borne a prominent, and some of them a brilliant, share in the business of the country—Lord Palmerston Secretary-at-War—Mr. Croker Secretary of the Admiralty—Mr. Peel and Mr. Goulburn Under Secretaries of State—Lord Desart, Mr. Richard Wellesley, and Mr. William (afterwards Lord) Fitzgerald, Lords of the Treasury—and Lord Lowther and Mr. Frederick Robinson (now Earls of Lonsdale and Ripon) successively Lords of the Admiralty. Mr. Ward himself wished, it seems, to have been Judge-Advocate; but his failure in that object appears—much to his credit—to have in no degree diminished his esteem for Mr. Perceval; whose private amiability and well-known integrity and honour became now additionally conspicuous and commanding by a display of moral and political courage, and a power and even brilliancy in debate beyond what his already high Parliamentary character had promised. All these qualities were still more prominently brought out by a sudden accumulation of dangers and difficulties that would have appalled any ordinary nerve; the illness and consequent incapacity of George III., the Regency question, and all its political difficulties both immediate and consequential, while Bonaparte was subjugating Europe, and Lord Wellington maintaining—with means which, in any other hands, would have been inadequate, and yet were all that the country could supply—that narrow footing on the Peninsula, that *πρωτω*, with which he ultimately moved the world! Of all this period, down to a few days previous to Mr. Perceval's death, Mr. Ward's Diary is complete and most satisfactory. There are, as

we

we have said, no secrets: but there is a copious, and we think we may venture from our own recollections to say, a just and accurate record of passing events and opinions; while certainly the style of the record—the hearty simplicity with which the impressions are set down—is exceedingly to the honour of the diarist. We have not space for many extracts, for which, indeed—if we were to attempt any consecutive view of the events—our whole number would hardly suffice; but as Mr. Perceval has not yet found a biographer, and as his career was so short that full justice has never been done to his personal abilities, we shall quote a few of Mr. Ward's notices of him, premising that Mr. Ward had no personal connexion with, nor originally any political predilection for Mr. Perceval:—

*'Jan. 1st, 1811.—At the House: eight hours' debate on the Household resolution [Regency question]—beaten, 226 to 213. Lord Castle-reagh and friends, Wilberforce and some saints, went over and added to the numbers of last night. Canning spoke still more heavily than last night; not a single flash of wit, but a dull and laboured argument, in which he was wrong from beginning to end. Perceval, though he had a headache, answered him in his full style of manliness; and beat him to pieces—showed that he even mistook his own principles and Lord Gower's amendment altogether. Many struck with his marked superiority. Rose among the rest. Several members observed, that when they come to be opposed in earnest he will rise far above him. . . . Many country gentlemen told me they disagreed with him on the resolution, and knew he would be beaten, but devoted themselves to him on account of his manly firmness, his integrity, honour, and courage. . . . It is pleasant, if you must fall, to fall with such a leader, and in such a cause.'*—vol. i. p. 300.

*'Jan. 17th.—At the House, on the Regency Bill. They attempted to reduce the time of the restrictions to six months; but we beat them hollow. It is amazing how Perceval fights. He was more forcible than ever, and beat Canning and Tierney out of the field. The latter, who had most attacked him, was even humbled; and, in reply, observed, that Perceval had made one of Mr. Pitt's speeches. . . . The superiority he has assumed and keeps is confessed by every one; by none more than Opposition. Our majority increases, and all attributed to him.'*—p. 336.

*'Freemantle allowed Perceval a most determined and gallant fighter, and particularly powerful that night. He has besides, said he, a most determined steady crew, who will follow him through anything, even worse than this. I said it was all owing to his personal character, which attached every body to him, and the extraordinary ability he had shown, which made that attachment an honour.'*—p. 337.

*'Jan. 18th, 1811.—Lord Lowther and F. Robinson dined with me; in the highest spirits possible at the following and loud support which Perceval received last night, and the total overthrow of his antagonists in argument and eloquence. . . . Long took me home. We remarked*

on the pleasure it was to see so many well-conditioned men all united together *toto corde*, in consequence of their cause, and of their love and esteem for their leader; and that Perceval's character and talents would do wonders in the House; and that it was a pleasure as well as honour to follow him out of office.'—vol. i. pp. 338—343.

All this was while everybody believed that immediately on passing the Regency Bill the Prince would dismiss the existing Ministry, and appoint one of which Lords Grenville and Grey were to be the heads. Mr. Ward, in contemplation of this event, says (Feb. 2):—

'Ministers all think themselves out, and we think seriously of being at Hyde House' [his country house in Buckinghamshire] 'in a fortnight. My garden, farm, plantations, and library are the prevailing ideas, and every purchase I have lately made, whether books or pruning-knives, are all with a view to my long wished retreat. There could not be a more honourable occasion for it. We shall with joy list under Perceval, the man who has throughout the contest led us to victory.'—vol. i. p. 374.

Just as the Regency Bill had passed, the King's health seemed so substantially improved, that the Prince, with a most praiseworthy delicacy, as well as discretion—

'without, as it would appear, any advisers, at least with none of those with whom he had hitherto consulted, resolved instantly upon leaving things as they are; and, in the evening, acquainted Lord Grenville with his purpose by letter.'—vol. i. p. 376.

The sentiments of filial as well as public duty that influenced the Regent to this unexpected resolution are justly appreciated and zealously vindicated by Mr. Ward.

The Regent's first levee gave occasion to a remark which is worth preserving, as the memorandum of a royal residence of which the bad taste and cupidity of underlings procured, a few years later, the demolition:—

'Feb. 26th, 1811.—At the Prince's levee, which was uncommonly splendid and most numerously attended by men of all parties. Those who had not been presented to him before kissed hands, and he put on a most gracious appearance. What struck strangers most was the splendour of Carlton House, unequalled by anything royal or otherwise in England. I thought it not inferior to Versailles or St. Cloud. Some of my old friends of the corps diplomatique whom I met were as much struck; Count Munster said that the palace at Petersburg beat everything in vastness, but was not equal to this in elegance or richness.'—vol. i. p. 399.

This is very true; and the clumsy York column, the plaster architecture of those inconvenient terraces, and the mean flight of steps into the Park, do not reconcile us to the loss of the elegant palace and delightful garden of Carlton House. Nor was their  
destruction

destruction at all necessary to the formation of Regent-street; and the passage into the Park, now the only and very inadequate compensation for the change, was no part of the original intention, and was with great difficulty extorted afterwards from Mr. Nash:—to whose spirit and enterprise, however, candour must own that—notwithstanding his demolition of Carlton House, his unlucky metamorphose of Buckingham House, and many other instances of perverse taste—London is more indebted than to any architect or all the architects since Sir Christopher Wren.

The most important question that now occupied the public mind was the active pursuit of the war in the Peninsula. On this point we had, at the time, the honour of giving our strenuous, and, we may now venture to say, not altogether inefficient support to the Administration in that great struggle. We extract a few passages of Mr. Ward's statements of his and our own views at that period:—

'*March 18th, 1811.*—The system of assisting the Peninsula by arms opposed and blamed with all their force by the Opposition. *We* want nothing more than to stand or fall, with the world and with posterity, by a comparison between this wise as well as generous line of politics and that proposed by our opponents. . . . By abandoning the Peninsula, they would themselves finish the subjugation of the Continent, and labour the way to bring the conqueror to our own shores. . . . Their whole argument went to prove that because Bonaparte had conquered all the rest of the Continent, he therefore must conquer the Peninsula; because he had greater numbers to bring up after every defeat, that therefore defeat was vain. This is as *new* as dastardly, and went the length of proving that we ought ourselves to crouch, to sue, and to surrender. These, however, the politics of *All the Talents*; how sound, or how English, let England decide. They were answered and pulled to pieces in one of the most beautiful as well as argumentative speeches ever delivered in the House, by young *Peel* [Under Secretary in the War Department], who gave another proof that there was ability on our side of the House. He was applauded almost as much by Opposition as by us at the end of his speech, and by *Whitbread* not the least. As to argument, he put the whole matter at rest.'—vol. i. p. 406.

Alas! that so bright a dawn, which rose gradually and steadily to so high a meridian, should be ultimately lost in so deep a cloud! Some symptoms of the infirmity which has caused this change showed themselves early. Were not the following little traits already indicative of a disposition to 'cool one's friends and heat one's enemies,' and to give exaggerated importance to a *Manchester agitation*?—

'*Nov. 21st, 1819.*—Walked with *Peel*. He asked how I thought we were as to strength in the House? I said, very strong. *But*, added

added he—*shall we have any of the Whigs?* They mean, I understand, to rally on the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam. I said, I thought that signified little; that there seemed a great reaction, and the loyal population preponderated ten to one. True, said he, but don't you think the *public opinion among the lower orders has undergone a change within these few years as to the constitution of Parliament?*

'Peel thought *Hunt a clever fellow*. Not so I.—vol. ii. p. 24.

And again, at the very triumphant opening of Sir Robert's last Administration, Mr. Ward detected the master-weakness:—

'*July 31st, 1843.*—As to public matters, more and more clouds and darkness, and, what is worse, *altered opinions* of those to whom I always, hitherto at least, looked with confidence. It is too certain that to me the Conservatives, and *particularly their leader*, have shown themselves incompetent in the hour of trial; and *Peel* has added to the number of those statesmen of hope and promise only one more man, of whom it may be said, "*Dignus imperio nisi imperasset.*"—vol. ii. p. 215.

But to come back to better times.—After the 20th of March, 1811, there is a chasm of ten months in Mr. Ward's Journal, which is recommenced (January 27, 1812) shortly before the expiration of the restricted Regency and of what may be called Mr. Perceval's *probationary* ministry, when there was a pretty general apprehension, and amongst the Whigs a very confident hope, that they who called themselves the Prince's old friends were to be permanently installed in office and Mr. Perceval unceremoniously dismissed. But fears and hopes were equally deceived. His talents, his spirit, and his personal deportment, at once frank and respectful, and above all the vigour and success with which the Peninsular war had been conducted, had gradually acquired for him and his administration the individual esteem and public confidence of the Regent,—who, however, seeing the great party of which Mr. Pitt had been the head split into four sections—Mr. Perceval's, Mr. Canning's, Lord Castlereagh's, and Lord Sidmouth's—and still feeling, no doubt, the expediency, if nothing more, of some overtures to those who called themselves his 'old friends,' thought very justly that an effort ought to be made to strengthen the Government by a union of as many of these elements as could concur in the general policy which he had deliberately and wisely adopted. He therefore addressed to the Duke of York, to be by him communicated to Lords Grey and Grenville, a 'masterly' letter in his own hand and 'every word of his own composition' (vol. i. p. 426), to the following effect:—

'He said he had been, as he ought, the last man in the country to despair of the King's recovery, and therefore had resolved at first to continue the present Ministers out of respect to his father; but the time

was now come when he must decide for himself; that it would be injustice to the Ministers to deny them the praise of great abilities and great fidelity in the conduct of affairs; that conduct had been prosperous, and had added a great accession of territory to the country; and whatever might have been his former opinion, he certainly ought to express himself so satisfied with Mr. Perceval's Government that he could not think of removing that gentleman from his councils; at the same time he could not but wish that his early friends would combine their weight and talents with his, and form a coalition for a Government upon the most extended basis.'—vol. i. p. 418.

Though this offer was made in all sincerity, we can very well believe that neither the Regent nor his negociator were at all sorry that the obstinacy and arrogance of 'the two Whig oligarchs' (as Mr. Ward calls them) rejected the proposal—the public certainly was not. It was hardly possible that such an amalgamation could have been successful. Mr. Perceval therefore continued Minister, but his position suffered, for a moment, some embarrassment by the resignation of Lord Wellesley. This, however, was more apparent than real. Lord Wellesley, not originally very well pleased at serving under Mr. Perceval, had, for the last year, held the seals sullenly and negligently, with little concert and less cordiality towards his colleagues. His real motive was probably at first an inclination towards Canning, and subsequently the intention (soon after declared) to set up for himself; but his ostensible complaint was that the operations in the Peninsula were not adequately supplied with either men or money, while, on the other hand, the Whigs loudly censured, and all the rest of the world wondered at the vigour and prodigality of our efforts. He also put forward some trivial grievances:—

'February 23rd, 1812.—Lord Mulgrave said it was quite ridiculous to think of the causes of Lord Wellesley's secession, the principal of which seemed to him to be his jealousy at having his dispatches commented upon or altered by the Cabinet; he could not bear that the exact phrases he used should not be allowed to stand. \* \* \* afterwards told me he had once said he thought he was among a cabinet of statesmen, but found them a set of critics.'—vol. i. p. 429.

This seems too puerile even as a cloak for the graver differences which he might not choose to avow—and yet there was, no doubt, some truth in it. Lord Wellesley's mind, with all its high and varied powers, was yet too nice, too finely polished, for the rough work of public life, and, above all, too sensitive and fastidious about his own personal success, whether as a writer or an orator. He had made two or three brilliant speeches when he first came into the House of Commons, but became so afraid of risking his reputation that he almost gave over speaking. Mr. Pitt said one day of him—indeed we believe to him—that 'he would never  
make

make really good speeches till he should submit to make now and then a bad one.' During the time he was in office he rarely spoke; and more than once, when he was expected to make a display, he would postpone it from one day to another, and at last *sine die*. This nervous reluctance to speak in one who could speak so well was peculiarly exemplified, when, after the close of these ministerial negotiations, it was announced that on a motion to be made at his own desire by Lord Boringdon (one of Canning's friends), Lord Wellesley was to enter into a full detail and justification of his whole conduct, and great expectation and curiosity had crowded the House of Lords. Lord Wellesley did not—Mr. Ward says (i. 470) could not—muster courage to rise. It was on this occasion that a slight pleasantry, much in his own way, was said to have vexed him more than graver criticisms—'Lord Wellesley's former style of oratory,' it was said, 'was imitated from *Cicero*—but he had now taken to *Tacitus*;' and when, after some disappointments of this kind, he afterwards came forth with a really brilliant oration, it was said that 'it sparkled the brighter from being so long *bottled*.' At length all these intrigues and negotiations having failed, the crisis resolved itself into the accession of Lord Castlereagh to the Foreign Office, and of the Sidmouth party to various places in the Perceval ministry.

This was not altogether to Mr. Ward's taste, who had not yet overcome his early dislike of the Addingtons, and who (though anything but a Canningite) had fallen into Mr. Canning's original and fatal mistake of underrating the talents of Lord Castlereagh. It is pleasing to trace how, in the eventful and troublesome times that followed, the honesty and courage of Lord Sidmouth in the Home Office and Lord Castlereagh's transcendent abilities and European success in the Foreign Department overcame Mr. Ward's early prejudices. But before the Addington portion of these arrangements was fully completed, the hand of an assassin put a period to Mr. Perceval's life (May 11, 1812), and again threw the whole administration into the same kind of temporary confusion. Again efforts were made towards a combination of, as Mr. Phipps says, the Whigs with Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning—but it failed as before, and for very much the same reasons; and—as the editor adds—

'the result of the curious occurrences at which we have thus hastily glanced was most favourable to the Tory party. Lord Liverpool was immediately appointed at the head of that administration, which, though thus apparently on its last legs, exhibited so unparalleled a tenacity of life, so continuous a command of Parliamentary majorities, and so curious an exemption from internal convulsions;—the seven principal officers,

officers, viz., the First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chancellor, three Secretaries of State, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and First Lord of the Admiralty, remaining without change of any kind, even *inter se*, for a period of ten years.'—vol. i. p. 487.

Yes; this was indeed a remarkable and honourable period, during which, in spite of an extreme violence of faction, principle, firmness, and mutual fidelity in the Cabinet commanded confidence and support in the Legislature, and respect and, eventually, popularity from the country at large.

With May, 1812, Mr. Ward's Journal again breaks off; and for the seven most important years that ensued, these volumes are nearly a blank. Of Mr. Ward himself, indeed, there was little to be told, but that he filled the duties of his office with his usual assiduity. His annual proposition of the Ordnance Estimates was a little enlivened in 1815 by an altercation between him and Mr. Whitbread, in which he exhibited both temper and *spirit*—to the latter of which Mr. Phipps attributes Mr. Whitbread's having never again (though he had threatened to do so) attacked the Ordnance Estimates. Mr. Phipps had forgotten that Mr. Whitbread died within a few days after this discussion. In 1816 Mr. Ward was led by his former studies to take a part in defence of the recent treaties of peace. This, as far as we know, is (if not the only) one of the very few occasions on which Mr. Ward ever spoke in Parliament but in connexion with his offices.

The Diary is resumed in November, 1819, when the country was in a great commotion from Radical and Chartist agitation, and when Lord Mulgrave spontaneously retired from the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance to make way for the Duke of Wellington's introduction to that office and to the Cabinet:—in the Cabinet, however, at the desire of his colleagues, Lord Mulgrave himself continued to hold a seat as long as his health permitted.

We cannot part from Lord Mulgrave, who has so large a place in these volumes, without paying our tribute to one too little known and, we think, never as a statesman so highly appreciated as his merits deserved. His profession was the army, in which he had served as a regimental officer in America and the West Indies. In the summer of 1793, being a colonel on half pay, and travelling in the South of Europe, he happened to be attracted to Toulon by Lord Hood's occupation of that city, and was solicited by his Lordship to assume the command as Brigadier-General of the motley garrison, composed of Spaniards, Neapolitans, Piedmontese, French, and English. This command, afterwards ratified from home by a special commission of Major-general, he exercised with great personal tact and military success—assisted by

by his friend and volunteer aide-de-camp Mr. Graham, also a chance traveller, who afterwards became so eminent in the regular service as Lord Lynedoch. Lord Mulgrave was, however, very soon, and, as we think, unfortunately for the enterprise, superseded by General O'Hara, who had the ill luck to be taken prisoner soon after his arrival, and was succeeded by General Dundas, who subsequently had the mortification of being forced to evacuate the town. On this supersession Lord Mulgrave came back to England and served in the campaigns of the Duke of York in Flanders, and on their conclusion he returned (we say returned, for he had been some years in Parliament) to political life, which he pursued to the time that we take leave of him. He was a man of refined taste and highly cultivated intellect. His letters are amongst the best materials of these volumes; he had great elegance of manner and a lively and original style both of writing and conversation, that reminded us that he was the grandson of *Lord and Lady Hervey*. His speeches in Parliament were not frequent, but ready and effective; his first speech in the House of Lords, on the 30th of December, 1794, was described by Lord Grenville 'as the most brilliant first appearance that perhaps was ever remembered' (vol. i. p. 29); he had been the public and private friend of Mr. Pitt, and continued a firm adherent to and supporter of his policy. He was an enlightened judge and liberal patron of literature and the fine arts, and in all the relations of private life in every way exemplary; and he abundantly merited the numerous tributes of gratitude and affection which his son's volumes record, and to which we are glad also to contribute our friendly suffrage.

Mr. Ward's second Diary, though essentially of the same character as the former, we think still more interesting, probably because it deals rather with *facts* than with speculations and opinions. The Manchester riots and the Queen's trial are more tangible and striking than the rival tactics and obscure intrigues of parties and partisans. His first transaction of official business with the Duke of Wellington is thus described by Mr. Phipps:—

'Soon after the Duke's appointment, Mr. Ward was leaving his office at the usual hour, when, on coming out at the Park entrance, he perceived his new *chef* just in the act of getting on horseback. He went up to the Duke and mentioned that there were some matters connected with the department on which he would like to communicate with him when he had time. "No time like the present," said the Duke, and at once dismissing his horse, returned with Mr. Ward into the Ordnance Office, where they remained closeted till past eight.'—vol. ii. p. 15.

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The following entries of the Diary are all in one way or another characteristic :—

‘ *Nov. 25th, 1819.*—The Duke talked much of the debate [on the Address], part of which he had heard. He thought Canning’s speech remarkably good. I observed, I thought Radicalism had received its death-blow. He looked significantly but doubtingly, laying an emphasis on the words *Do you?*’

‘ *Dec. 3rd, 1819.*—Speaking of the chances of a partial rising, I mentioned the speculations of some men, that perhaps it might lead to good, as it would be suppressed, and with it much of the spirit of insurrection: the Duke said he was by no means one of those who wished this; . . . . that for his part he could not even hope that a great deal of mischief, and the ruin of thousands, would not be effected before it was suppressed; that this ruin, particularly of manufacturers, who would be the first victims, would affect much of the innocent population, which would spread the discontent; that the nation would be put to the double expense of losing much in taxes and replacing the losses, which latter, however, would never restore the suffering to their primitive situation; that much blood would at any rate be spilt, and that though the rebels themselves might deserve this, yet the friends of the rebels would not fail to profit by it elsewhere, by inquiries in Parliament, inquests, and attacks upon magistrates and officers, and every sort of inflammatory topic; and who could foresee the discontent this might spread, with proper colouring, even among those who were at present peaceable? . . . This led him to his favourite notion, that the loyal should be taught to rely more upon themselves, and less upon the Government, in their own defence against the disloyal. It was this, he thought, that formed and kept up a national character: while every one was accustomed to rely upon the Government, upon a sort of commutation for what they paid to it, personal energy went to sleep and the end was lost; that in England, he observed, every man who had the commonest independence, one, two, five, or six hundred, or a thousand a year, had his own little plan of comfort—his favourite personal pursuit, whether his library, his garden, his hunting, or his farm, which he was unwilling to allow any thing (even his own defence) to disturb; he therefore deceived himself into a notion, that if there was a storm it would not reach him, and went on his own train till it was actually broke in upon by force. This led to supineness and apathy as to public exertion, which would in the end ruin us; the disposition, therefore, must be changed, by forcing them to exert themselves, which would not be if Government did every thing in civil war, they nothing: hence his wish for a volunteer force.’

‘ *Oct. 19th, 1820.*—I alluded to Brougham’s declaration in the House that nothing could save the country but an Administration formed on the broadest possible basis. He replied, Even that will not do, for there will be no leader and no submission. It is a mistake to suppose *I* can be the man. No; there is no one man in the state, of whatever party, who can command the spirits of others.’

Of the death of George III. Mr. Ward says:—

'January 29th, 1820.—At half-past eight this evening the King died. 30th.—The sensation is beyond all expectation, considering how much and how long this death has been looked for, and how entirely withdrawn from public observation his Majesty has lived for years.

'31st.—The whole town and country seem moved with regret and a feeling amounting almost to grief. All this is owing to his just, amiable, and virtuous character, without a spot on his virtue or goodness during the long life of nearly eighty-two years. All the discontents of his reign (we know how many and great) seem forgotten. The reason is they were not really well-founded, but for much the most part excited and fomented by *faction*, for which the democratic press of our constitution gives ample opportunities. On the other hand his firmness and genuine principle show themselves without alloy, now that faction in regard to *him* has so long been forgotten. There seems but one opinion and one feeling about him from the peer to the lowest tradesman.'

His account of the various rumours, on diets, and opinions that floated about during the Queen's trial are somewhat amusing. Our readers will at least smile over a few specimens of the motives of some of the peers who voted—we cannot say for her acquittal, for no one, it, seems, denied the guilt, but against the penalties:—

'June 6th, 1820.—Met Lord \* \* \* coming out of the House of Lords, and we walked through the park together. Sebright joined us—none of us spared the Queen. Lord \* \* (whom I always look upon as a most honest man) said it was rather hard on him to have to present her petitions—but he could not refuse, being so intimate with Brougham. . . . Talking of Lord Liverpool, he said he was very able, and the honestest man that could be dealt with. You may always trust him, he stated; and though he may be going to answer you after a speech, you may go out and leave your words in his hands, and he will never misrepresent you; he owned he had quite got the better of Lord Grey.'

'Oct. 16th.—Walked with Sir \* \* \*. He said he had no doubt that the Queen was guilty, but would never vote for the Bill, as unconstitutional. At the same time ready to admit that Ministers had proved such a case as perfectly justified them in bringing it forward. From so determined an opposition man I thought this a great deal, but asked if he would say this on his legs? That, he said, was a different thing.'

'Oct. 17th.—Going to the House, met James M'Donald [son of the Chief Baron]. He said he had not a doubt of the Queen's guilt, and never had, but he thought the legal proof had failed.'

'Oct. 28th.—The Attorney-General's speech [Sir R. Gifford's] seems to have made a great impression everywhere. Lord L. said it had altogether puzzled Opposition; that Lord Grey knew not what to do; and Lord Erskine, the violent champion of the Queen, seemed totally changed. I asked if he thought it would affect their votes?

He

He said he did not know, but that the fact was evident, that Lord Erskine was in a manner totally altered.'

'Nov. 7th.—At the House of Lords in Committee on the Bill; they found the preamble without a division! This will for ever be fatal to the Queen. Lord Grey, her great champion against the Bill, confessed that the second reading alone stamped her with a verdict of guilty. What can now be said when the words of this preamble are considered?'

'Nov. 10th.—I reproached Lord \* \* \* with this [a trick to get a vote for the Queen], but he laughingly gloried in it; and thus the most *honest*, honourable, virtuous man that perhaps ever lived, is not exempt from being hurried into injustice when heated by a particular object. He was loud against what he called the meanness of those Bishops who, objecting to the Divorce clause, yet declined voting against the Bill. With all this *he thinks the Queen decidedly guilty*; and when I said, I suppose you mean to present \* \* \* at Brandenburg House, he, with a sudden change to solemnity, and with great emphasis, exclaimed—NEVER. His feeling is caused by his notion of the Scripture doctrine of divorce, in which I think him totally wrong, and his sense of the King's early treatment of the Queen, in which he is, perhaps, not far from being right. This, however, does not affect the real question.'

'Nov. 17th.—Dined at Lord Lonsdale's. . . . Talking of the cross-examination of Flynn by the Solicitor-General [Sir J. Copley], who detected that the notes which he first swore had been written *in Sicily three years before* by his own clerk, had been written only *a few weeks before* by Schiarini, the Queen's steward, it turned out that this discovery was a mere accident, first set in motion by the sagacity of the Duke of Wellington. When the notes were first produced by Flynn, the Duke (who has a very long sight), though some yards off, said he was sure the paper on which they were written was English, and probably therefore had not been procured in Sicily, but the notes written since. He did not like to go himself to the counsel at the bar to mention this; but, seeing Arbuthnot near, sent him to intimate his suspicions. When the notes came into the Solicitor-General's hand, this proved correct, and the writing being shown to Maule, the Solicitor of the Treasury, he said it was exactly like a note he had in his pocket written by Schiarini. On what trifles sometimes the most important events depend, and how remarkable seems the all-pervading influence of one man's character!'

Here Mr. Phipps closes his extracts from the diary. We have seen in the outset his satisfactory reasons for not publishing its continuation to the later period to which Mr. Ward had carried it. The rest will no doubt be produced for the entertainment of a future generation.

Soon after this, in 1823, Mr. Ward lost his wife, and retired from parliament on being appointed Auditor of the Civil List—a newly created office, which, though not quite a sinecure, had no very engrossing duties, and might be considered as the reward of near twenty years of public service.

In this *émérite* retirement Mr. Ward had the lucky impulse of employing his active mind and leisure hours in literature, which had utilized his youth and now amused and, we may add, adorned his age. He wrote and in 1825 published anonymously *Tremaine*, one of a class which we may call didactic novels, and of which, as far as we recollect, the prototype was Hannah More's *Cœlebs*, and the last, in every sense of the word, is 'Dr. Hookwell,' mentioned in a former article. This is not an occasion to criticise this class of novels, nor even the individual work; it is enough to say, that to our taste *Tremaine* is the best of its class, and that we know no novel that gives the reader a more personal and favourable idea of an anonymous author; and when we at length discovered who he was, we could not but congratulate the veteran publicist and statesman on the clearness of intellect, purity of principle, and power of useful self-amusement exhibited in this novel. It is grave indeed, but not dull—argumentative, and particularly the third volume, but not tedious; and the *heroïne* is delineated with the *con amore* of one who had formed a high and just estimate of the most attractive female character. The work had, as all novel readers must know, a very great success, and its being for a considerable time strictly anonymous added not a little to its celebrity.\* We are rather surprised to find Mr. Phipps quoting without observation the following test for ascertaining the unknown author from a letter to one of Mr. Ward's few confidants:—

'Do not be very angry when I tell you that I have discovered him; be assured that his secret is as safe in my hands as he could wish it to be. I will give you a token by which *he* will know that I have found him out. When you have an opportunity, ask him if he ever saw a parody upon Love's Young Dream called "Quarter Day?" It was written in ridicule of a certain "Whig," who once,

'Big with notes,  
Mov'd the Committee of Supply  
On Ordnance Votes.'—vol. ii. p. 129.

Does Mr. Phipps suppose, as the letter-writer evidently does, that Mr. Ward was a contributor to the *New Whig Guide*?

We must make room for part of one of the *young novelist's* letters to a lady confidante, who had conveyed to him some favourable criticisms on his tale. He says (April, 1825):—

'What I am pleased with as much as anything, is the penetration of the remark that it must have been a *pet* work, kept always at hand, always in mind, and recurred to at every possible interval of leisure. This is the exact account, and describes the interest both of me and

\* The title-page of the first edition bore 'By a Friend of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.' Why that designation was omitted in subsequent editions we know not.

my girls in it for the last two years, most precisely. Even all of us (the girls quite as much as myself) considered Evelyn, Georgina, and Jack, not merely as friends, but as relations and parts of the family at Hyde House, so that Julia used sometimes to think she would meet them in the walks when she went out, or waiting for her at the tea-table when she returned home. Tremaine himself was too great a man to be an inmate, but was a constant visitor. By the way, it is both curious and interesting to me to hear how much this same *fastidieux* is admired by your sex. *I have been sometimes quite amused by hearing many young ladies say he was not a bit too old, and that they could not have refused him like Georgina, but would have married him first, for the sake of converting him afterwards. My incognito makes all this quite entertaining.* But I must release you, my dear Mrs. Austen, nor will I revert again to the subject of thanks, for I should never have done.'—vol. ii. p. 109.

*Tremaine* was followed in 1827 by 'De Vere,' a work perhaps not equal to it in originality of conception and power of execution, but likely to have been more popular (as Mr. Phipps thinks, but as we do not think it was) because it dealt more with fashionable and especially political life, and had, or was supposed to have, many portraits of living persons. In particular the character of Mr. Wentworth was generally supposed, and in the *Literary Gazette* directly and ostentatiously stated, to be meant for Mr. Canning. This Mr. Ward thought it necessary to deny in a private letter to him, which we should have been curious to see, but we presume Mr. Phipps had found no copy of it. The following was Mr. Canning's reply:—

'Tor Cliff, April 9, 1827.

'My dear Sir,—If your letter of yesterday was difficult to write, I assure you I find it no less difficult to answer at once to your satisfaction and to my own.

'While I concur with you in regretting the indiscretion of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, would it be honest in me not to own, that, with the single alloy of that regret (and that chiefly on your own account), the feelings with which I read the extract from *De Vere* on Saturday were unmixed with anything of offence or displeasure? Would it be honest not to add, that the avowals of your letter of yesterday are as gratifying as the apologies are superfluous?

'I must be very sensitive, if, after thirty-three years of party life, any allusions of the press, in good or evil part, could seriously affect my equanimity; but I must be callous beyond all stoicism if I could affect to be indifferent to such allusions as those of the author of *De Vere*. Believe me, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE CANNING.'

We must here revert to a hint we have already given, that Mr. Ward had a long and a strong prejudice against Mr. Canning, for which, neither in what we know of their personal intercourse nor what

what we see in these volumes, can we at all account. The constancy and keenness of the depreciation suggest that some personal feeling must have been at bottom; but we can trace no occasion for any, unless it was that on the formation of the Duke of Portland's ministry in 1807, no notice was taken of Mr. Ward—Canning not choosing to restore him to the Under-Secretaryship, from which he had been displaced by the Talents; but this is mere conjecture, and perhaps after all it was nothing but an excess of partisan zeal, of which Mr. Ward seems to have been very susceptible; certain, however, it is that Mr. Ward's journals must be read with some allowance if not suspicion in all that regards Mr. Canning, though we have reason to believe that he had latterly done more justice to that extraordinary man, as we know he did to Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh, whom also he at one time very much disliked and depreciated. If Mr. Ward's journals had extended to the last years of Mr. Canning's life, we confidently believe that we should have found there a picture of him not less favourable than *Wentworth*. Mr. Phipps seems to hint something of this. We think we may venture to more than hint it.

The editor introduces some testimonies to the merit of his uncle's novels; but their greatest success is not to be found in the common records of literary fame, but in the parish register. In July, 1828, he re-married—to a wealthy widow. Mr. Phipps says:

‘Mrs. Plumer Lewin,\* of Gilston Park, had extended her admiration for his writings to their author, and at her beautiful seat in Hertfordshire he was able to enjoy the sort of rural life which, from the days when his young imagination had dwelt on Sir Roger de Coverley, formed the great object of his ambition.’—vol. ii. p. 172, 173.

In consequence of this alliance he obtained permission to adopt the name of Plumer before his own.

This matrimonial and financial success was, however, soon embittered by domestic afflictions and by a personal mortification. The fatal disease which had caused the death of their mother settled successively and irrevocably on all his three daughters, two of whom he lost within a few days of each other, and within a few months he, by the loss of Mrs. Plumer Ward, became again a widower.—The mortification which visited him was the loss of his office of Auditor of the Civil List, which he had received as a place for life, and which the Whigs, in their first burst of one-sided economy, abolished in 1831 as a *sinecure*. Mr. Ward could not but submit to the loss, but he would not submit to the imputation of being a sinecurist or having neglected his duties; and Lord

\* This lady was Jane Hamilton, granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Abercorn; born in 1765; married, in 1791, to Mr. Plumer, who dying in 1822, she married Commander Lewin, of the Royal Navy; and he dying in 1827, she remarried in 1828 Mr. Ward.

Althorpe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Mr. Ward's complaint, made in the House of Commons a satisfactory explanation on that point; but the doom of the place was final. Yet certainly it seems to have been not a useless one, if we may judge by one of Mr. Ward's reports of the abuses he was called upon to correct in the Royal Household, which is worth preserving as a curiosity equal to any extracts from the Northumberland or any other household book.

'The excess in the Lord Steward's department seems neither more nor less than the most scandalous waste. I cannot better exemplify this than by the instance of an allowance of 500*l.* a year to the lower servants in lieu of small beer. The history is, that, when allowed small beer in kind, they were all allowed access *ad libitum* to the cellar, and often would not take the trouble to turn the cock after having drawn their quantity, but let hogsheads run off from very wantonness. The then officers in power, instead of punishing them, thought it right to turn the beer into money (the servants having ale and porter besides fully sufficient); and hence this 500*l.* a year compensation for not being permitted to continue this wasteful extravagance. The above is to be sure an extreme case, but the prodigality of the steward's room and the servants' hall is almost as bad. Every person belonging to either seems allowed to carry away as much provision as he can scramble for, after being himself satisfied. If a bottle of wine or porter is opened for a glass, the rest is carried off—the meat in a napkin, which seldom finds its way back again; and, in addition to this, scores of persons who have no connexion with the domestic establishment appear to run riot upon the unlimited allowance for these tables. The footmen and maids, moreover, have been allowed charwomen and helpers (in fact, to allow them to be idle), and the reduction of these will save 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year more. The calculation of meat per day, for each individual of the family, has been 2*lbs.*, which the principal cooks allow is too much by  $\frac{1}{2}$ *lb.*: this alone will save 500*l.* a year; and an allowance of what is called *bread money*, which I could not get explained . . . because the allowance in money does not preclude the supply of bread in kind, over and above the allowance.'—vol. ii. pp. 176—178.

On the death of his daughters and of his wife (who left to her third husband the estate and residence of Gilston Park, which had been left to her absolute disposal by the first of the series)—the editor remarks,—

'It would be no part of the intention of this work to dilate on the grievous private afflictions with which he was visited at this period. Their influence will be traced in the more sober character of the works he composed between the publication of *De Vere* [1827] and *De Clifford* [1841], in which, as in *Illustrations of Human Life* [1837] and *Pictures of the World* [1838], the narrative form is less maintained, and more room is given to philosophical disquisitions.'—vol. ii. p. 185.

This is oddly worded: it seems to imply that there were some other works between De Vere and De Clifford, besides the Illustrations and the Pictures. We know of none. Perhaps 'as in' should have been 'namely,' or some such expression—though we confess we cannot see in those works any *peculiar* traces of the sorrows to which the editor alludes, nor can we reconcile the respective dates of the events and the publications with his hypothesis; and his observation is the more remarkable, because the very next page informs us that Mr. Ward had recourse to a more effectual, as well as more immediate, source of consolation for the loss of his second lady than that of writing 'philosophical disquisitions'—namely, by contracting in the following year a third matrimonial alliance with another widow, Mrs. Okeover (daughter of Sir George Anson), which, adds the editor, 'furnished sunshine for his remaining years upon earth' (ii. 186); and it must have been under the benignant influence of this sunshine that were written the words which the editor fancies to have been impregnated with the widower's sorrow. It is a curious coincidence that in De Vere (1827) a favourite character is the *Master of Okeover Hall*—a name taken by chance from the Road-book; and that the author should, so many years after, 'see himself, in right of his wife, as the guardian of her only son, *Master of Okeover Hall*' (ii. 187). We cannot help observing, as another curious coincidence, that as Mrs. Plumer Ward had had three husbands within *six* years, Mr. Ward had had three wives within *ten*, and that his two last *bonnes fortunes* should have been achieved at the ages of sixty-three and sixty-seven! But he was always popular with the ladies, had abundance of small talk and lively conversation, with a prodigious untaught musical talent;\* and all through life, and even to the last—though reduced to an ear-trumpet—he had a *jaunty air*, and appeared, both in countenance and figure, very much younger than he really was.

Our limits will not allow us to say more of his later works, than that he published, in 1841, an essay on the Revolution of 1688; in which, with great political courage, much constitutional learning, and some very cogent logic, he subjects that great event to a very severe examination. In some respects, no doubt, his censures may be just; but he has too much overlooked the cardinal point of the whole case: was there any other possible expedient for securing the liberties and religion of England? We

\* A lady writes thus on his *début* in London society in 1795:—'Mr. Ward's playing is astonishing; he cannot read a note of music, but plays airs and variations in the most masterly and capital style.'—vol. i. p. 28. He kept up this accomplishment constantly.

have not much more of either love or respect for William than Mr. Ward; but he was a necessary, and at that crisis the only available instrument, for an indispensable object.

In 1841 Mr. Ward also published another novel, in four volumes—'De Clifford,' already often mentioned. In a letter from Okeover, 24th January, 1841, he announces its approaching publication with a spirit and confidence enviable at his age.

'Think of a gentleman of seventy-six writing a love story! and yet I shall not be afraid to hazard it, for all Colburn's critics say it is as good as Tremaine and De Vere. Succeed or fail, it has already repaid me a high price in the absorbing and pleasing interest it has shed over this *my last retreat*, where I have so forgotten all worldly pursuits, that I never was so independent, and never more happy. To be sure I have a powerful aid in my dear companion, whose own apparent happiness forms a very principal part of mine.'—vol. ii. p. 207.

Without altogether agreeing with 'Colburn's critics,' we can, at least, say that De Clifford is a very agreeable and clever novel, and really wonderful as the work of a man of *seventy-six*.

But Okeover was not to be his 'last retreat.' His wife's father, Sir George Anson, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and to his apartments in that institution, 'being,' says Mr. Ward, 'not willing to part company when we have all been so happy together,' Mr. Ward and his lady, with a library of between 3000 and 4000 volumes, removed in March, 1846.

'Think,' he writes, 'of my boldness in adventuring this at *eighty-one*, when there is little chance of my ever opening a book again.'—ii. 227.

And here, amidst friends so strangely and recently acquired, and who proved themselves so worthy of his choice, he closed his long, respectable, and, it seems, happy life, on the 13th of August, 1846, in his eighty-first year.

We cannot better conclude our remarks on this amiable and clever man than by his own words on reading a favourable review of his last work:—

'Let me confess, that to one particular critique (that in the "*Britannia*" of last Saturday) I am anything but dead. On the contrary, I am most sensitively alive to it, and was even much affected by its concluding paragraph, where, alluding to the little probability, from my age, of my appearing again as an author, it takes leave of me in terms which, if true, must cheer even my last hour. Must it not do so to be told that I have done much to counteract the vicious tendencies of an immoral school, and shown that a novel may not be the less interesting for breathing a spirit of pure and exalted sentiment? If I have done this, and deserve half of what this evidently enlightened writer (whoever he is) is pleased to say, then *the old*

gentleman of seventy-six may hope that, though he has lived so long, he has not lived in vain.'—vol. ii. p. 209.

With respect to the volumes now before us, we hope we have said and quoted enough to satisfy our readers that they abound in amusing, and are not scanty of instructive matter; and we congratulate Mr. Phipps on the general discretion, delicacy, and neatness of literary execution which he has brought to his dutiful labour as editor and biographer.

- ART. X.—1. *Départ de Louis-Philippe au 24 Février. Relation authentique de ce qui est arrivé au Roi et à sa Famille depuis leur départ des Tuileries jusqu'à leur débarquement en Angleterre. Extrait de la Revue Britannique.* Pp. 86. Paris, 1850.  
 2. *Le Conseiller du Peuple. Journal par M. A. de Lamartine. Réfutation de quelques Calomnies contre la République.* Paris. Avril, 1850.

A TRANSLATION of the article of our last number on the French Revolution, and especially on the escape of the Royal Family, soon appeared in the *Revue Britannique*, and was by and bye published also as a separate pamphlet. It has had, as the importance and authenticity of its facts well deserve, a considerable circulation in France—'retentissement immense,' says M. Lamartine—and has given rise to what M. Lamartine is pleased to call a 'Refutation' of our charges against him—as well as to some more amicable observations and reclamations, of which, for the sake of historic truth, we think ourselves bound to take some notice. The editor of the *Revue*, Dr. Amadée Pichot, though he thought our article worthy of reproduction, accompanied it with a preamble intended to attenuate in some degree its effects, and upon which, as to both its tone and its statements, we should be entitled to offer a few animadversions; but we can make allowance for the Doctor's peculiar position, both with regard to the *Quarterly Review* (see vol. xxxii. p. 342, 1820) and as the private friend of M. Lamartine, and shall content ourselves with the more agreeable duty of thanking M. Pichot for the general fidelity and candour with which he has reproduced our Essay. He tells us the translation was made by two hands, and we think we can see that some passages are rendered with a very peculiar felicity; but it is generally accurate, and always fair. There is, however, one point of fact which, in justice to both King Louis-Philippe and ourselves, as well as for the sake of historical accuracy, we think it worth while to set right. The editor chooses to see in our last number an altered

altered tone towards Louis-Philippe, and to attribute the alteration to the influence of some recent intercourse with the *Comte de Neuilly*. That is a mistake. No one, we believe, ever saw that great person, either 'in his zenith or his mild decline,' without being struck with the amiability of his private life, the frankness of his manners, and the vigour of his conversation; but our readers know that we always did ample justice to all his personal and many of his political qualities; and that our articles of March and June, 1848—on the evidence furnished by the revolutionists themselves—treated the ex-King and his family in exactly the same spirit as our last. We have always given the same praise and made the same reserves as to different points of his character and policy; and our last number differs in that respect from its predecessors only in the authenticity which personal evidence gives to a narrative of personal adventures—the opinions on the persons and facts were, as we took care to say, all our own, and are the same which, *in pari materiâ*, we have always held.

Before we enter the lists with M. Lamartine we shall dispose of a few other less serious observations which have been made on our article.

At p. 550 it is said that the Duke of Nemours was 'in nominal command of the troops on the Carrousel.' This has been thought obscure: by 'nominal command,' however, we meant, and thought we had sufficiently expressed, that the command was made merely *nominal* by the prohibition issued by the new ministry against the troops using their arms. But we must also add what we were not at first aware of, that the Duke's command was, moreover, spontaneous and accidental—*assumed* by him, on his own responsibility, in the exigency of the moment, when all the superior military authorities had disappeared. The assumption of the disarmed and hopeless command at this crisis was an act not only of private duty and *dévouement* towards the personal safety of his family, but of high political courage—it probably saved the Tuileries from a new 10th of August, and France from a catastrophe still more terrible.

Among the names of the officers (see Quar. Rev. p. 553) who happened to be in immediate and active attendance on the Royal Family at their departure from the Tuileries, a gentleman of the name of Perrot de Chazelles has written to the Paris Journals to claim a place. So also has Comte Friant—one of the King's aides-de-camp. Their names did not appear in any of the works we had quoted, and had escaped the memory of our informants, but we are willing to do justice to their well-authenticated loyalty and zeal.

A more important omission (from page 555) was that of the  
name

name of the Count de Montalivet, who took an active and prominent part in protecting the departure of the Royal family. He was minister of the Civil List and Royal household, and much in the personal confidence and friendship of both their Majesties, and, though very ill, had made an effort to leave his bed and rejoin them at the Tuileries when he heard that the émeute endangered the palace. It happened that he was also colonel of that legion of the cavalry of the National Guard which General Dumas had so fortunately brought into the garden of the Tuileries; and when the King was about to depart, M. de Montalivet mounted one of his troopers' horses, and voluntarily taking command of the legion, escorted the Royal family to St. Cloud; and, we are satisfied, separated himself from them *there* only because his presence in Paris was indispensable to the King's personal interests. He was, in fact, the only official or even friendly representative of that interest, and sole guardian of the Royal property remaining in the metropolis. His devotion to the King at all times, and his personal exertions on that day, deserve to be recorded, and we willingly repair an omission which we, not finding his name in that portion of the printed narratives before us, involuntarily made.

We have also to correct one or two errors into which we find—from the letters of M. de Mornay and an article of M. de St. Priest's in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—that M. Lamartine had led us, on the subject of the Duchess of Orleans and the Duke of Chartres: they are not of much importance, except as additional instances of M. Lamartine's strange inaccuracy; but our respect for her Royal Highness induces us to set them right. These inaccuracies occur in our pages 562, 563. It is not true, as there stated, that the Duchess of Orleans left Paris and remained two days in ignorance of the fate of her second son. Her Royal Highness was, very soon after their separation, informed that the boy was safe with his tutor and in the hands of respectable friends, where it was thought prudent to leave him. 'The Duchess,' says our informant, 'would not have left Paris, nor even the house of the President of the Chamber where she first took refuge, if she had not been satisfied that the child was safe.' Nor was M. de Mornay ignorant of the place of the Duchess's retreat, for it was *he* who conducted her Royal Highness to M. Anatole de Montesquiou's château of Bligny—not Ligny, as M. Lamartine misled us to call it. Nor was M. Lamartine exactly correct in saying that she escaped 'in disguise'—she was forced, no doubt (in order to evade the chivalrous solicitude of MM. Lamartine, Caussidière, and Delahodde about her), to travel *incognita* and with a passport *pseudonyme*—but she was not *travestied*.

travestied. She wore the same dress that she had worn at the Chamber of Deputies, and her passport was as *Madame de Mornay*.

We now arrive at M. Lamartine's appeal against us.

M. Lamartine, feeling, not unnaturally, much aggrieved by our observations upon him, has thought it expedient to endeavour to exculpate himself from them in some thirty pages of a kind of pamphlet-newspaper, called *Le Conseiller du Peuple*, which he publishes, we believe, monthly, and which seems especially dedicated to his own personal glorification, and the refutation and correction of those who are so unfortunate as to differ in any degree from the high opinion which M. Lamartine entertains of himself. For example, the part of this periodical which contains this demolition of the Quarterly Review has room for only one other article—it is a florid eulogium on Toussaint-Louverture, a new melodramatic play by M. Lamartine, and concludes with these words:—

‘It is some thousands of years since *Sophocles*, fallen under the ingratitude of the Athenians, and accused of insanity, pulled from under his cloak the tragedy of *Œdipus* and read it before the people. The Athenians understood the lesson and crowned *Sophocles*.’—*Cons. du Peuple*, p. 167.

We can have no objection to M. Lamartine's thus publishing to the world the opinion of one of his satellites—and of course his own—that *he is Sophocles*; and we cannot deny that *Toussaint-Louverture*, or any other fabulous drama, would be just as conclusive an answer to our charges as that which he has given: though we must confess that, if we are to assimilate his defence to a drama, it reminds us much more of the *Miles Gloriosus* than of the *Œdipus Coloneus*—and M. Lamartine more of *Thraso* than of *Sophocles*.

Of the tone, however, of his reply to us, we make no complaint. Some exacerbation might be naturally expected from the severity of our strictures on that sensitive creature, whose talents, courage, and high moral and religious instincts—all of which we frankly acknowledge—become useless, mischievous, and, what *he* will think worse, ridiculous, under the predominance of the one *master-weakness* of this ‘most forcible Feeble,’—a puerile and morbid vanity, which seems in its paroxysms to amount to a temporary derangement.

The very title he affixes to his paper is characteristic—‘*Refutation de quelques Calomnies contre la République*’:—the whole and sole object of the production being to refute some of what he calls ‘calumnies’ against M. Lamartine. In not humble imitation of Louis XIV. and Napoleon, Lamartine exclaims—*La République c'est moi!* Nor shall we, as regards our present discussion, contest

contest the boast; for undoubtedly whatever of peace, wealth, happiness, dignity, or honour the *Republic* may have conferred on France between the 24th of February and 23rd of June, 1848, may be fairly ascribed to M. Lamartine; and when he so often—and again in this *brochure*—boasts that *his* republic was not sullied by one single act of violence or one drop of blood, we can only admire that convenient conscience which makes no account of the sacking of the Tuileries and Neuilly—of the murder of many individuals—of the massacre and burning alive of the troops and police, with all which his administration opened, nor of the gigantic slaughter in which it closed. Yes, we acknowledge '*Cette République c'est TOI!*'—not that you advised, encouraged, or approved such horrors—no, we acquit you of that; but because your rashness, vanity, ambition, and *spite* helped mainly to produce them; and that when you identify yourself with the *Republic* you *adopt* them.' But let that pass, and let us see what especially concerns ourselves in this reply.

M. Lamartine begins with a summary recapitulation of our principal charges against him—fairly enough stated, and in one or two instances, as observed by a critic favourable to M. Lamartine (*Examiner* of 1st June, 1850), even overstated—which, when we first read it, we supposed was done to make the refutation on those points more easy; but our readers will partake our surprise at finding that—after this ostentatious parade of our charges—and this bold appearance of answering them *seriatim*—they are left not merely without any sufficient answer, but (except one, of which more presently) without anything like contradiction or even denial. All that follows is a repetition of the same pompous rigmarole—and almost in the same words—about his own personal talents, delicacy, and magnanimity, which we had had *ad nauseam* in his original work; but there is not one single fact of our indictment, traversed, contradicted, or even questioned—not one, with the single exception just alluded to. This seems unaccountable: that a man of Lamartine's ingenuity and literary adroitness should take the trouble of calling the attention of the world to a series of charges, and then leave them as he found them, or, rather indeed, to be taken *pro confesso*, seems to us incomprehensible; but such is literally the case. There is, as we have said, abundance of professions of his high feelings and generous intentions, but not the slightest attempt to controvert our facts or to dispute our correction of *his* facts. Now we confess that the *facts* are all that we are concerned about; and we leave M. Lamartine's *good intentions* to their proverbial use of paving the ancient hothouse of all Revolutions. On this earth they certainly left no trace.

The

The exception, however, that we have made is a very important one, and, if the case turned out to be as M. Lamartine states it, we should certainly have to confess that we had been led to do him great injustice, and we should be most anxious to repair it; but we are forced to say that—as yet—our further investigation of the circumstances leads to conclusions more damaging to M. Lamartine than anything contained in the article that has so excited his febrile indignation.

On M. Lamartine's assertion in his former work that 'he was authorized by the Provisional Government to provide respectfully and even liberally for the King's safe departure,' we had said distinctly that we were satisfied that the Government were very desirous that the King should escape, and that M. Lamartine's own feelings were interested in that object; but we reproached him with not having had the vigour and courage to do anything effective or even visible either to forward that object or to apprise the King of his favourable disposition; and we confess that we did not think that certain overtures which he stated that he made to M. de Montalivet on the night between the 26th and 27th—three days after the King's departure, and when it might have been hoped that his Majesty was already safe in England—were of a character to command that gentleman's confidence, inasmuch as they were, at best, rather tardy, and certainly never reached the King, which we concluded they must have done had M. de Montalivet considered them serious.

M. Lamartine in his reply informs us that we were mistaken; and we shall first give his own version of this affair—a very small part of the whole catastrophe, but a prominent one, and, as being the *only* fact directly disputed, of some interest to history. We condense the substance of his diffuse narration.

'At the first *regular* and *interior* sitting of the Provisional Government'—but here we must pause to say that the *date* of this sitting is not specified, and that, in the whole of his History, and still more remarkably in this reply, M. Lamartine hardly ever condescends to furnish us with a precise date, and we need not remind our readers that dates are in narratives the touchstone of truth:—'the first *regular* and *interior* sitting of the Provisional Government' is to us as vague a time as the *Greek calends*—particularly as M. Lamartine invokes fifty bystanders as witnesses of this first regular and *interior* deliberation;—but whatever the date was (which we gather *aliundè* to have been on the 26th February), at that 'first and regular sitting,' M. Lamartine, as '*fifty witnesses* can testify (p. 153), proposed to the unanimous concurrence of the meeting that the flight of the King should be *free*—that aid and even dignity should be given to his departure—his

his person protected from all violence, from all insult—his personal property held sacred—and '—we fear to trust to our translation—

' *S'il venait à être découvert, le faire escorter et embarquer avec la décence d'un peuple qui se respecte dans l'homme qui fut son chef.*'—(p. 153.)

We beg our readers to weigh exactly the terms of this proposition which now at the end of two years M. Lamartine produces as evidence of his delicacy and deference towards the King—

'If he should be discovered—to cause him to be escorted and shipped off with all the decency which a people owes to—ITSELF.'

No wonder that the fifty mob assessors of the cabinet cordially agreed in such a respectful treatment of the King, 'if they should discover him.'

'In pursuance of this resolution a vote of 300,000 francs was placed at M. Lamartine's disposal. On the strength of this vote that same evening M. Lamartine selected four commissioners to attend the King, and had his own travelling carriage prepared to start at a moment's warning, and he kept it with a sum of 2000*l.* ready for the use of the commissioners, whose instructions he prepared and signed.'

'All that being done and night being come, I went out,' proceeds M. Lamartine in his *History*, 'wrapped up in my cloak to avoid recognition, on foot and alone, to M. de Montalivet, the friend and confidant of the King.' In his *Refutation*, M. Lamartine says that he was not alone, but accompanied by M. de Champeaux, one of the four intended commissioners. This discrepancy between the two narratives—between going alone and going in company with one of the commissioners—important enough in testing the veracity of any witness, becomes, as we shall see, of peculiar significance in the sequel of the case. 'I knew,' says M. Lamartine, in the *Refutation*, 'that the King had written to M. de Montalivet from Versailles and from Dreux.' He knew no such thing, for the King never was at Versailles; nor did he even write from Trianon, which is so near to Versailles that the great restorer of that town did not venture to stop there more than an hour. This may seem a trifle; but in discussing moot points of evidence these variances become important, and every new step is a fresh proof of M. Lamartine's inaccuracy. He proceeds:—

'I had no doubt that this minister was in the confidence of all the King's movements, and knew his hiding-place. I acquainted him with the intentions of the Government, and my own. I communicated to him the measures I had already taken to have the Royal family followed and if necessary protected (*pour faire suivre et au besoin protéger*) against all impediments or insults, and I conjured him to open himself

himself to me with the most entire confidence, and to let me know where Louis-Philippe was secreted.'—*Réf.*, 155.

'M. de Montalivet,' he goes on to say, 'assured him that he knew no more than he of the King's movements, and promised to let him know when he should be apprised of the King's whereabouts. Six days elapsed without any communication, when M. Lamartine represented to Madame Montalivet that the King exposed himself to great danger by this concealment—that the people might become alarmed at the continued residence on the territory of the republic of a person who might be suspected of designs hostile to the revolution; and he entreated her to put him on the King's track, and to enable him to despatch the safe and steady commissioners—(*hommes sûrs et prudents*)—who were empowered to conduct the affair honourably to all parties; but Madame de Montalivet still protested that she knew nothing, and was herself in great anxiety.'

'I fancied,' says Lamartine, 'that the King was afraid of owing anything to the revolutionary Government, and had rather trust to the discretion of his own friends and to Providence. I understood and respected the susceptibility of dignity and misfortune. I insisted no farther, and prevented (*prévins*) any further search. Two days more acquainted me with the *precise* circumstances of the King's escape. I cared little how it was that the Royal family had escaped, provided that it had suffered neither pursuit, nor insult, nor captivity, on the part of France. Such was my conduct and that of the Provisional Government; and after what I have related, whom will the Quarterly Reviewer (*l'écrivain d'outre mer*) persuade, that if the Government had pleased (1) to close the roads—(2) to embargo (*murer*) the coasts—(3) to scrutinise all embarkings—(4) to stir up its agents and (5) the population—that it could not, I say, in eight days' time, have prevented the escape of the Royal family?'—*Réf.*, 158.

To which we reply again that we never for a moment denied or doubted that Lamartine and the majority of the Government were exceedingly anxious that the King should not be intercepted; but it is rather unlucky for the foregoing statements that every one of the impediments which M. Lamartine chooses to conjecture as problematical, did actually take place, as we shall show, *seriatim*, and we have numbered them for more accurate comparison:—1. The roads and railroads *were* closed, and M. Lamartine himself tells us, and with some exaggeration too, of the difficulties of the King and of the Duchess of Montpensier in making their way '*à travers champs*'\* and through byways; the King narrowly

\* M. Lamartine states this so strongly that he even describes the King as passing and repassing to and fro between Honfleur and Havre, *à travers champs*! though, as everybody but

narrowly escaped interruption near Pacy and arrest at St. André, as did the Duke de Nemours at the barrier of Paris, when he escaped the surveillance only by being disguised. 2. An order was despatched to *murer les côtes*, which barred the King's escape from Trouville. 3. Embarkings were so watched that the King got through Honfleur and most critically escaped from Havre, only by a disguise and a plan so well laid and rapidly executed that M. Lamartine never knew when nor (till he read our article) exactly how it was accomplished. 4. He or his colleague, M. Ledru Rollin, had one Cerberus visiting Hallot's house at Trouville, another searching the Pavilion at La Grace, and a third watching the Quay of Havre—all fortunately just too late. And, 5. The state of the populace at Abbeville, at Eu, at Pacy, at Evreux, and at Rouen, proves that, whether factiously or spontaneously excited, they were but too well prepared to impede the departure and even to endanger the safety of the Royal family.

But all this—though we could not refrain from noticing this most inconsistent and fallacious portion of M. Lamartine's defence—is a little beside our main point, to which we return.

We repeat our admission, that if M. Lamartine's account of his communications with M. de Montalivet were the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, it would prove that he had made one effort, and the most natural one (though somewhat tardy, and, as it turned out, wholly ineffectual), for the King's safety, and that *so far* our censure would be unfounded; but M. Lamartine's narrative is not, we regret to say, of that character. It is no better than a clever intermixture of as much truth as he cannot help telling, with as much variation, suppression, or embellishment as he found necessary either to the palliation of his errors or the inflation of his vanity. In the first place, the communication with M. de Montalivet related to the King alone. We had said,—

‘The Royal family consisted of about twenty persons, who escaped literally north, east, south, and west, in five or six different batches, and not one of them saw any traces of M. Lamartine's protection.’

To this answer of ours to M. Lamartine's boast of having protected and facilitated the retreat of the *whole Royal family*, it is evident that his conference with M. de Montalivet about the King alone would be at best a very imperfect rejoinder.

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but M. Lamartine recollects, there is between those places nothing but a wide arm of the sea. We must allow him to state this miracle in his own words: ‘Cinq jours entiers un vent contraire, une mer terrible s'opposent au départ de ces bâtimens; le Roi dévorant les heures se ronge d'impatience et d'inquiétude; il va et revient plusieurs fois à travers champs et par les tempêtes de la nuit de sa retraite, [à Honfleur] au port du Havre et du Havre à sa retraite!’—*Hist.*, ii. 51.

‘Quid

‘ Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una ? ’

But there is one circumstance in the case which M. Lamartine not only omits, but which—as we are informed from authority on which we can implicitly rely—is fatal to his narrative, and gives an entirely new turn and view of the whole transaction. It is quite true that M. Lamartine, actuated probably by (*inter alia*) sentiments of humanity and respect towards the King, communicated to M. de Montalivet the decision of the Government to favour the escape, but he did not invite M. de Montalivet to any concert or share in the transaction. All he asked was to be informed *where the King was to be found*, and all he told was that four commissioners would, on that information being afforded, proceed to convey the King to the frontier. The proposition seemed, at first sight, to M. de Montalivet, neither delicate nor encouraging:—it looked as if the price of M. Lamartine’s protection was the delivering up the King to four commissioners;—but when he heard the names of the proposed commissioners he was astonished. M. Lamartine states in his *History* that the persons he selected for this most delicate mission were MM. Oscar Lafayette and Ferdinand Lasteyrie—names, he says, agreeable to the people—and two private friends of his own—viz., M. de Champeaux, formerly an officer of the *Garde Royale*, and M. d’Argaud, a confidential *attaché* in the Foreign Office. We observe that in the original *History* the name of M. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie does not appear, and it would seem that there were but *three* commissioners intended: the *Refutation* states *four*. Our readers will see presently why we notice such apparent trifles and slips of memory. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the personal qualities of the four gentlemen named to say whether they were of a character and position to give due weight, dignity, and respect to such a mission; nor need we now inquire—for, most strange to say, *these were NOT the names announced to M. de Montalivet*. To him, M. Lamartine, after MM. de Lafayette and Lasteyrie, added—not the respectable names of M. de Champeaux, *ancien officier de la Garde Royale*, and M. d’Argaud, the *attaché aux Affaires Etrangères*—but

CITIZEN FLOCON and ALBERT OUVRIER !

Under what aberration of mind or apathy of heart M. Lamartine could have proposed such men for such a mission is to us incomprehensible; but how it is that he, a gentleman and a man of honour, should have not only forgotten those names, but should have so repeatedly and so solemnly substituted for them the two others of an entirely different character, is a question which he only can explain, and which, till he shall have had an opportunity for explanation, we are unwilling to characterise as it at present appears

to

to deserve. All we will say is, that there can be no doubt about the fact. The names were too startling—too alarming—to M. de Montalivet, to be mistaken at the moment, or ever forgotten. M. de Montalivet, in his surprise and indignation, saw, and could see in such a proposition, but one of two things—a snare or an insult—to either of which he would naturally decline to be made an accessory. He therefore at once stated, which was at the moment literally true, that he did not know where the King actually was; but in order to gain time for the illustrious fugitives, and to prevent, if he could, a more active pursuit, he held out to M. Lamartine, the prospect of some future communications. M. de Montalivet felt ashamed of becoming the channel of such a proposition: he did not think himself bound, or even at liberty, to reveal this strange confidence; and it was not till they were safe in England that the King and Queen heard that the generosity and delicacy of M. Lamartine had intended to consign them to the safe custody of Flocon and Albert!

We have only to add to this almost incredible story, that M. de Montalivet acted throughout with equal prudence and appreciation of what was due alike to the dignity and the safety of his illustrious friends, who entirely approved his tacit rejection of M. Lamartine's offensive, if not insidious, overture.

Such is the state of the only question on which M. Lamartine has ventured to controvert our facts!

There are two or three other points on which, though M. Lamartine does not venture to contradict our statements, he attempts an exculpation of himself, by throwing a kind of doubt and obscurity around facts that he cannot directly deny. For instance, as to the ex-Ministers:—

‘It was not for eight or ten days that I heard of a warrant for the arrest of the ex-Ministers, issued by a magistrate of Paris—without my knowledge or that, I believe, of any member of the Government (*à mon insu et à l'insu, je crois, de tous les membres du Gouvernement*). I summoned the magistrate before me to question him about this warrant, and to desire him to withdraw it silently (*sans bruit*), and not to follow up a measure adverse to our views. This magistrate explained the act as being a mere legal form—inopportune, and of no value; he quite agreed with me, and promised to stifle in silence this over zealous proceeding, which was, in fact, no more than an unhappy routine of office—without cause and without object (*mauvaise habitude de parquet sans fondement et sans politique*).’—*Réf.*, p. 151.

This produced an answer in the public papers from the magistrate alluded to, who turns out to be no less a person than M. Portalis, *Procureur-Général*, or first law officer of the Provisional Government. He now produces, nay, more, he now asserts that he produced to M. Lamartine, at the meeting alluded to,

to, the official order from the Minister of Justice, Keeper of the Seals, to the following effect:—

‘M. le Procureur-Général,

‘Paris, Feb. 25, 1848.

‘The Provisional Government has decided that the ex-Ministers should be immediately prosecuted and delivered over to the justice of the country. I therefore request you to take immediate steps, &c.

CRÉMIEUX, Minister of Justice.’

It is true, as M. Portalis says, that M. Lamartine seemed surprised when this order was subsequently produced to him; perhaps he had not seen it; perhaps he had *forgotten* it—like the names of *Albert* and *Flocon*;—but how, after such an explanation with M. Portalis, can he venture to express his *belief* that the affair was a mere *form*—an indiscretion without cause or consequence, and of which he *BELIEVES no member of the Provisional Government had any knowledge whatsoever*? And to this must be added that Caussidière states that on the 27th, at the Hôtel de Ville, the seat of the Government, where Lamartine then was, he himself (Caussidière) received instructions from the Government to issue warrants for the arrest of all the ex-Ministers. (Mém., i. 97.) Has M. Lamartine not read the memoirs of his colleague, the *Paratonnerre*, published so long ago as 1848?

Again—as to the Duchess of Orleans—M. de Lamartine says:—

‘Never, to my knowledge, was there any order for the arrest of the Duchess of Orleans. The *first* I have ever heard of such a thing is in the *Quarterly Review*. (J’en entends parler pour la première fois dans le récit de l’écrivain de Londres.)—*Réf.*, p. 151.

What? had M. Lamartine never seen the original works from which the *Quarterly Review* quoted the fact? He might, and perhaps did not at the time know of the warrant; but to say that he had *first* seen in the *Quarterly Review* what had been published in pamphlets and newspapers of the greatest vogue and circulation in Paris for several weeks before, is another of those assertions in which M. Lamartine’s character for accuracy seems seriously compromised.

We have thus noticed the only points in which M. Lamartine has in any way impugned our statement of facts. The two last are of little interest except as additional samples of M. Lamartine’s *very treacherous memory*; but as to the main topic of our controversy, namely, the generosity and efficacy of his protection to the various members of the Royal family, during the agony of their flight and dispersion—we appeal to the public both in England and France, whether his abortive attempt to obtain M. de Montalivet’s concurrence in delivering over the King and Queen to the custody of Messrs. Lafayette, Ferdinand Lasteyrie, *Flocon*, and *Albert*, does not rather aggravate than in any degree invalidate the general censure which the *Quarterly Review* was called upon,

upon, by his own excessive self-applause, to pass on this important portion of his private conduct and public administration.

France has already answered our appeal. We have before us, for example, a review of M. Lamartine's 'Refutation' in the *Courrier de la Somme* of the 9th of June, 1850, in which the writer compares our assertions with M. Lamartine's reply, to M. Lamartine's utter discomfiture—and this is the more remarkable, because four of the six batches of fugitives into which the Royal family was scattered, escaped through that very department of *la Somme*, where of course the circumstances excited more interest, and would be better ascertained, than in more distant quarters. We shall quote in its own strong language the judgment of the *Courrier de la Somme* on M. Lamartine's 'Refutation':—

'Se tresser des couronnes, se dresser des autels, se décerner l'apothéose, se placer au-dessus des plus grands et s'égaliser à Dieu, ce peut être le dernier rêve d'une grande intelligence victime des écarts de son imagination. *Mais le mensonge*, même lorsqu'il a pour but d'excuser des fautes, de justifier des crimes, et surtout lorsqu'il tend à rejeter sur des innocens la cause et la responsabilité de ces fautes et de ces crimes, *le mensonge est toujours* la plus méprisable des armes de la vengeance, le plus bas et le plus honteux des états sur lesquels puisse s'appuyer une renommée.

'Et quand un écrivain, poète ou homme politique, *n'a pas rougi d'altérer les faits, de fausser l'histoire, de nier ou de défigurer la vérité*, dans le but d'effacer de son front un stigmate indélébile, de se poser comme le protecteur généreux d'une famille qu'il a, plus qu'aucun autre, contribué à précipiter dans l'exil—de se donner comme le sauveur d'une nation sur laquelle il a attiré tous les malheurs de l'anarchie—de se représenter comme le dompteur providentiel d'une révolution qu'il a, de sa main, déchaînée sur la France; quand il a essayé, par des phrases harmonieusement cadencées, de transformer l'innocent en coupable, et d'imposer le véritable coupable à la reconnaissance de tout un peuple abusé, il n'a pas droit de se plaindre, il n'a plus qu'à courber la tête, si, un jour, la vérité échappe aux voiles dont il l'avait enveloppée, et l'accable de son évidence.'

We have thought it just, and indeed necessary, to produce this specimen of what we believe to be the universal opinion as to this case in French society at the time when we write (June 20). But we shall be very anxious to see what further explanation M. de Lamartine may have to offer—and are meanwhile willing to hope that he may yet enable the world to acquit him of more than a deceitful memory—as respects the more important points at least of his apparently broad and deliberate misrepresentation of facts.

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#### ERRATA.

In a part of the impression, p. 60, line 21—'two pages' is misprinted for 'ten pages.'

p. 63, line 5 from bottom, 1811 is misprinted for 1810.

p. 125, last line, Mouceau is misprinted for Monceau.

THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*History of Spanish Literature.* By George Ticknor.  
3 vols. 8vo. London, 1849.

MR. TICKNOR'S work offers another proof of the creditable desire felt by one great section at least of America to discharge the debt due to Spain, her first discoverer. While the southern or Spanish states, in spite of more and stricter obligations, have folded their arms in indolent ingratitude, the northern and Anglo-Saxon portions, true to their race, have been up and doing. From the Black Prince downwards, England has been foremost with her best blood and brain to uphold her ally's independence in war and to illustrate her marvels in peace; and the English sword has long been wreathed with Spanish myrtle. Neither have our transatlantic kinsmen degenerated:—the names of Irving and Prescott are already associated with Columbus and Isabella; nor will Ticknor henceforward be forgotten where Cervantes and his compeers are held in remembrance.

Our author tells us in a modest preface the circumstances under which 'his book' was composed. On being appointed Professor of Modern Literature at Harvard College, he crossed the Atlantic in 1816, and in a good hour; for to every American of better caste and aspirations a pilgrimage to England must ever be, what a visit to Greece was for the *vir bonus* of ancient Rome, the crowning mercy and seal to the education of a gentleman; and we admire the good sense and feeling of the apparently established arrangement, which allows any young Professor to spend a certain period in this way, before he grapples with the active duties of his chair. After also studying the better known lands and languages of the continent, Mr. Ticknor passed into Spain, which eventually—there is bird-lime in that racy soil—became the country of his predilections, giving colour to his after-life, end and object to his studies, and corner-stone to his fame. On his return to America, having come into the possession of ample fortune, he resigned the long-held professorship, but not the pursuit of literature; his affluence was employed in forming the best Spanish library in the New World, and his leisure—precious boon—in mastering its contents. To every author of his high

aims, the best resource lies in his own library; without a supply of instruments suitable, and always at hand, no one can achieve a first-rate work: the deficiencies of Mr. Ticknor's pioneers, Bouterwek and Sismondi, are mainly attributable to a want of proper materials; and this M. Clarus also (Pref. xxx.) laments and pleads in extenuation of what he—stern judge—considers to be his own short-comings.\* What in truth is a history of literature but one of books? and without them how can it be adequately written?

To his labour of love Mr. Ticknor devoted more than thirty years—*tantæ molis erat*; but on no other conditions do the gods grant excellence. Venus, the type of grace and beauty, was wedded to Vulcan, the personification of skill and toil. The result of so much single-hearted industry may be said to exhaust an important subject hitherto neglected in France and Italy, and treated in Spain, Germany, and England more in detached portions than in one comprehensive whole. This matured and conscientious encyclopedia necessarily will draw increased attention to the too long sealed books of Spain, and widen the practicable breaches made of late in those ramparts behind which the recluse of Europe had concealed intellectual talents, buried like the soul of Pedro Garcia. In lending a hand to the good work and by pointing out a few pearls, we hope to encourage divers of longer breath—and in the mean while enable our own readers to form some opinion whether M. Montesquieu's saying, that the only good Spanish book was the one which pointed out the ridicule of all the others, was an oracle or an epigram.

Mr. Ticknor divides his inquiry into three periods. The first is that from the birth of Spanish literature in the twelfth century to the beginning of the sixteenth, when the middle ages came to a conclusion; the second extends to the close of the seventeenth; and the third to the early part of the nineteenth. We propose on this occasion to dwell chiefly on the first of these sections, as being at once the most genuinely Spanish and the least generally known.

In treating the entire literature of any country, as now is done *ex cathedrâ*, some preliminary inquiry into its language, the exponent of national heart and mind, must obviously be made. Accordingly, Mr. Ticknor collects in his first appendix the general philological results. Spain, from the earliest periods of authentic record, has been overrun and occupied by many dif-

\* Darstellung der Spanischen Literatur im Mittelalter. Ludwig Clarus,—2 vols. Mainz, 1846. This author's close, correct, and critical exposition of the literature of Spain down to Ferdinand and Isabella seems to have escaped Mr. Ticknor.

ferent races, who have left impressions on the distinct people formed from the ultimate fusion. In the beginning, one language, supposed by some to be of Ugro-Tartarian or Northern-Asian origin, was spread over the Iberian Peninsula; traces of which remain in local names—of all others the most lasting—and in the Basque. This (with all the modifications of Celtic, Phœnician, and Hebrew admixtures) was, before the fourth century, all but superseded by the Latin, which itself—degenerated into a *lingua vulgaris* or *rustica* even in Italy—was further corrupted in Spain by the advent of the Goths, who, handling the sword better than the pen, found it easier to learn the vocabulary of their new subjects than its syntax. Hence the usual compromise took place—excellently developed by Clarus (i. 114)—and a hybrid middle idiom was formed, in which the mutilated torsos of antiquity were rebuilt with Teutonic cement. While the unwritten Gothic perished altogether, the Latin was preserved by the liturgies of the Church—but not purified; Christian not critical, and following in Gregory's steps, her antagonistic distinction between sacred and profane literature, and her setting up a corrupt monastic model, caused low Latinity to triumph over the classical. Ere these transitions were complete, the Moorish invasion took place (A.D. 711); the Arab subdued Spain in fewer years than the Roman had required centuries—and the conquests of Saracenic intellect rivalled those of the scimitar. The rude Gothic invader, we have seen, had surrendered to the superior civilization of the vanquished Hispano-Roman; but now the case was reversed: for this, the darkest night of Europe, was the brightest noontide of the East. Polished by new arts and elegancies, Cordova soon became the Athens of the West; before 850 the Spaniards, who continued to live among the tolerant Moors, adopted entirely the pomp and splendour of the Arabic idiom—and that not unreluctantly; for, whether because their civilization came originally from the East, or from some quality of climate and locality to which national idiosyncrasies have been attributed, Spaniards have always been predisposed to a full-toned articulation, with the exaggerated phraseology of the *os magna sonaturum*; and to this day the *pingue quiddam et peregrinum* of old Cordova, which struck the ear of critical Rome, still finds the readiest echo in native hearts. Meantime, however, as the Celtiberian retired before the Roman into the Basque hills, a Gothic remnant fled from the Moors into the Alpine Asturias, carrying with them race, name, creed, language, and country—scotched but not killed. In that rocky school and amid storms and war the infant Spanish language—eldest child and heir to the Latin—was

slowly brought up; seven centuries were required to roughhew this formation of the granite, and three more to shape its ends. It was long called *Romance*, from the prevalence of the Roman element; but in the end the many dialects of different provinces gave way to the *Castellano*, or idiom spoken in dominant Castile; and this, once a particular term, became a synonym for the Spaniard and his language. From its composite character it has been compared to a heap of mixed grain, while from its lofty cadences it was pronounced by Charles V. to be the only tongue in which mortal man should dare address his Creator. The terminations in consonants, and marked gutturals of Teutonic origin, confer on it a manliness, a back-bone, which is wanting to the soft Italian—fair daughter of the Latin. Clarus (i. 87), following Aldrete and Sarmiento, has philologically analyzed and pointed out the Latin, Greek, Teutonic, Hebrew, and Arabic components. This magnificent aggregate, based on Roman majesty, buttressed by Gothic force, and enriched with Arabian filagree, regular in construction, solemn and sonorous, nervous and emphatical, and fit alike for poetry as prose, is admirably adapted to the stately sententious Spaniard—and makes him seem far wiser than he is. Foreigners listening to the imposing vehicle, infer the presence of much more meaning and thought than really exists in the natives, who, like melodious birds, are simply exercising, and without effort, an exquisite organ; a village alcalde proclaims and placards in the Cambyes vein, as naturally as Pitt spoke kings' speeches extemporaneously. The world for a long time took the Spaniards at their own word and valuation, and they successfully passed off their land as the best and finest, and themselves as the lords of the creation; but now, every day witnesses the explosion of some venerable Peninsular fallacy; and it is well if they can continue to cheat themselves on a point or two.

The earliest written specimen of this Spanish is the Carta Puebla, or Municipal Charter of the city of Aviles in the Asturias, confirmed in 1155; but no sooner had the language become thus far formed—and until genius can speak its own tongue, thought must be translated, and literature can neither be original nor national—than the *Poema del Cid* appeared; it was composed before 1200, according to Huber—whose authority we consider conclusive in the infinite *Questiones Cidiacæ*; for not dates alone but the Cid's very existence have been doubted by carpers, who, from the poor pleasure of contradicting, would reduce the sinewy champion to an imaginary Amadis.

But Ruy Diaz de Bibar (1040-1099) was a reality; and history—

history—obscure as the period was—has preserved his colossal skeleton, which tradition and poetry have fleshed. The critical republications in most languages of his Ballads and Chronicle have familiarised Europe with the career of this Achilles of Castile, and his *Poema*, breathing the soul of Christian heroism, is, like the *Iliad*, at once the first and finest epic in its language. If few swords of Spain have carved out greater glory since, no pen of hers has indited a more noble or national record. Although her men of letters have never had taste to sufficiently estimate the rough diamond beyond its philological interest, it is worth a library for the correct understanding of the spirit of that age, and of the genuine old Castilian character, which the *Cid*—its impersonation and model—did so much to form and fix. Slightly imperfect at the beginning, the *Poema* consists of some 3744 irregular Alexandrines, of a rugged structure, and but one step removed from blank verse, the dignity of which Spaniards thus soon perceived; but, however defective in form and prosody, and scarcely more than prose of a high caste adapted to recitative, in this the earliest epic of Christendom, implicit faith and loyalty, soldier sentiments and indomitable will, too large for an incomplete untuned exponent, pierce as stars through mists. The earnest intention tells independently of words, which never can supply their want; and the action loses little by Dantesque simplicity—for that epithet may be applied to a work written a century before Dante was born. The subject is the glorification of the *Cid*—his exile, triumph, and return. The author, whose name is unknown, feeling assured of his reader's perfect acquaintance with the biography of his hero, rushes *in medias res* and terminates abruptly. The *Poema*, we are satisfied, was not a stringing together of floating ballads, but the composition, and as a whole, of one and the same person. This again, like the *Iliad* and *Nibelnungen Lied*, comes into the category of the *Quæstiones Cidiacæ*; but in all the three cases we are firm Unitarians. Of some select passages of the Spanish epic we possess wonderfully correct and spirited versions by Mr. Frere, who, but for pension, indolence, and Malta, might have bequeathed a name second to few in the English library.

The *Poema*, which proved the capabilities of the new language, was soon followed by three others, written also by authors unknown, and on subjects of less interest, taken from the *Gesta Romanorum*, the medieval story book, or from current monkish legends; for the cloister soon came forward with rival spiritual poems—and we are far from undervaluing the humanising effect produced by this modern mythology on the rough and violent age. Religion, superstition, fanaticism if you will, was from the beginning

beginning so intimately interwoven with all the things and nature of the Spaniards, whose orthodoxy was directly opposed against infidelity, that it never is found wholly wanting; nor at any time have their best historians ventured to question pious frauds and hagiologies consecrated by the church and embalmed in the traditions of the people.

The first poet known by name was *Gonzalo de Berceo*, a monk born at the end of the thirteenth century, longevous, and more voluminous than luminous; his religious poems, or *Prosas*, as he honestly terms them, exceed 13,000 lines, and are judiciously dismissed by Mr. Ticknor in four pages; his versified miracles of saints are no less difficult to read than believe; his homages to the Virgin are better, and show how early a tender Mariolatry formed part and parcel of the Spaniard, nor can any one doubt the sincere piety of this patriarch of Church poets.

Thus far the infant literature had lisped in verse, the vehicle of passion and imagination. The creator of prose—the vehicle of advanced intellect and civilization—was *Alonso* (1221-1284), called *el Sabio* (sapiens, the sage) at a time when a learned man was presumed to be wise. He was far in advance of his period. Among other merits he was the first to introduce into Spain the manufacture of paper—without which few before could write much, or printing afterwards be of real avail. Fitter in some respects for a professor's chair than a throne, 'capax imperii nisi imperasset,' he too often neglected substances for shadows, and like the Greek astronomer, who gazing upwards fell into a ditch, and searching for Ariadne's crown in the heavens risked his own on earth; again this Spanish Solomon, while putting in rhyme his discovery of the philosopher's stone, found himself a bankrupt. Unfortunate in life, justice has been done him in the grave. His poetry, or rather his productions in verse—for although like Solon he wrote verses, he lacked true poetic spirit—consisted chiefly of chaunts in honour of the Virgin, written in the dialect of his youth, the Gallician, which the pilgrim city of Santiago rendered peculiarly devotional, and which was continued and used for gentler themes long afterwards—bearing a relation to the Castilian not unlike what the Doric did to the Attic. As king of Castile, he chose the Castilian for his history, works in prose, and translation of the Bible; and by requiring its use in public acts and tribunals, set an example followed afterwards, in 1362, by our Edward III. His noblest monument consists of his code of laws, finished in 1265, and called *Las Siete Partidas*, from the seven divisions. His father, St. Ferdinand, had had the forecast to direct the Visigothic Code, the

*Fuero*

*Fuero Juzgo* (the *forum judicum*) to be translated, but left to his son to promulgate one better fitted to Christian Spain, which he had so much enlarged and consolidated. Alonso was assisted in the compilation by competent jurists, as Napoleon was in our time, but the individual and master mind of the Justinian of Castile is irrefragably stamped on this remarkable work. Strictly speaking, it is less a collection of statutes and ordinances on legal points, than a series of moral and philosophical essays. The result has been eminently successful; the composition settled the Castilian to be a real and living language, as the poems of Dante subsequently did the Tuscan, giving both literary pre-eminence over other dialects previously of equal pretensions. It imparted to it from its very birth a grave didactic characteristic tone; no prose for two centuries afterwards was produced so pure and idiomatic—while, even as a code, it forms to this day the basis of jurisprudence in Spain and South America, ranking as a sort of common law. Thus precocious Spain took precedence over the rest of Europe in a vernacular and national language, in literature, and in legislation;—a startling contrast to the later times, in which she has been outstripped from reposing proudly on her pedestal, and retrograding, when not motionless, under the incubus of vicious institutions.

A contemporaneous poem of above ten thousand tiresome verses on *Don Alexander the Great*—a favourite paladin of medieval Spain, and the shadow that coming knight-errantry cast before it—although by some attributed to Alonso, was written by *Juan Lorenzo Segura*, a priest of Astorga. In this production which, like our 'King Alisaunder,' gauges—so to speak—the learning and taste of its period, the classical and mythological are mixed up with the Christian and Castilian, and the Greek is dressed in a Spanish costume, with marvellous disregard of history, propriety, and probability; but Spain was then and long remained too credulous and uncritical, too ignorant and inexperienced to be startled by deviations in matters of faith or fact.

The *Conde Lucanor* was written soon after in prose by *Don Juan Manuel*, nephew to Alonso, a soldier and statesman, and for a while co-regent. At all times among Spain's best writers have been men, who devoted to the pen moments snatched from the sword, and brought into the studio a knowledge of the world gained from the discipline of obedience and command. The *Conde Lucanor*, fortunately, has been preserved in its original state; anterior to the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and oriental in frame-work and purpose, it consists of forty-nine *Enxiemplos*, or ethical 'ensamples,' told to amuse and instruct a prince, by his counsellor Patronio, after the fashion of a calif and his vizier. Each tale is wound up with a moral

moral distich. These, and proverbs, popular oracles of condensed experience, have always had a charm for the sedate Moro-Spaniards, in whom, independently of their oriental predilections, a serious moral under-current runs strongly, and who, from long submission to despotic church and state, prefer receiving ethical opinions from others to forming them for themselves; indolently glad to shift on others the grievous burden of responsibility, and have rules of conduct ratified by superior authority. The library of Spain is very rich in works on proverbs, which have been laboriously explained, glossed, and commented on. It is in the tale of the Moorish Marriage in the Conde Lucanor that the germ of our poet's Taming the Shrew is to be found. We submit one specimen of Don Juan's worldly wisdom and verse to English capitalists who meditate on Spanish speculations:—

*No aventuras mucho tu riqueza  
Por consejo de ome que ha pobreza.*

= On pauper's counsel lean not, friend of mine,  
In making large investment of thy coin.

In 1340 *Juan Ruiz*, Archpriest of Hita, and of truly original mind, put forth the first blossoms of the burlesque, for which Spaniards have such a remarkable turn. In an allegorical satire, of mixed metres, and under the personages of Don Breakfast, Doña Venus, and so forth, the besetting sins of the period were depicted with considerable freedom and humour. This Spanish Petronius describes the war, long waged and still waging, between hungry Lent and Carnival cakes and ale, which eventually are victorious. It furnishes a curious revelation of the manners of the age and private life of the Arch-priest; but reflects more credit on him for arch wit and sly observation than for his morality, and still less for that of his heroine, *Trota Conventos*, who trots from convent to convent bearing love-messages. The *olla podrida* is interspersed with tales taken from fabulists and *facetiæ*; many of which last, to Protestant notions bordering on the irreverent and licentious, have time out of mind been relished in Catholic Spain, where men, sincere and simple, who never jested with creed, indemnified themselves by laughing at avaricious and profligate priests. *Juan Ruiz* is compared by Mr. Ticknor to our Chaucer: while by others he has been considered the prototype of Cervantes, like whom, at all events, the archpriest wrote his best works in a prison—having been confined from 1337 to 1350 by the primate for his unclerical irregularities.—The *Danza General de los Muertos*, written about this time in seventy-nine octavo stanzas, partakes also of this spiritual and temporal masquerading. These Dances of Death, in which every class of society joins, were very attractive to painters and

poets

poets of those days, and then contributed as much to pious edification and mortification as they now do to Douce and Massman erudition. The original text, together with a singular Morisco poem on Joseph, based on the version of the Koran, and consisting of twelve hundred lines composed in the Spanish language but written in Arabic letters—a by no means unusual practice in writings and coins in Spain, where so many Christian *Mosarabs* lived among the Moors and *vice versâ*—are—with *El Libro de Rabi Santob*, four hundred and seventy-six stanzas addressed by this Jew of Carrion to Peter the Cruel—printed by Mr. Ticknor for the first time from copies of the rare originals furnished him by Don Pascual de Gayangos—a gentleman well known to all Anglo-Hispano students as the first Arabic and Spanish scholar of his country.

Not resting on the half-historical, half-fabulous metrical chronicle of Fernan Gonzalez—or the shrewd didactic *Rimado del Palacio*, or rhymed experiences touching the evils of courts and the duties of kings and counsellors, strung together by the Chancellor Pedro de Ayala—we must remark that the early metrical productions hitherto mentioned were written by and for the upper and learned classes, and were called *Versos de Arte Mayor*—verses of higher art (*Germanicè, Kunst Poesie*) in contradistinction to the inferior compositions *de arte menor*, of lower art (*Volks Poesie*), current among the people. The stiff dactyls and Alexandrines, which like wounded snakes drag their slow length along, originated in the corrupted hexameters and monkish Leonine verses. Rhyme, syllable echo, which the ancients, who had a prosody too fine for northern ears, sedulously avoided, was then altogether prized, and thought so difficult as of itself to transmute into poetry what in truth was and is now felt to be most undeniable prose; nor did the shrewd nation at large ever sympathise with these learned elaborations attempted to be forced on it by court and cowl, which have now become food for bookworms, while the compositions to which it clung bid fair to be immortal. The people of Spain, who submitted cheerfully and by their own choice to authority in church and state, resisted with sturdy independence all dictation in their intellectual recreations, and ended like the English with a victory. In their ballads, drama, and novels, the best branches of national literature, and in regard to which they have little to fear when compared with any other nation, they carried their point against the aristocracy of letters, far more democratically than the French or Italians. From the beginning these isolated descendants of the Goth, their dearest and proudest pedigree, preferred the Teutonic and romantic style to the classical; nor has time effaced the original tint, predilec-

tions, or prejudices. The literature of Spain has throughout—Don Quixote excepted—been too Spanish, too individual, if one may say so, to influence Europe in general or universal mankind, nor did the haughty Spaniard care for the approbation of the foreigner whom he either contemned or ignored.

Spanish ballads, the wild flowers of the native soil, looked down upon for a time by prince and prelate as vulgar, or trodden under as inartificial by the heel of conventional critics, have now reared their fragrant heads and taken their rightful rank. Mr. Ticknor evinces a delightful feeling for these racy relics of old Spain, of which his new country can never boast. North America was 'raised' when unimaginative calculators and political economists—poetry's worst foes—were in the ascendant; she had no national infancy; born like Minerva, armed to the teeth, and big enough to be fed on prose, she had no gradations, no antecedents, no Druids, Normans, Robin Hoods, and ballads, no superstitions or ignorance; her matter-of-fact Franklin, with a bar of prosaic iron, struck the poetic thunderbolt from the hand of Homer's Jove.

In Spain, as with other ancient nations, men were poets before philosophers, acted before they speculated, and expressed before they explained. Spain, we are satisfied, although Mr. Ticknor is not of that opinion, had indigenous hards from the earliest period. Strabo records the metrical laws of the Andalusians, as Silius Italicus does the rude songs and saltations of the Gallicians. Music and the dance, twin sisters, everywhere in the beginning were allied to verse, the most agreeable form for oral currency: a predilection for ballads—doubtless of Phœnician and Jewish origin—continued through the Roman period, and was strengthened by the Teutonic invaders, whose laws and annals in verse were noticed by Tacitus. Spain, again, early in the fourth century, produced Juvencus, the first Christian poet and versifier of the Scriptures; and early in the fifth, Prudentius, in whose religious poetry the subsequent *Obras de Devocion* and the form of the national *seguidilla* are foreshadowed. These were the first streaks of dawn breaking over the Iberian Parnassus, whose Castalian streams, gushing from pure sources, and kept fresh by their own flow of genuine nationality, soon found an all-sufficient channel and theme in the fall of Gothic Spain, and in the stages of its restoration, from Pelayo to the crowning catastrophe, the capture of the Alhambra, after seven centuries of stirring realities in church, battle, and bower. The half-fledged poets, concentrated in the crusade at their very nest, did not venture far in their early flyings. Ultra-Christian, all the past, with its myths and memories, was blotted from their tablets.

tablets. They neither looked back to paganism, nor beyond the Peninsula, for subjects or heroes: they had neither heart nor time for the foreign or the artificial. They rhymed in the camp, and inscribed their bulletins with the sword; hence the flashing, the energy, the enthusiasm, the Chevy Chase dash of these vivid reflections of things as they really were; hence the daylight and local colour of those sketches made out of doors, which no midnight lamp can confer. They dealt with effects, not causes; with deeds and passions, not their philosophy or anatomy. One of the intrinsic charms of these picturesque ballads is the utter absence of even the appearance of fiction or imitation; they for the most part are plain, unvarnished pictures of single situations, drawn with sharp and rapid precision, to the literal interest of which the authors trusted, declining to add anything of their own, from a fear of destroying traditionary credit. Thus they embodied thoughts that burnt in the bosoms of thousands, who could feel but not express, and became the mouth-piece, the *vox populi*, and as it were the free press of the age. Appearing at a time when Spain was the forlorn-hope of Christendom, when every man was a soldier, when the Cross was pitted against the Crescent, and a holy war to the knife waged for creed and country, *pro aris et focis*, this expression of hymns, mingled with battle-cries, came home to every heart, and nerved every arm: written in a simple language, which all understood, in a form easily remembered, and sung from the cradle, they consolidated the fine old Castilian characteristics,—Fear of God, Honour of King, and Love of Lady. In them woman took her proper social position, which antiquity and the East denied her; a position more, we suspect, the consequence of Mariolatry than of her legal rights of dower and inheritance.

The metrical form is probably no less indigenous. Some have maintained, with Condé, that it was taken from the Arabs; others think it arose from the simple bisection of the pentameter, which has a marked break, a cæsure, in the middle, and which would give nearly the two short octosyllabic verses of four trochaic feet. We agree with Ticknor and Clarus—who cites specimens preserved from antiquity (i. 144)—that the present form would and did naturally suggest itself from being entirely suited to easy, flowing *redondillas* (roundelays, rondeaux) intended to be sung, not read; and in criticising the words this must always be remembered. The exact tunes have been lost, from want of notation. Their type, however, survives in the monotonous, melancholy airs of the muleteers and performers in every venta, the national opera of Spain. The natives, from the times of the *howlings of Tarshish*, have never evinced a taste for melody and learned musical

musical composition ; with them song has seldom been divorced from the dance, which, more marked indeed with energy than grace, is to Spain, as Mr. Ticknor observes, what music is to Italy, a necessity. A cantatory, albeit inharmonious disposition, was aided by a certain fineness of southern ear which is satisfied with the *asonante* or imperfect rhyme, wherein the concurrence of vowels only is sufficient, so clear and distinct is each sound. This form and metre, of purely Spanish invention, is so adapted to the genius, organs, and language of the nation, that it has prevailed, in the theatre especially, from the beginning to the present times.

Where the poetic instinct and the facilities of language and rhymes were so great—Iriarte found 3900 complete ones—and where subjects and listeners in the vein were so plentiful, supply kept pace with demand ; ballad bards rivalled Cicadæ in swarms and song : and as the Achillean heroes relaxed in verse, so a reaction led the warlike Spaniards from the austere to the gentle. There were, as Lope de Vega said, Iliads in the Peninsula without Homers ; for the objective authors, too full of their theme to bestow one thought on the *ego* or self-glorification, cast their bread on the waters, finding a sufficient and the best reward in giving vent to feelings that were welling up within. Their names are unknown. To ascertain them, and fix the respective priorities, has baffled German industry ; and we must be content to class them according to subjects—just remarking that it is a mistake to refer the earliest to Provençal and still more to Arabian types. Ultra-Christian and uncommercial, these relics are anti-oriental in every thought and turn, and far too serious for the light-hearted *gaya ciencia*. Those joint influences operated later. It was not to be expected that the primitive ballads should have come down in the homely garb of their original diction. This necessarily changed with the times, and was accommodated to the tongues of the reciters, and the old body re-clad : when printed, they were further ‘beautified and repaired’ by fastidious editors, who, if they respected ideas, showed no mercy to obsolete phraseology. The floating ballads were first collected for print in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and published just as they were met with, some from memory, others from single broadsides, without any attempt at order or classification. These early *romances* appeared in the commonest form : destined for the coarse thumbs of the masses at home and the armies abroad, they have almost perished in their use, and are now so rare in the Peninsula that Spaniards must cross the Pyrenees to see their own old books, the value of which they have learnt from foreigners,

foreigners, and only when too late and lost. The surviving copies, thanks to English appreciation, rank among bibliographical gems of purest ray. Careful details of the history and editions of these ballad rarities will be found in Mr. Ticknor's Appendix.

The oldest are the simplest and finest: albeit dealing with traditional heroes, they give the true form and pressure of the age, its hopes and fears, which the Bernardos, Laras, and other semi-fabulous Paladins, most familiar to Spaniards and unknown elsewhere, so faithfully represented, that they were accepted by patriotic faith and to this day are embalmed in popular hero-worship. They are entitled to take a higher place than our ballad worthies, as a much greater stake was in question—the recovery of a kingdom, not a border or poacher fray. Of the whole *romancero*, the series relating to the Cid is the most complete: his ballads occupy a space proportionate to the hold he has on the hearts of his countrymen. The next class of ballads, which extend down to Charles V., is more strictly authentic, being based on historical chronicles; and from them the bulk of Spaniards know what little of their history they do know, as the English are said to do from Shakespeare; and what a fund of illustration would not this class of their minstrelsy have called forth, had it belonged to any other country but incurious, uncritical Spain! Even Duran, the last and best of native editors, is in critical capacity beneath notice; Spain owes her ballad reputation and elucidation chiefly to Germans, to whom the Cid is dear, as a model of the true Ritter, while the natural and romantic forms and style suit their opposition to the classical.

The subsequent ballads are inferior; while stranger and Italian influences adulterated their essential spirit and nationality, the writers, authors by profession, from a want of realities, either spun out elaborate imitations in which the breath of life was not, or diluted the pithy old originals with expository paraphrases, the truly Spanish *glosas*; not being scholars enough to deal with the classics, and finding it easier to comment than invent, they veneered their own ballads, poems, and proverbs, as second-rate composers spin out variations from pregnant old melodies. These we skip by instinct—as we do the acrostics, *Letrillas*, *Preguntas*, playings upon words and letter difficulties, the ponderous levities of a puny decayed literature.

It was about these later times, when the stern North was brought into closer contact with the luxurious South, that the Gothic surcoat was sown with orient pearl, and the Toledan steel was inlaid with Damascene chasing. The hostile nations had unconsciously approximated—and when Granada was won, Moorish themes became the fashion; a reaction of pity and interest

interest

terest succeeded for a moment to merciless antagonism, and gave birth to that charming composition *Las Guerras de Granada*, by Perez de Hita, an eye-witness of the later occurrences. This prototype of the historical novel and Scott is studded with Zegrís and Abencerrages, sonorous names, and embroidered with a rich tissue of Moro-Hispano ballads; but the notion took no root in Spain; men there were too much in earnest to tolerate any travestie or tampering with historical glories, nor were pleased to see the Moors made heroes, or the cruelty and bad faith of Spaniards revealed.

In this part of his book Mr. Ticknor has occasionally attempted metrical versions, but we are sorry to say that our able prose author appears to us to have little ear for poetic harmony, and less command of appropriate diction. We readily admit, however, that much of the *Romancero* is untranslatable; a great deal of the essential simplicity and fine aroma of all real minstrelsy vanishes in such a process; but especially where the original language is so musical and pregnant, is it difficult to preserve sound and sense in translating into another which is less so. To be thoroughly relished, this poetry must be read in its own tongue, and we had almost said on its own soil and site; the foreigner, in his distant easy chair, can hardly expect to understand, from any course of study, the full force and flavour of expressions which speak home to the inmost heart and blood of those native and to the manner born—with whom a word, like the magic *Sesame*, opens a treasury of hived-up associations, and fires at once a prepared train. Be that as it may, Spain actually possesses a treasure of primitive and genuine historical lays, such as Mr. Macaulay has conceived must have existed in the first stages of Rome's existence, and which, at all events, he has so admirably supplied. Neither can any nation vie with Spain in the extent and excellence of lyrical poetry: her miscellaneous ballads, whether touching on private life or the burlesque, furnish details on points which grave history thought beneath its notice, and whatever their mean or end, they are all and altogether Spanish and national.

From them to the rich range of the Chronicles of Spain the transition is easy; the spirit and intention is so cognate that many of our preceding remarks are applicable to both; they told the same tale and each reacted on the other. It is evident that the earliest chronicles were made up from songs previously current, and were fused and formed into a prose so poetical and picturesque, that in after times this very prose was reconverted into ballads, when they were all the fashion, by the Sepulvedas and others, who restored the incidents to their former versified structure.

ture. Naturally, when the growing kingdom of Castile took more shape, courtly and learned leisure, dissatisfied alike with creeping legends in monkish Latinity and with the ballad history that contented the people, demanded a class of reading more solid and substantial. Accordingly, the first genuine prose chronicle was compiled and partly composed by Alonso el Sabio, whose example was more or less followed down to Philip II., when Spain hastened to its fall, and chroniclers, ashamed and afraid of what they must record, were silent. Alonso himself carried his story down to his father's death in 1252. In this passage from poetry to prose, from the traditional to the historical, the early portions are tinctured with the unprofitable and legendary learning of the period; but towards the conclusion an approach is made to sober narration. This book, with the *prose* Chronicle of the Cid its contemporary (so excellently rendered by Southey), became subsequently a storehouse for ballad-mongers and dramatists, who drew from them incidents of romance and adventurous scenes. Alonso XI. (1312-1350) first created the office of Royal Historiographer, whose duty was to keep up these books of kings, and who continued to do so down to Charles V. The authors of the early and most interesting chronicles were men of high rank and eye-witnesses; thus the chief justiciary *Juan Nuñez de Villaizan*—a medieval Lord Campbell—wrote for Henry II. (1379)—and the ex-chancellor *Pedro de Ayala* (1332-1407) chronicled the four extraordinary reigns during which he held the highest situations. Although he could not quite drop the *idol of the den*, the lawyer, parts of his graphic record of the Spanish war of the Roses under Peter the Cruel are hardly less interesting to English readers than the delightful pages of Froissart. The chancellor, who bore Peter's standard at Najera, 1367—the Vitoria of its day—was then taken prisoner by our Black Prince and carried to England, where he beguiled his captivity with his pen. As he brought to the task talent, classical learning, and experienced knowledge of the affairs in question, more genuine materials for authentic history, some allowances being made for partizanship, cannot well exist; and he may fairly be considered the earliest modern historian. The Chronicle of Juan II. (1353-1454) compiled by various authors, portrays that age of tournaments and troubadours; nor are records of particular events wanting. We would note for instance the minute details penned on the spot by *Delena*, and abridged by *Juan de Pineda*, of the *Passo Honroso*, or Passage of Honour held in 1434 at the bridge of Orbigo, by Suero de Quinones, to ransom himself from the fancied bondage to his mistress of wearing a chain every Thursday, when 627 real life and death encounters took place. This extraordinary

extraordinary and authentic account is well worth the study of our high-spirited Eglintons and stalwart Campbells of Saddle. We know of no book to compare it with, except our own Scrope and Grosvenor trial for the right of a coat-of-arms. Again, to specify another hardly less remarkable example, in the *Seguro de Tordesillas*, or Pledge of Tordesillas, in 1439, when Pedro Fernando de Velasco guaranteed the conferences between Juan II. and his rebellious son and nobles, we have these turbulent and mistrustful days daguerreotyped by 'the good Count' himself.

Among the chronicles of particular persons, that of *Pero Nino*, an eminent soldier and sailor, was written by his faithful squire, *Gutierre Perez de Gama*. The 'loyal serviteur' of that Castilian Bayard records the ravages committed about 1390 by Spanish fleets on the English coasts from Falmouth to Poole!! Still more stately and Shakespearian is the Chronicle of the Constable *Alvaro de Luna* (ob. 1453)—the work of an unknown retainer, who faithfully and affectionately vindicated the memory of the great man he had served and loved—as the Usher Cavendish did by his Cardinal Master afterwards. To these may be well added the outline of the life of Gonzalo de Cordova, *the Great Captain*, sketched by his comrade, *Hernan Perez del Pulgar*—*el de las Hazanas* = him of the deeds; the pious and intrepid soldier who fixed the Ave Maria on the mosque of Granada while yet Moorish. This person so celebrated in Spanish song and the drama, must not be confounded with *Fernando del Pulgar*, the courtier chronicler of Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom Mr. Prescott has given his supersedeas. The chronicle of *Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijos*, the eminently Spanish ambassador in 1403-1406 to Tamerlane, does not suffer in comparison with those of our first travellers, Mandeville and Roe. These chronicles, with the brief remains of Columbus gracefully touched on by Mr. Ticknor (i. 188), wind up a series extending over two centuries and a half, and unrivalled in variety, picturesque and poetical element, constant and consistent nationality. In those freer days, there was no attempt to imitate antiquity. Men only began to think of style when plain truth was a libel. Had our Sir Walter been familiar in youth with this rich and unexplored mine, with what a truthful spirit and gorgeous pomp would not the ore have been extracted, refined, rendered current and European! The black letter editions of these chronicles form most enviable treasures to the collector, while for mere readers the modern reprints of Madrid and Valencia will be found more intelligible as well as more accessible.

These kingly and knightly Chronicles, destined for instruction and

and example, led to productions of less stately gravity, and composed for purposes of mere amusement. From the Chronicle of Don Roderick the last of the Goths, mixed up as it is with fabulous personages and incidents, now familiarized to us by the notes to Southey's last and perhaps best epic, there was but one step to romances of chivalry proper and of professedly pure invention—and that step was no difficult one with a people whose authorized legends were stuffed with ridiculous absurdity—for no romance is so full of lies as the life of a saint—and whose actual antecedents and practice were so full of the heroic and marvellous element as to require only the lapse of time to pass, as they now do, into the unquestioned domain of 'fairy fancy.' In proportion as the conquests of Spain extended on the Moor and real heroes grew scarcer, the Paladins of England and France found favour in the Peninsula. Hence arose that extraordinary family whose descendants, says Cervantes, became innumerable. Of these Amadis de Gaula is the head and type, and, as in the case of the Poema del Cid, at once the first and best: it was written by the Portuguese knight *Vasco de Lobeira* (obt. 1403). Its success was immediate and universal; and oddly enough rivalled in popularity its subsequent extinguisher, Don Quixote. For two centuries, however grave seniors like Pedro de Ayala lamented the loss of time in perusing such 'pleasing nonsense,' it was more read than any book by any chancellor or ex-chancellor ever was or will be. The purport was to depict a perfect knight in his essential qualities of courage and chastity, and, however professedly fictitious, the tale was true to the then existing age. We, in this epoch of rail and steam, are wearied—Southey's versions and verdicts notwithstanding—with lengthy repetitions, which of themselves were considered a merit in an idle, unscientific period. It is due to Lobeira to say that in his Amadis the interest is less frittered away than in many of its successors, and with all its uncertainties in dates and geography—all its imaginary facts and personages—it is justly pronounced by Mr. Ticknor to be a literary phenomenon from its great and enduring influence. This leader was followed by countless imitations, in which Esplandians, Palmerins, and so forth, pass the Banquo glass; and the Church, ever jealous of rivals in public favour, and on the watch to marshal into her service any promising recruit, soon came forward with religious and celestial knights, hoping to supersede the profane, and monopolise this popular branch of literature. These tiresome, interminable romances, whether lay or clerical, have had their day. Peace to their ashes, and forgiveness, for to them we owe Don Quixote. Gunpowder practically reduced knighthood to

the ranks ; and Cervantes, in his immortal work, laughed Spain's chivalry away, and dissipated the glorious dream ; yet the very masterpiece that scheduled them to the collector's shelf, testified the extent of their previous vitality, and how intimate the acquaintance with them of Cervantes was—nay, how deeply they had engaged the young sympathies of the essentially chivalrous nature of the fatal genius—is evident in every chapter of *Don Quixote*, as was first and for ever settled by the researches of the indefatigable Bowles, whose learned edition has pioneered the way to every subsequent one of any pretension, whether Spanish or foreign.

Thus far Castilian literature, born in troubled times, had waxed in strength amid real dangers and difficulties. From Alonso the Wise down to Juan II., which forms the first period, whether clothed in verse or prose, it was the genuine, full-toned expression of nationality, free from foreign admixture—for even the Provençal was but on the surface. The long reign of Juan II., from 1407 to 1454, favourable to the development of letters, marked an epoch of change. His was the age of style. The arms of Spain, which might better have been employed against the Moor, were too often turned against herself, and the cause of crown and country risked in civil dissensions. The refined and indolent sovereign—a popinjay among mail-clad barons—passed his days, like his contemporary James I. of Scotland, ‘yn redyn of romans, yn synging, yn harpyng, and yn alle other solaces of grete plezaunce and delyghte.’ His court was the centre of show and song. While wailing raged outside, he hedged in his golden crown with all who were most intellectually distinguished, and was their example and idol: literature became a fashion and a passion; poetry a social necessity, to the exclusion almost of other arts; every hill rose to be a Parnassus, every fountain a Hippocrene. To his letters, not arms, Juan owed his safety and crown, by their attracting powerful grandees to him personally. Thus the sword was parried by the pen, and the clang of hostile trumpets was drowned in the songs of troubadours, whom these tournaments inspired, as the Olympic games had Pindar's: the peace-loving Juan, who took no joy in the stern reality of combat, could not sympathize with the rough, unsophisticated frankness of soldiers, and hoping to polish a style rusted and stained by the battle-field, turned wistfully to the ‘gay science’ of Provence for tenderer themes, or to Italy for more artificial forms of composition.

In Provence—the Provincia *par excellence* of Rome—from peculiar and fortunate position and politics, cultivation first marked a language growing out of the Latin. This spoilt child

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of song and love—here raised to be the religion of the heart—born in Arles, where female beauty is still a weed, nursed in a soft clime and peace, naturally was the first to influence neighbouring Spain. When Provence, in 1113, became subject to the Counts of Barcelona, the troubadour and wandering minstrel, welcome in hall, spread the *gay saber* in the Peninsula. But in 1469, when Arragon was merged in Castile, Zaragoza, the then head court of the consistory of love, sunk from being a capital into a provincial town; and the delicate Provençal language, unfit for the grand and serious, when brought into closer collision with the strong and storm-bred Castilian, succumbed: it had grown too quickly and was too beautiful to be long lived, and having blossomed with the fairest prospects, was now doomed to perish ere it fruited. We would name among the best specimens of this dialect—spoken still but seldom written—the single-hearted, Froissart-like chronicle of Jaime, the great conqueror of Valencia, written by Ramon Muntaner, and the poems of Ausias March (obt. 1460), the chief Limosin troubadour of love and sensibility, and the Petrarch of Catalonia.

A sufficient insight into the spirit of this period may be gained from the *Centon Epistolario*, or collection of 105 gossiping letters purporting to have been written between 1425 and 1454 by *Fernando Gomez de Cibdareal*, follower and body physician of Juan II. We agree with Mr. Ticknor in thinking the work apocryphal, and a *jeu d'esprit* composed many years afterwards—probably by *Vera y Zuñiga*, a diplomatist of Philip IV.; but *se non e vero e ben trovato*, and it presents a lively and well-imagined picture of the manners and worthies of the court. It is too artificial, too elaborate, to say nothing of chronological errors, to be genuine; such epistles evidently were not written to be sent. Like the curious volume of letters of Peter Martyr of Angleria, which give the secret history of the times of the Catholic Kings, but whose authenticity has also been questioned, it will bear no comparison with our undoubtedly genuine Paston letters (Henry VI., Edward IV.). Safer biographical notices will, however, be found in the *Generaciones y Semblanzas* of *Fernan Perez de Guzman* (1400-1470), a writer of poor poetry but better prose, in which thirty-four principal persons are vigorously sketched—and in the *Claros Varones de Castilla*, nervously and concisely written by *Fernando del Pulgar* (obt. circa 1495). The thirty-two letters of this Spanish Plutarch are also well worth perusal; they are only too brief, and we long for more details.

Juan II. and his courtly versifiers, ashamed of the homely effusions of their predecessors, hoped to render poetry more attractive by making it more learned, and to elevate it by greater

ingenuity in invention and tact in composition. Soon laborious efforts succeeded to the first sprightly runnings; lyrics were overlaid with pedantic erudition and puerile allegory; and the old Gothic Christian proportions, dear to the nation, were abandoned for the classical, mythological, and Italian. Of the chief poets in this group, of which Juan II. formed the prominent figure, suffice it to name *Enrique, Marques de Villena* (1384-1434), who strove in 1412 to bring back from Arragon the guilds and usages of the gay science, then at its highest and final celebrity, and on which he wrote a treatise. Villena was the first to be a Mæcenas in Castile; his affection for learning in all its branches, his venturing to think for himself, and his advance in alchemy and metaphysics, far beyond the ignorant and superstitious age, led him to be accounted a necromancer—insomuch that at his death the fine library which he had formed, like our ‘good Duke Humphrey’ soon afterwards, was burnt and scattered by priests who could neither understand nor even read the contents. Villena translated the *Æneid* and Dante (1265-1321) into prose, and produced an original poem on the labours of Hercules, a demigod always popular in a country where people love to call on others to help them out of difficulties. By him also we have a didactic poem, *El Doctrinal de los Privados*, in which the ghost of Alvaro de Luna descends or rises to reveal secrets touching kings and favourites. The judicious Marquis combined gastronomy with learning, and in 1423 composed a treatise on the art of carving, which may be compared with the ‘*Forme of Cury*,’ compiled in 1390 by the master cooks of our Richard II. Villena suffered much from gout, the penalty of repeated experiments on his culinary theories. He was contemporary with Lydgate, and preceded the rising of Chaucer, our morning star of poetry. So far was Castile then in advance. It was in Villena’s household that his squire, Macias, fell in love with a bright-eyed lady, and though she had been married in his absence to a knight of Porcuna, yet continued his devotions. Imprisoned at Arjuncilla for the sweet sin, and while actually singing a sonnet in her praise, he was killed by the offended husband, who thrust his lance through the dungeon bars; thus he perished, swan like, with her name and his love on his lips. Embalmed in Spanish verses, *Macias el enamorado* became proverbial—the synonym and model of troubadour and true lover, the course of whom never yet ran true. Four only of his songs, written in the Gallician dialect, remain; yet like Sappho, who burnt and sung, however limited his works in number, he has left a reputation extended and undying. His romantic end so affected his friend Rodrigo del Padron, that he retired to a cloister and died of mere grief—a malady now and then fatal, but never contagious. It

It was in these good old times, about 1433, that Villena endeavoured to enlist in his 'gay' ranks a greater soldier author; *Inigo Lope de Mendoza* (1398-1458), Marques de Santillana, and generally known in Spain as *the Marquis*. This progeny of illustrious ancestors and parent of mighty sons, in whose family letters and their patronage long continued hereditary, was among the first grandees to maintain that the horseman's spear was not blunted by science, and that learning, long scorned by the descendants of true Goths as effeminate, pusillanimous, and clerk-like, was not incompatible with prowess. Santillana was a great collector of books and MSS., then the rage in Italy, and was so remarkable in every way that foreigners came to Spain only to see him, as in ancient times a Spaniard went to Italy to have a glance at Livy. Of Santillana is preserved a critical historical letter or essay, written about 1445, and giving an account of the original of Spanish poetry. He has also left us a collection of proverbs—somewhat biblical, but noticeable as the first and oldest attempt of the kind in Spain, and preceding our Lord Rivers' 'Dictes and Sayings.' It was destined for the education of the son of Juan II. Santillana moreover indited a metrical record of the disastrous naval action at Ponza in 1435, which he called a *Comediata*, in compliment no doubt to Dante. It is a sort of vision in Italian octaves, in which the sad present was soothed by a reference to a glorious past and prospect of brighter future,—an ancient and incorrigible Spanish habit. Besides writing pretty *Serranillas*, imitating the Provençals, he was the first to try the sonnet 'after the Italian fashion,' a form however too artificial and elaborate ever really to take hold on the nation at large. All his critical notions directed him towards Italy; his ambition was to dress his Spanish feelings, which he never abandoned, in Tuscan forms, and to ennoble, as he thought, poetry with classical allusions and allegory, extra-weighting Pegasus.

These royal and amateur authors were seconded by *Juan de Mena* (1412-1456), who by some has been termed the Ennius of Spain—in derogation, we think, to earlier and better poets. Besides being a sort of professional laureat, he was historiographer to the King, so close was the connexion between verse and prose. De Mena, on his return from Rome, a thorough Dantista, was taken up by Juan II. and Santillana. Basking in palatial sunshine, and a true courtier, he chaunted the eulogies of the great people, and, like Dante, recorded the most striking events of his day. His chief work, *El Laberinto*, was also called *Las Trescientas*, from the number of its stanzas. The King, in the full spirit of the time, wished sixty-five more to be added to the three hundred,

hundred, in honour of the number of days in the year. Only twenty-four, however, were produced, and nobody, says our pebble-hearted professor, now wishes the poem to be longer than it is. The labyrinth, intricate enough, as infinite commentators have found, professed to present an allegorical picture of the course of human life. In imitation of the framework of Dante, the poet is conducted by Providence to three wheels of fortune, past, present, and future, by which opportunity is furnished for introducing a variety of national incidents, deductions, and reflections. Its vogue was great—and many passages are popular to this day—*e. g.* the 'Deaths' of the Conde de Niebla and Alvaro de Luna. Juan de Mena, as a poet, was deficient in the true *mens divinator*, nor could he escape the inveterate turgency of his native Cordova. Dissatisfied with the advance of the Castilian, now a really malleable language, and a decided innovator and euphuist, he sought to obtain a more polished style by changing old-fashioned words, and hoped to enlarge and enrich Spanish by coining new ones and Latinisms. He was not very successful—often sacrificing Gothic force for Italian finesse, and overlaying natural simplicity with conceit, pedantry, artifice, and affectation. Mena was killed by a fall from his mule, and buried by his patron Santillana, who wrote his epitaph, as he had before celebrated in song his love-victimized squire Macias.

In regard to his multitudinous tuneful contemporaries, whom Ticknor and posterity willingly will let die, we may consult the collection of *Alphonso de Baena*, a converted Jew and private secretary to Juan II., who, at his desire, got together the works of some fifty poetasters between 1449 and 1454, in which *Villasandino*, once all the fashion and now properly forgotten, figures prominently. That 'light of poetry' wrote poetry to fine ladies for dull lords who could not. This MS., one of the treasures of the Escorial, was reported 'missing' during the Buonapartist invasion, but turned up in 1824 among other rare bibliographical 'gatherings' at the sale of Antonio Condé, the author of the *History of the Arabs in Spain*, and an Afrancesado, or partisan of the French. It was bought by Mr. Heber, passed at his death into the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris, and has never yet been printed, although long announced by Mons. Michel of Bordeaux. The Israelite Baena's collection has one great merit—it paved the way for the infinite *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros*.

Many circumstances which now and afterwards contributed to the influence of Italy had been for some time silently and imperceptibly in operation. The languages were cognate. The hereditary prestige of the temporal power of ancient Rome had always been kept up by the spiritual supremacy

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of the Pope, 'the ghost of the Roman empire;' but this old and pious connexion was strengthened by commercial intercourse, when Sicily and Naples became subject to the crown of Arragon. The learned halls of Padua had long attracted Spanish students and travellers, who, on their return, translated Dante (twice so early as 1428) and Petrarch, the true restorer of classical taste, and then idolised in Italy; thus was offered to Spaniards a higher model than the troubadours of Provence. Italian influence was fixed under Charles V., with whom the middle ages end; his vaulting ambition poured into foreign parts the bone and marrow of Spain, hitherto concentrated in the home struggle with the Moors, but which was now deprived, by the capture of Granada, of any internal safety valve. This occurred about the epoch when Italy was the guiding star of Europe in arts and letters, when Lorenzo spread a passion for the antique, and the Classical under Leo X. wrestled with the Christian in St. Peter's itself. A ray could not fail penetrating beyond the Pyrenees, transmitted by Spaniards imbued with the taste and culture of the Italians, to whose manners they had approximated, and who, rude, ascetic, and ignorant of comforts at home, had now tasted the Capuan pleasures of the then head-quarters of refinement and luxury, when it was the fashion for all foreign finished gentlemen to have swam in a gondola. Individuals did for Spain, too suspicious to tolerate assembled bodies, what academies had done for Italy. Spain then, from being a racy original, became a copyist and a repeater of what others had said; first of forms, and next—and how much substance is interwoven with forms—of ideas and subjects.

The Italian sonnet, attempted by Santillana, was brought again to Spain by an *accident*—whereby so many other things are mainly influenced. In 1526 Andrea Navagiero, the Venetian envoy, by whom we have so curious an itinerary of Spain as it then was, suggested at Granada to Juan *Boscan* Almogaver, a Catalan hidalgo, to exchange the Gothic lyrical form for the sonnet. Boscan was well fitted for the work;—familiar with the best Greek and Latin authors—Horace and Tibullus particularly—he had rendered into Spanish part of Euripides, and the *Córtigiano* of Castiglione, most idiomatically. Tired, as he said, of the 'low vanity of translations,' and passing a quiet, unostentatious existence, happy with his sweet wife, books, and home, he now solaced with sonnets the 'heavy passages of life,' which will occasionally overshadow mortal felicities. While, however, he took the ancients for models of style, and Petrarch of form, he preserved, as many of his countrymen to their honour did, his individual tone of thought, and the peculiar specific undeniable *borracha*, the *goût*  
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*de terroir*, so to speak, of the Peninsula. He at one bound, such is the just influence of a master-mind, engrafted corrected taste in Spain already prepared for its reception, and a Catalan, writing in Castilian, sealed the fate of his native dialect. Time has scarcely diminished the effect he produced on his contemporaries. Spaniards have readily accorded him the reputation worthily due to all first founders and originators. He lived to see his experiment fully carried out and surpassed by his friend and disciple, *Garcilaso de Vega* (1505-1536), who superadded the Virgilian pastoral, and has been called the Sannazaro of Spain. Although his brief life was divided between gaiety and hardy action, he delighted in Arcadian themes; in practice a courtier and soldier, in theory a shepherd, his tone was soft and sad, his style simple and appropriate, sweet and delicate, and with far more grace than Boscan's. He was killed in an escalade at Frejus, to the great grief of Charles V. The works of this 'Prince of Poets,' as Cervantes termed him, have been often printed—and overlaid by commentators—in his own country; they have also been not long since 'done in English' by Mr. Wiffen, far however from successfully, as Mr. Ticknor, a brother translator, observes.

Thus Boscan and Garcilaso acclimatised these Italian exotics. Sturdy Castilejo and Castilian critics of good old Gothic principles inveighed against Petrarquistas, and their leaden feet, as no less guilty of high treason to national poetry than Luther was to orthodox Catholicity; but they laboured in vain. Even the autocrat Charles V. bowed to the fashion, and got his prose translation of the *Chevalier Déterminé* turned into stanzas by the Portuguese Fernando de Acuña, who washed, ironed, and got up the imperial 'linge sale,' as Voltaire did many a heavy basketful for Frederic the Great.

We have neither space nor patience for mediocrities, and can only briefly mention *Saa de Miranda*, another Portuguese (1495-1558), who approached in his pastorals to Theocritus; his simple bucolics and eclogues abound in local colour. He doted on the beautiful country and his ugly wife, for whose loss, good man, he died. Another Portuguese, *Jorge de Montemayor* (1520-1561), had the honour, as Cervantes says, to introduce to Spaniards the pastoral romance, as Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese also, had introduced the chivalrous. Montemayor, on return from travelling in the musical band of Philip II. when prince, found, like Macias, his ladylove married to another, and thereupon recorded in his *Diana*, under the name of Marfida, her infidelity and his sorrows, embroidering his harmonious prose with tender verse. In this fanciful framework he depicted romantic constancy and the

philosophy

philosophy of love—and, in spite of manifold improbabilities, the truth and reality of feeling inspired a redeeming interest, for, self-taught and no scholar, he drew from his own heart and the fresh field; left unfinished, it was continued by *Gil Polo*. This *Diana*, saved by the poetical justice of the curate from the burning, set an example to Cervantes and Lope de Vega, whose *Galatea* and *Pastores de Belem* were also left unfinished, which none who like us have tried to read them through can regret. The late Lord Holland was, we believe, the only man who ever actually got through Lope's entire 'Arcadia.' We may just add *Fernando de Herrera* of Seville (1534-1596), called the 'Divine' by Spaniards, ever fond and prodigal of titles and decorations. This reformer of style, sufficiently skilled in the mechanism of language, endeavoured to distinguish and set apart phrases fitted for poetry from those adapted to prose. He aimed also at imitative harmony by selecting words whose sounds agreed with their sense; but, however admired by Spaniards for his lofty dignity, in his exalted love-worship and vehement sufferings, his overstudied language infers a greater attention to the manner of expressing than to the sentiments felt. He had not art enough to conceal his art. To our mind the single ode on the Ruins of *Itálica* by his countryman *Francisco de Rioja* (obit 1659) is, like Gray's *Elegy*, preferable to many a huge tome of verse. The low, minor, and melancholy note which pervades it—alas! for the fleeting fabrics of human pride—is in true accord with the dominant key in Spanish temperaments. Infinitely superior again to Herrera was his other countryman *Luis Ponce de Leon* (1527-1591). This creator of the Spanish Ode was an Augustine monk and doctor of theology at Salamanca. Although sincerely pious and orthodox, and of austere and reserved habits, for only having translated into Spanish, and that for his private exercise, the Song of Solomon, he suffered five years' imprisonment, by which his health and spirits were destroyed. As with Tasso, and so many of the best geniuses of Spain, the muse alleviated the sorrows of his cell. Scarcely conscious of possessing poetic talents of a very high order, he thought their exercise almost unsuited to his sacred profession; an excellent Oriental and classical scholar, his Hebrew inspiration took the form of the lyrics of Horace, whom he fully felt, writing Christianity, as it were, with pagan pen. His prose was no less poetical; in his treatises on the Names of Christ and on a Perfect Wife, humble faith and strong enthusiasm are poured forth with the truest Castilian spirit. Released at length from the dungeon of the Inquisition, his talents and sufferings, his piety and patience under persecution, consecrated him alike in the eyes of foes and friends.

Generally

Generally speaking, the devotional compositions of Spaniards were based on the frigid system of the prevalent scholastic theology. Where all was fixed immutable as in the creed and art of ancient Egypt, no room could be left for fancy or imagination. Poetic feeling was fettered and crushed, whether in the pulpit or in the higher class of sacred song. How devout and dull is the Carthusian Padilla—how much more tending to tedification than edification are the *Villancicos*, the chants of Shepherds at the Nativity, and the infinite *Loas*, *Autos Sacramentales*, dramatised Scripture, mysticisms and extatic hallucinations—on which, through the patronage of the powerful Church, so much versification has been wasted by Lope de Vega and others in Spain, many of whom no doubt wrote them to conciliate the clergy, and in order to be permitted to put forth compositions more mundane!

Of the Pastoral, the first impulse came from Naples, and in spite of its unavoidable, intolerable insipidity, it long continued fashionable with the literary aristocracy of Spain. This rechauffé of the baked meats of the ancients—who naturally anticipated the best images of the limited subject, and had the merit of being both truer and shorter—was the reaction of the weariness of court and camp, the disgust of wars waged for foreign politics, the palling of false manners, over excitement, and action, which would bark trees with love-sick sword and exchange the crook for the lance, the oaten pipe for the brazen trumpet, and yearned for rural repose, simplicity, purling brooks, cool groves, and babbling about green fields, which a hot climate endears. The interest so languid to us, was then heightened by the introduction of real persons under feigned names; this new fancy filled the city with silly sheep, Watteau lovers, and the feelings and language of the most refined porcelain of civilization were placed in the mouths of the veriest clods of the earth, whose natural talk is about long horns and short horns. Although nothing can revive the pastoral, the humble subject was so executed by her Arcadian Sir Philip Sidneys, that no modern region can compete in it with Spain. The nation at large, accustomed to herd together in walled towns for safety, has never really known or appreciated the charms of country life, such even as they are in the deceptive mirage of tawny, salitrose Castile. They feebly sympathized with Bucolics, still less could they respond to conventional love warblings. With little taste for the delicate and tender, born under an ardent sun, their fierce Arab passion for a real object could not comprehend the metaphysical abstractions, the unsubstantial Platonisms of Petrarch; the cold consolations of clerical celibacy, fervid in metaphor, ice in reality. Again, in the national character, an honest sense of and sorrow for sin lies deeper than in the scoffing, incredulous,

dulous, voluptuous Italian, who, intoxicated with the beautiful, bestows but little thought on the moral, and never less than in erotic themes. The Spaniard, with a greater perception of the serious than the æsthetical, albeit unable to resist temptation, never can forget the crime. He fears the Siren beauty, and dares not sacrifice to Venus and the Graces with undivided allegiance. Hence, as Bouterwek remarks, a struggle between passion and reason, where the force of the one is heightened by the weakness of the other. This moral sentiment misplaced in the mouth of the warm lover, tells really and appositely in the *elegies* of Spaniards, which, dictated by affliction and affection, at once are true and tender. Take for example the 'Couplets' of *Jorge Manrique*, written about 1476, on the death of his father; in them the pathos and simplicity of the earlier ballads is tinged with a melancholy leaf in the sere tone of a 'passing bell tenderly touched' on the mutability of love and earthly happiness. Some translations of these by Mr. Longfellow well deserve Mr. Ticknor's praise. Jorge, in whose family arms were long allied to letters, was a gentle, adventurous knight, 'steel to man and wax to lady.' In his temperament the dominant note was low and sad, as in many of his gifted countrymen, whose constitutional tendency, when active life is over, and the *desengaño*, the disenchanting or finding out the cheat, the vanity of vanities, has begun, seeks for a new spiritual excitement in repentance and retirement. This feeling has peopled cloister and hermitage with Spain's choicest spirits. Jorge was killed in 1477, in a skirmish, and in his bosom were found unfinished verses on the uncertainties of human hopes—the ruling passion strong in death.

The literature of Spain, with all these happy antecedents, was blighted at the moment apparently of most promise. At the end of the fifteenth century the mind of Europe was arising from a long, dark sleep; printing was giving wings to thought, and Columbus had thrown into Spain's lap the gold of a new continent, large enough for her awakened enterprise. Ferdinand and Isabella prepared the tide of their country's greatness—short-lived alike in arms, arts, and letters. Consolidated at home by the union of Castile and Aragon, freed from the infidel by the conquest of Granada—the central point of her history—Spain now stretched her wings for a bolder flight, and, in possession of kingdoms on which the sun never set, aspired to be mistress of the old and new world. At this very nick of time her intellectual progress was arrested by the Inquisition. That masterpiece of the mystery of iniquity was organised from motives of policy and finance by Ferdinand, who cared neither for letters nor for religion, was sanctioned by Isabella from sincere though mistaken piety, and

and was fixed and enlarged by her confessor and minister, Ximenez—who was backed by the universal applauding nation. Spain has ever gloried most in her greatest shame: with her bigotry and patriotism had long been synonymous. Stern and life-reckless by nature, to destroy the infidel had ever been the delight and heart-hardening duty of her children; and now with suicidal alacrity did they hail an engine armed ostensibly against unbelievers, but destined by a just retribution, when the gold and blood of heretics were exhausted, to recoil, Frankenstein-like, on themselves.

The transition from burning men to burning books was easy—in *libros sævitum*. Isabella, it is true, at the introduction of the new art into Spain in 1474, when the press was busy only with devotional works and the classics, had encouraged grammarians and learned men; but ere long she raised obstacles that her successors swelled to prohibition—for she gave ready ear to the warnings of Rome, which quickly foresaw the incompatibility of the free press with a system built on lies; and this peril was fully revealed afterwards by Luther, when he held up to the world his symbol of religious liberty, the Bible in print—a symbol no less hateful then to the æsthetic Leo X. than now to the liberal Pio Nono. The second Index Expurgatorius ever printed was the Spanish one of Charles V. in 1546: under his son Philip II. a priestly censorship was so firmly riveted that the publication of free thought in its highest ranges became almost impossible; and mind, driven to lower channels, sank, after expiring struggles, into an apathetic collapse, until all was still—*adempto per inquisitiones et loquendi et audiendi commercio*.

The Inquisition, so congenial to Spanish character, interfered less with the pre-existing popular reading, and works of fancy and imagination. It hoped, by amusing, to prevent serious inquiry, and to fix the habit of letting the few think for the many. Hence amid the nearly 8000 authors catalogued by Nicolas Antonio, the true pioneer of Spanish literary history, how meagre the list of those who dared to search for truths, much less ventured to tell them!—

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*

The nation, 'allowed to riot in a world of imagination, was kept out of that of moral and physical truth;' men were compelled to respect the most terrible and ridiculous abuses of prescriptive authority, and forced to bow down to false gods; unavoidably therefore the literature of Spain is defective in all that deals with intellectual phenomena. No Spanish *Copernicus* or *Galileo*—both of whose works figure in Rome's liber expurgatorius—

torius—fixed or enlightened the solar system of Castile; no Bacon, with his inductive experimental tests, did for nature what Descartes did for man; no Locke anatomised his understanding—no Vesalius was at freedom for his body. This father of dissection was persecuted out of the world by the inquisition for defacing God's images. The forbidden physical and exact sciences were overridden by subtleties and dogmatism, Aristotelian metaphysics—which the Arabs had so rooted in Spain—and filthy casuistry of the Sanchez and Suares school. Pregnant inquiry was choked by the chicanery of logicians and wranglers, when things were argued from words, and points in dispute lost in definitions of terms.

Referring to Mr. Ticknor for details, if we examine the leading branches of Spain's subsequent literature, we shall find, as regards the epic, that the *Poema del Cid* had many followers, but few rivals. The Spaniards assign the first rank to the *Araucana* of Alonso de Ercilla, a Biscayan (1533-1595). Certainly, although only a fragment, it is a third longer than the *Iliad*; and if quantity be quality, the title of the Spanish Homer was not improperly bestowed on the author by Sismondi. Ercilla's European reputation is, in fact, owing to Voltaire, who had not read him. He might rather have been compared to Lucan, a favourite but fatal model to Spaniards; but modern events seldom succeed in Epos. He lived at a moment of exaltation, when the gigantic scale of nature and events in the new world stirred up Spanish character, and recalled their heroic ages, in some degree; for now, masters abroad and slaves at home, war was waged for gold, lust, and ambition against naked Indians, and not for God and country against scimitar-flashing Moslems. Ercilla, present at the subjugation of Arauco, a mountain-province in Chili, wrote on the spot, and 'in the spirit,' says Mr. Ticknor, 'with which he fought';—but, however indisputable his descriptive talent, his over exactitude was ill suited to poetry, and fettered fancy and invention. His epic, in spite of episodes, is almost a personal narrative, a versified bulletin, and is moreover somewhat prolix and stilty; particular passages may interest, but the subject cannot: our sympathies are with the brave savages struggling for their homes with savager Spaniards, men of iron fronts indeed to the foe, but of harder hearts to the conquered. Again, the poem, in the words of Byron, 'wants a hero.' Ercilla, from a pique against Mendoza, who had arrested him in a fray, kept the General-in-chief out of sight: an army without a head is, we admit, less unusual in the things of Spain than in *Iliads*, which demand an Achilles.

We pass over the infinite Caroliadas, Austriadas, Pelayos, Numantias,

Numantias, Lepantos, and other tedious, turgid parallels to our Blackmore epics, which owe, says Mr. Ticknor, 'more to patriotism than poetry,' and are now deservedly dead. Nor can foreign readers be expected to wade through other rhymed compositions of mere local interest or flattering to Spanish prejudices—and none less than the wearisome religious narratives, *e. g.*, lives of St. Francis by *Mata*, of St. Benedict by *Bravo*, or 30,000 lines on the Redemption by *Blasco*; prolixity is the besetting sin of Spanish literature. Perhaps we might except from the burning the *Bernardo* of *Dr. Bernardo de Balbuena*, a Mexican, whose poem of 45,000 lines, large and unequal as his continent, is based on the deeds of the semi-fabulous paladin Bernardo del Carpio, the impersonation of Spain's antagonism to France, at all times the most inveterate foe to her independence and nationality. Spaniards not less willingly rescue from the flames the *Monserate* of Captain *Christoval de Virues*, so overpraised by the good-natured Cervantes. This spiritual epic deals, in twenty cantos, with the soul-saving miracle of Catalonia's holiest high place. Its hero is the hermit Guarin, who in one moment cancelled a virtue of a century's duration by the seduction and murder of the Count of Barcelona's daughter. The cowed and bearded Lothario, doomed for his ill deed to graze on all fours like a beast, is ultimately pardoned by the Virgin. This gross legend, fitter for monks than muses, was borrowed from the Eastern Santon Barsisa, and is current also to this day in the Santo Boccadoro of Italy, although no Dante has grounded on it a Divine Comedy. Thus we find in Spain a reverend doctor writing a military romance, and a captain versifying a legend of pains and penalties; but peninsular clerks are of the Church militant, and the tendency of Spanish soldiers when no longer fit for service is to retire on full penance.

Nor can we dwell on the didactic poetry of Spain, whether written on things in general by *Luis de Escobar*, on painting by *Pablo de Céspedes*, on poetry by *Juan de Encina* and *Vicente Espinel*, or on medicine by *Francisco de Villalobos*; feeble throughout, and no masters of the arts they professed to teach, these stringers together of commonplace truisms, dear to the oriental Spaniard, want alike the wit and worldly knowledge of Horace, the elegant finish and point of Pope.

Among professedly burlesque and mock heroics, the natural reaction of stilty bombast, unworthy childish things, albeit sanctioned by the Batrachomyomachia and Culex of the classics, may be noted the *Mosquea*, or war of flies and ants, by Villaviciosa, and the *Gatomachia* of Lope de Vega—an overdone contest between two cats, which disturbs rather than delights quiet students;

students ; nor perhaps will many such now place in a very different class the gravely designed *Dragontea* of the same author, written in ten cantos of octave stanzas soon after the failure of the Invincible Armada. Here we have the new variety of a solemn epic dedicated to the *dishonour* of its hero ;—violent and coarse throughout, it teems with scandal against Queen Elizabeth and her gallant *Drake*, and it is difficult to determine whether the poor performance be most frantic or false ; at all events, it proves, as Mr. Ticknor says, how ‘familiar and formidable’ to Spaniards was the name of the singer of their King’s whiskers. Lope in 1599 wrote 10,000 lines on San Isidro, the ploughman patron of Madrid, whose work when alive was done for him by angels, and whose bones, when dead, restored Philip III. to health. The age of chivalry of Juan II. was not less portrayed by the *Passo honroso*, than that of credulity under the bigoted Philip III. was by this hagiological bucolic.

If we pass to history, real, philosophical, and truth-telling—in Spain, however grave and dignified, however it might assume the forms of antiquity, the living spirit was wanting ; throughout it kept parallel with politics ; manly and free in the earlier chronicles, now it became silent as regards the hazardous present, and, fearing to look forward, either fell back on the safe past—as in the hands of Ocampo, Morales, and Zurita ; or shrank into a partial partisanship, dealing with effects, not causes ; or, deserting hazardous heights, crept into local annals, lives of saints, histories of monastic and military orders—the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture—antiquarian, heraldic, and topographical investigations. These branches, which offer very curious indications of national character, have not been very much welcomed into the library or estimation of Mr. Ticknor, whose chief end and object are the belles lettres ; but fortunately the blank may be supplied by reference to his predecessors Ford and Stirling. Again, bearing in mind the literary and gastronomic tastes of *Villena*, the earliest Mæcenas and carver of Spain, a page might have been enriched with her blackletter culinary treatises, collectors’ gems. The history of olla podridas has yet to be written : let us hope some German professor, *Helluosissimus Librorum*, may soon have stomach for them all.

Perhaps the first place among the historians of Spain must be assigned to *Diego Hurtado de Mendoza* (1503-1575). This high-born and richly endowed soldier-scholar was ambassador of Charles V. at the Council of Trent, and his stern and efficient Governor of Siena, and upholder of the Imperial party against the Papal. A Spaniard to the backbone from the cradle to the grave, his tone of thought was firm, decided, and energetic, his style

style classical and picturesque, his eloquence unadorned and free from trick ; with him also originated the Picaresque, the peculiar novel of Spain, of which more anon. He was the friend and patron of Aldus, who, by reducing the ponderous folio to a handy form, so much facilitated reading. Mendoza's solace and companions were his books ; these with ancient MSS. he collected sedulously and left to the Escorial. To them and his pen—*fidis sodalibus*—he confided, like Lucilius, his joys and sorrows ; thus when at the mature age of 64, he, still amorous and testy, had thrown a rival out of window in Philip's palace, he beguiled his imprisonment for contempt of court by writing *redondillas* to his lady's eyebrow ; and when exiled at last to his native Granada, he there composed his masterpiece, the History of the Wars against the Moriscoes from 1568 to 1570. Called by his countrymen the Spanish Sallust, he professedly imitated Tacitus in many passages, and being a soldier and man of the world, he dared to discard the traditionary and legendary, with which Spanish history is too often overlaid. Not so *Juan de Mariana* (1536-1623), held in Spain to be the 'Prince of Historians,' and their Livy ; although imprisoned by the Inquisition when 73 years old, he had never, we should say, trespassed in his history against the prudence that might have been expected from a Jesuit ; hampered by Tubal Santiago and Pope-authorized miracles, which possibly he believed, and certainly did not dare question, and taking a narrow but safe view, he distinctly professed only to collect what had been before said, and put it into a better shape, in order to make his country's history better known beyond the Pyrenees ; and the Inquisition should have approved—for in doing so he meritoriously abstained from any critical or irreverent sifting or analysing of his authorities. He wrote his work first in Latin and for the learned of all countries, imitating Bembo, and then, like him, translated it into his vernacular. His style is pure and clear, and breathes Castilian gravity and nobleness. 'His work,' says Mr. Ticknor, 'if not the most trustworthy of annals, at least is the most remarkable union of picturesque chronicling with sober history that the world has ever seen.'

Among the rest of Spain's so-called historians, perhaps the name best known beyond her limits is that of *Antonio de Solis*, (1610—1686,) who having written fair poetry and not bad plays in his youth, divided his age between devotion and the *Conquest of Mexico*. He too is compared by Spaniards to Livy—methinks there be six Richmonds in the field—while, from the copious, sustained eloquence of his work, it is styled by Mr. Ticknor 'an historical epic.' It was very popular—because flattering to the national vanity and showing no sympathy for the poor Indians. It is from the contrary feeling that

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the works of their apostle and defender the good Bishop Las Casas (1474—1566) excite such interest out of Spain. The other writers on the leading events in the new world—Diaz, Herrera, &c.—have been too recently and skilfully brought before readers by Irving and Prescott to require supplementary notice from us. The History of the War in Catalonia under Philip IV., written by the Portuguese *Francisco de Melo* (1611—1667), is held to be a classic in the Peninsula. The subject is of limited local interest, but treated freshly, quaintly, and with very considerable power.

It will be easily understood that where liberty of speech was denied, where justice was deaf except when furnished with golden ear trumpet, and the Cortes dumb save when royal speeches were to be seconded, forensic and deliberative eloquence could not flourish; it might seem stranger that in so ultra-Catholic a land the pulpit should be scarcely less silent than the bar; but here the essential points of *la Fé*, the faith, were too unchangeably laid down, were held too sacred to require explanation; no discussions were tolerated—novelty even of illustration was heresy. The countless churchmen who have contributed so large a portion to Spanish literature, the authors of those dark folios which moulder in cloistered libraries, were occupied with casuistry, scholastic theology, and mystical divinity. Two exceptions deserve notice—*Luis Ponce de Leon* (1528—1591), whose fine odes we have mentioned, and *Luis de Granada* (ob. 1588). *Leon*, Horatian in style, though not epicurean in principle was free from all gloomy views: he, like Santa Teresa, saw love only in religion; while *Granada*, a devout and mystic Dominican, choosing the sacred books for his example, declaimed in a higher, bolder tone, and practised rather on the fears than the hopes of his congregation, or else 'changing his hand' indulged in a depressing melancholy sentiment, dear but dangerous to Spanish temperaments—in which a Soofi oriental notion was and is that the soul, an emanation of the Divinity, may, even after the most deadly sin, be reunited by asceticism and contemplation. Both these good and able men, notwithstanding their eloquence was pure and fervid, their piety sincere and orthodox, became in their turns inmates of the dungeons of the Inquisition, which preferred for popular preachers blatant friars of the mendicant orders, apostles of obscurantism, who filled the multitude with stones instead of bread. Their glaring offences against religion as well as taste induced the celebrated Jesuit *Padre Isla* (1703—1781) (the same that translated *Gil Blas* into Spanish and then claimed it for Spain), to put forth the History of Fray Gerundio, in whom he drew the portrait of these itinerants.

As Cervantes had laughed knight-errantry away by Don Quixote, he hoped to give these illiterate ranters their quietus by a book—but he miscalculated. He took the sense of the question, and was put out of court and pulpit by his opponents, who pandered to the craving for nonsense of their flocks, who 'will have it so.' The idea of the *Gerundio* was well imagined, and the execution clever, but overdone. The Spaniard rarely leaves anything in the inkstand. Time in the Peninsula never had any value.

That great fact being otherwise in other parts, we shall not now enlarge on the Drama of Spain, which has been treated in historical and critical detail by Moratin, Schlegel, and Schack, and already reviewed in our Nos. 49 and 117. Mr. Ticknor devotes nearly a volume to careful and accurate recapitulations; 193 pages are given to Lope de Vega, whose multitudinous works and peculiarities had been made familiar to English readers by Lord Holland, and commented on in a separate paper of our 35th number. Suffice it to say that in Lope and Calderon the form and pressure of the Spanish theatre is to be found; these tritons among minnows overwhelmed all competitors, and ruled the boards for nearly a hundred years. The golden age was during the reign of the pleasure-loving *Majo* King Philip IV., who fiddled while Spain was consuming away. He silenced the opposition of the Church, always bitterly histriomastix, much from dislike to the stage as immoral, and more because a formidable rival in the favour—*i. e.* purse—of the public. The germ of the Spanish theatre is to be traced in the satirical dialogue of *Mingo Revulgo* (Domingo Vulgus), written in 1472, and still more in the very free pages of 'Celestina,' 'the Spanish Bawd,' composed in Seville about 1490 by Rodrigo Cota. This tale or tragi-comedy, from its dramatic novelty and seductive interest, for a long time formed the favourite reading of all classes and both sexes. The impropriety of its previous scenes was said to be justified by the retributive catastrophe of its profligate personages; but many, no doubt, read their progress more to be amused, and may be corrupted, than to be benefited by the moral of the conclusion. Be that as it may: its viciousness, intrigue, busy plot and action passed into the stage, and became a taint of race which has always characterised the Spanish theatre. This was advanced by *Juan de Encina* (1468-1534), who exercised great literary influence in his day, and by *Gil Vicente* (reviewed in detail in our Number 157), the first, best, and last dramatist of Portugal, to read whose works Erasmus is said to have learnt Portuguese. A careful enumeration of all the plays anterior to Lope de Vega will be found in Moratin's

Tesoro.

Tesoro. In vain Cervantes, who in his *Numantia* approached *Æschylus*, and who has given us so curious a sketch of the rise of the Spanish drama—would that Shakespeare had done as much for ours!—in vain the erudite party strove to rear the young theatre according to classical forms. The common sense of the people decided, and wisely—what's *Hecuba* to them?—in favour of subjects and styles that they understood and enjoyed. It revolted at narrowing theatrical illusion by conventional unities. Lope, who settled the question, knew the offence of breaking classical canons, but felt, when writing somewhat apologetically on the art, that the pit which paid had the best right to pronounce, and that those who live to please must please to live. Hence the marked nationality of the Spanish theatre; where everything, costume and character, however gross the anachronism, was Castilianised to the fashion of the moment.

*Lope Felix de Vega Carpio* (1562-1635) began life a soldier, renounced the sword for the pen, and died a priest. His excessive popularity arose from his being the impersonation of his period, and its mouthpiece, whether dramatising sacred, profane, or national history. He tried every branch of composition, but reached in none above the excellence of mediocrity—for he was deficient alike in true poetic feeling, as in thought, power, and knowledge of the human heart. Lope like a spoilt child ran riot—his extemporaneous improvisatore flood was unexampled—but there was nothing deep in this babble of a summer brook, enlivened as the dashing triplets might be with play and sparkle; his *stans pede in uno* facility, was fatal to his future fame. None, however, can refuse him the full credit of having most successfully wooed and won his Madrid—but he neither sought to please the foreigner nor futurity; nor can Northerners fully estimate the delight produced on Southern ears by mere metrical harmony and mellifluous words for sound's sake, independently of sense and sentiment. The number of his written verses is said to exceed twenty-one millions.

While the theatres of Spain and England agreed in rejecting the classical forms, they differed essentially in substance. With our masters—or, to speak correctly, our one master and his infinitely feeble followers—the study of man and character was paramount, the action secondary; with Spaniards, words and tricks take precedence of ideas. The leading object of their authors—although so many clergymen dignify the list—was to interest and amuse, not instruct or elevate; they strove to excite curiosity and gratify the natives by stage effect, complicated situations, and

by holding up the mirror of local existing life, manners, and sentiments, and those of a city the most profligate, when the epoch of Philip IV. was reflected in that of our Charles II.—the reactions of the austere sway of their saturnine Philip II. and our sour Puritans. With them the real development of a human nature was seldom aimed at; the person yields to the plot, and we see the joys and pains of the body, not of the soul. Accordingly, when the ephemeral pageant is past, full as it may be of animal spirits and ups and downs, we carry nothing away that abides. The Spanish drama is to be beheld, not read; and this may be partly tested by the imitations of Dryden (1631-1700), so meagre in character, so stuffed with fidgety intrigue, so larded with wordy bombast, and on the whole so unworthy of his wonderful talents; but he too wrote for bread, and made himself man-of-all-work to the caprices of the hour.

The rival and successor of Lope, *Pedro de Calderon de la Barca* (1600-1681), was also a soldier and priest. Fertile in *autos, loas*, and plays lay and religious, his Oriental ornament and meteoric brilliancy of language fascinate, while his melodious fluency somewhat redeems hyperbole of character, faulty morality, mistaken point of honour, and sacrifice of all propriety. Serene and gentle in spirit, kindly and benevolent in practice, Calderon carried out the principles of Lope with greater refinement—he had also more power of inspiring terror; he lighted up his scenes with the last ray of Spanish chivalry, and with him—see our remarks in vol. xxv.—the curtain may be said to have fallen on his country's stage. Of other play-writers—the name is legion—we can now allude to two only. *Guillen de Castro* (1567-1631) began a soldier, turned author, and died a pauper. His name is best known by being linked with the immortality of the *Cid* and *Corneille*, who borrowed from his '*Mocedades*' a Spanish subject, that we cannot think was improved by French unities and perversions of fact, by which *Ximena* is travestied into the tragic coquette *Chimene*, who marries her father's slayer the self-same day of the murder! The other, *Gabriel Tellez* (ob. 1648), was an ecclesiastic, and, under the name of *Tirso de Molina*, wrote *El Burlador de Sevilla*, whose hero, *Don Juan*, has been rendered European by *Beaumarchais*, *Mozart*, and *Byron*. How little now remains of this theatre, once the model and pride of Europe! Its celebrity, however wide, is traditional and taken for granted, rather than ascertained by actual reading the originals. Lope, the 'phœnix' of his time, never will rise from his ashes: he has strutted his day on the boards and vanished—*stat magni nominis umbra*. He was for a time, and has lasted it;

while

while 'the thousand-souled' Shakespeare, Nature's darling, who was for all time, lives and will live as long as the human heart, which he probed and agitated, continues to beat.

In approaching the novels of Spain, one of the richest and most national branches of her literature, we feel the objection which will naturally be made, on the name of Cervantes, the noblest in her wide martyrology of genius, being omitted in these remarks—the part of Hamlet left out;—but our remaining space is far too limited for so large a subject, and we hope at some future time to devote a paper to his especial consideration. Meanwhile, Mr. Ticknor presents in 63 pages a careful synoptical view of his hard and chequered life, his various works—pastorals, plays, poetry, and novels.

An easily understood reaction led from the stately fictions of chivalry, by the simpler pastoral, to novels, the romance of private life, sketched with truth from nature, in which lies the secret of enduring interest and hold. The restraints on higher branches of letters, to which we have adverted, drove intellect into lower and unprohibited ranges; genius, cribbed and confined, took refuge in humbler themes, which neither alarmed nor offended the powers that were, but pleased them by exhibiting scenes and persons far below them, and held up as Helots for their amusement and instruction. As half the world is said to live without knowing how the other half dies, the purple-clad classes, who fare sumptuously every day, turn curiously to the sayings and doings, the ragged starvings of poor humanity in its lowest condition and their antipodes. Contrast is welcome after *toujours perdrix*. The tales of scoffing, sceptical, licentious Italy were far from being popular with the serious, earnest, decorous Spaniard, whose taste was formed more on his gnomie Conde Lucanor written to instruct, than on the Decameron, which aimed only to amuse; accordingly, Cervantes professedly wrote his *exemplary* novels as a better substitute for Boccaccio's delightful book and its kind.

Italy was then the most refined country in Europe, but the least military. Priestly, commercial, and utilitarian, she could have but little enthusiasm or high aspiration. Cut up into petty principalities, and with no one nationality, her delights were æsthetic, indolent, and Sybaritic. She opposed mind to matter, intellect to brute force, Machiavellianisms to fair play, and, coward-like, stabbed in the back the foe whom she dared not assail face to face; without ballads and with few great epochs, she looked to style rather than subject. Mixing with the world, and scrutinizing from behind the scenes the dirty pulleys of the Vatican, her Pulcis and Aretinos perceived the ridiculous side of  
much

much that was hallowed by the grave, isolated, and distant Spaniard. By mere force of contrast, of all things the stately and solemn lends itself easiest to parody. *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*; and that step in Spain was taken by *Diego Hurtado de Mendoza* (already dealt with in his higher walk), the originator of the *Picaresque*, or low rogue's march novels, of which his *Lazarillo de Tormes* was the type—the *Roman Comique* of Scarron, and our Fielding's and Smollett's felicitous stories, the offspring—*Gil Blas* the perfection.

The campaigns of Charles V. filled Italy with Spaniards, whose hereditary occupation was gone after the fall of Granada; the majority who returned, crippled in body and purse, were unfit for anything but to stalk about, bearded like pards, with cloak and rapier, *con capa y espada*, impersonations of poverty and pride in idleness, too proud to dig, but not ashamed to beg, borrow, and scout as base the slave that pays. Nor is their breed extinct. These disbanded Bezonians—true *Bisoños*—wanters, were let loose to prey on society, and share with clever sharpers the gold ill-gotten in the new world, worse spent in the old one, where it corrupted all it touched. In the biographies and adventures of these chevaliers d'industrie—the industry always best practised in Spain—a mirror was held up to the time, which, like the drama, reflected its real form and pressure, and in nothing more than revealing the poverty and privations, from the palace to the private dwelling, of Spain—(*Σπανία*=*Paupertas*, *Egestas*)—whose career at her best and all periods has been impeded, as the Duke said, by 'a want of everything at the most critical moment.' The panoramic diorama is exhibited in all its chameleon variety, in the *Lazarillo* of Mendoza, published in 1553, but written earlier; in the *Guzman de Alfarache* of Mateo Alemán, 1599; the *Picara Justina* of the monk Andreas Perez de Leon, 1605; the *Rinconete y Cortadillo* of Cervantes, 1613, but written in 1604; the *Marcos de Obregon* of Vicente Espinel, 1618, but written earlier; the *Gran Tacaño* of Quevedo, 1627; the *Garduña de Sevilla* of Solorzano, 1634; the autobiography of *Estevanillo Gonzalez*, 1646—and in many others; especially let no student of the Picaresque neglect the works of *Salas Barbadillo* and *Alonso Castillo Solorzano*, whose truly Spanish merits have not been sufficiently estimated beyond the Pyrenees.

In general the novels of Spain are not exempt from the besetting sin of prolixity, and the overlay of wise saws and tedious preachment, lugged in to conciliate the censors; even in Italy the inherent licentiousness began about this time, under the *Bambellos* and *Cinthios*, to be tempered by tiresome reflections; but all these and infinite heavy lumber were judiciously thrown

thrown overboard by Le Sage in his *Gil Blas*, the epitome, cream, and flower of the picaresque, and far superior to all its Spanish prototypes. Llorente has shown with laudable minuteness the amount of plagiarisms—but in truth the brilliant Frenchman, conscious how much his hand improved whatever it touched, had not made much mystery as to his sources. He with subtle alchemy extracted the gold from Spanish ore, and, rejecting the dross, picked the kernel from the husk, and winnowed the grains from the multitudinous chaff. *Gil Blas* is far too clever, neat, and sustained ever to have issued from Spanish pen, and bears throughout French polish, spirit, and the inimitable power of light and agreeable writing which characterize a lively land, whose wise men practise and preach the wholesome doctrine, *Glissez, mortels! n'appuyez pas*. The English, contented to translate from the Spanish these picaresque pictures of a foreign private life, remained for a long time strangely unaware of their own undeveloped capacity for such themes, of their powers of caricature, humour, and nice home-delineation in which none can vie with them; but in the appointed season Hogarth came, and with him the literary masters already named, of whose genius we are fortunate enough to see some flashes at least in our own dimmer period.

One word only on *Francisco Gomez de Quevedo* (1580-1645), whose name is no less known than his works are little read. His life too was sad and chequered—*cosas de España*. By an unjust imprisonment of more than four years for a suspected libel, his health was broken and temper soured; of a lively, versatile genius, cultivated although superficially, he restlessly passed from prose to poetry, from the gay to the stern—all things in their turn, and nothing long; shrewd and caustic by nature, and rendered cynical by ill fortune and ill usage—*facit indignatio versus*—his pen was pointed against every permissible object; and, as the fairest marks of satire were forbidden, he lashed bad poets, bad physicians, bad tailors, paupers, and all who have no friends. Quevedo may be compared to Juvenal for severe sarcasm, and to Swift for irony, humour, and dirt, for he revelled in picturing low life, drawing from his experiences in garrison and cell. He is compared by Sismondi to Voltaire—but he was neither so infidel, so obscene, nor so witty. As a writer he is too difficult for foreigners to understand or relish thoroughly, since he indulged in slang—*Germania*—the lingo of the brotherhood—and in euphuistic purisms, called *Gongorisms* from the heresiarch *Luis de Gongora* (1561-1627).

The name of this true son of ambitious Cordova has become a byword in literature, like that of *Churriguera* in architecture; the  
one

one tortured words, the other bricks. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands between the Italians and the Spaniards—a question left open by Mr. Ticknor, who thinks much may be said on both sides—whether *Marina* (1569-1625) or *Gongora* had the dishonour of originating this *cultismo*, a contagion which spread over Europe in the seventeenth century, when men, as Sancho Panza has it, wanted better bread than could be made from wheat. *Optimi corruptio pessima*—the decline from excellence is always worse than the rude efforts which train up to it. Even in the title-pages of books printed at this period, a sign is held out of the straining at the quaint and unnatural within; but *le dégoût du beau, amène le goût du singulier*. Gongora, like the *Ronsards* of France, the *Lillys* of England, aspired to create a new phraseology, and tried to mask poverty of idea by tinsel of conceit; and yet both Quevedo and Gongora were fitted by nature for better things, and in their earlier lyrical productions breathe a higher, more poetic feeling than can be recognised in either of the brothers *Argensola*—(*Lupercio*, 1565-1613—*Bartolomé*, 1566-1631)—although these came, said Lope de Vega, 'from Arragon to Spain, to teach Spaniards to write Spanish.' Being taken to Naples by the Mæcenæ viceroys, Count de Lemos, who thought 'keeping a poet' an appanage of his state, and each appointed by him to a place, which everywhere gilds commonplace, poor Cervantes flattered these men in office, in the hopes of picking up some crumbs from their table, which he did not. These so-called Horaces of Spain, whether writing lyrics, or didactic truisms on stilts, libels on Flaccus, were but pompous prigs, without vigour, genius, or originality—

*Coldly correct and classically dull.*

For the other lyrical authors of Spain we must refer to Mr. Ticknor, who possesses the works of no less than 123 poetasters after Charles V., or to the tiresome *Laurel* of Lope de Vega, or the entertaining *Viaje* of Cervantes, wherein the tuneful legions are enumerated, and whose numbers and length warn us to hold our hand.

They ushered in their country's fall. With Charles II., feeble in mind and body, the worn-out Austrian dynasty and best nationality of Spain fell like Lucifer. The decline announced by Italian influences was completed by the intrusive Bourbons, who brought into the cold and severe Escorial the language of the gay and gaudy Versailles, which was no less repugnant to the fixed, formal, and lofty Castilian idiom, than the tastes and characters of the speakers; in both the antipathy of an antithesis is absolute. The seed of royal academies founded in order to purify the dictionary,

tionary, when none could write, was sown by the poor creature Philip V., who wanted nothing but a wife and a mass-book; and the crop produced its usual stubble. It is unfortunate in the history of Spain's literature that the subject deteriorates as it advances, and all interest is lost before the catastrophe, as the feudal German Rhine terminates in the swamps and sands of plodding Holland. The pure old Castilian metal rings dull and dead when alloyed with Gallicisms, French translations, and their frozen theatre. Spain, from whence even Corneilles and Molières were once proud to borrow, is now reduced, like a poor gentleman, to subsist on scraps doled out by the children of those whose forefathers she had enriched, and whom in her heart she hates. As the national mind sank, arts and letters, the exponents, kept pace. Under Charles III., born at Naples, and destined by nature to be a gamekeeper, Mengs (eclectic mediocrity in art) became what wooden West was to our George III., who knew not Reynolds and Wilson. In Spain wiser heads, who governed while Charles hunted, restrained the Inquisition and expelled the Jesuits, who now walk about England. But darkness still brooded over the Peninsula. There the Benedictine *Feyjoo* (1676-1764) passes for a philosopher, because in the eighteenth century, and a hundred years after our Browne's exposition of vulgar errors, he had ventured to show that the sun did not stand still to prolong Spanish bush-fightings, nor the event-portending bells of Velilla ring of themselves. Salamanca, the venerable Alma Mater of Spain, when urged to reform her antiquated course of studies, replied in 1771, 'Newton teaches us nothing that would make a good logician or metaphysician, and Gassendi and Descartes do not agree so well with revealed truth as Aristotle does.'

Among the few names deserving of note, petty oases in the wide zahara, are those of the *Padre Isla* (1703-1781) already mentioned in connexion with Gil Blas, and of *Juan Valdez Melendez* (1754-1817), in whom Spanish nature for a moment cast off France, but was not taken up by Spain, for this charming Burns of the Tormes died in exile and poverty, and not even an exciseman. *Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos* (1744-1812), a good man, a worthy magistrate, and a prudential reformer, was also a respectable author, but one considerably over-puffed by English Whiggery. When the Boston censor, either from good nature, or a desire to conciliate—for we acquit him of irony—eulogises *Quintana*, the quintessence of commonplace, or *Martinez de la Rosa*, the impersonation of the moderate in letters and politics, or his colleague and compeer the *Duque de Rivas*, it is high time to conclude the History of Spanish Literature.

It is in the multitude of mediocrities that Mr. Ticknor's difficulty must have consisted, when elaborating a complete companion and guide to the Spanish library. From necessity he was compelled to deal with a wide sweep, of good, bad, and indifferent. An extensive work, destined for constant consultation, will in some degree partake of a catalogue, where quantity must exceed quality, and the entertaining give way to the useful. But infinite credit is due to our author for the great number of rare and curious books which he has pointed out, for his careful tracing of their editions, and the exact indications of chapter and verse on his margin. Those only who have gone over the same ground can duly estimate the amount of unpretending industry, the absence of second-hand quotation, and the prolonged labours condensed in his thousand foot-notes. We sometimes have fancied that the amiable American, from over intimate knowledge and love of his subject, has become impregnated with Spanish prolixity and monotony; to our tastes an occasional sun-lit tower, the shadow of a dark rock in a thirsty land, the dancing sparkle of a rivulet, pleasant companion to the dry high road, gives life to table-lands—but in truth our well-beloved Transatlantic brethren are somewhat too business-like, too utilitarian, to cultivate the gentler amenities which *restore* the indolent sated old world. Young in the literary race, and timid, perhaps from fancied insecurity of position, they scarcely venture to descend from the dignified propriety of the chair, and prefer instructing like Don Manuel to enlivening like Boccaccio. Occasionally we could have wished that our pilot had guided the helm with more decision, and sounded with bolder plummet the philosophy of his subject; where a cursory reader may be satiated with facts, the thoughtful one, who hungers for causes, may be sent away. Mr. Ticknor's gentlemanlike and elegant remarks, couched in a calm tone, and expressed in a clear unaffected style, seem framed more on the Addisonian models in the *Spectator* than after the sifting searching criticism of the present age; if, however, he dives into no unfathomed depths, soars to no unscaled heights, he never creeps the ground, but pursues with sure and modest success the even tenor of his way;—neither aspiring to the suggestive originality of Bouterwek, nor to the terse and powerful analysis of Hallam, he has produced a record which may be read with general satisfaction, and will be lastingly valued for reference.

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- ART. II.—1. *Reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of Education in Wales.* 1847.  
 2. *Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the National Society.* 1847.  
 3. *A Charge by Connop Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. David's.* 1848.  
 4. *A Charge, by Thomas Williams, M.A., Archdeacon of Llandaff.* Cardiff. 1849.  
 5. *A Visitation Sermon, by Rowland Williams, A.M., Canon of St. Asaph.* 1847.  
 6. *Keltische Studien, von Friedr. Körner.* Halle. 1849.

IT has been found that, although the first outbreak of religious fervour may tend to schism, it not unfrequently subsides into the channel of sober piety, and gravitates by degrees towards the great living centre and standard of doctrine. Some traces of such a process have appeared in our own time in Wales, as in England: but we are sorry to say that the prospect of a general return seems nowhere so little hopeful as in the Principality. Not only is Dissent organized into an energetic system; but its principles are engrained into the popular mind, partly endeared to men by certain national prejudices as something peculiarly their own, and partly considered as motives emphatically religious, in contradistinction to others of a secular or prudential order.\* It is true that the statement of the number of Dissenters, which we recently extracted from Sir Thomas Phillips, does not present them in such formidable proportion to the whole of the people as might have been anticipated. Nor have we been able, on comparison with the Methodist *Dyddiadur*, or Calendar for 1850, to detect any error as regards the number of communicating members, who amount in the various Dissenting bodies to about 133,000. But the estimate of hearers, or ordinary attendants, which rates them at 300,000, professes only to be an approximation; and it certainly falls short of the impression which a casual observer would carry away. If, however, it is correct, it suggests the painful inference that a considerable portion, perhaps half of the entire people, are swayed to and fro by an alternation of

\* Some admirable remarks on the danger of a too intrusive church discipline of a personal kind, may be found in the Memoir of Alexander Knox, prefixed by Bishop Jebb to his edition of Burnet's Lives. It may, however, be noticed as a fact, that the apparent absence of such a discipline is the weak point of the Church in the eyes of the more religious among Welsh Methodists. Their classes or *societies*, in which the discipline is analogous to that of the confessional, are to many of them what the Eleusinian mysteries were to some of the ancients, or religious orders to warriors of the Middle Ages—something to be entered as a scene of probation or direct preparation for death.

caprice, or do not attend any place of worship so regularly as to be reckoned in strictness members of the congregation. Such an irregularity may perhaps be considered, with all that it involves, as one of the most deplorable effects engendered by Dissent on a large scale. It would at all events be a mere delusion to persuade ourselves that, as far as the lower or even the middle classes are concerned, the Church either assembles an equal number habitually within her walls, or impresses them with the same fervour of attachment.

Whether we enter the Principality from Shrewsbury by the old road leading to the masterpiece of Telford's art, or touch either extremity by railway, we find signs of division and estrangement among the 'one-tongued Cymry' as great as if they had just been scattered from Babel. Such is the position of the Church amid conflicting agencies, that we have heard clergymen compare themselves, with no very extravagant hyperbole, to missionaries in a strange land. In the towns indeed, and generally in the more educated districts, good congregations may be found; and even in remote parishes eminent ability and untiring zeal occasionally reap their merited harvest. Nor has a certain feeling of hereditary respect altogether died away, but manifests itself in some places by receiving the eucharist in church on the greater festivals, and, in most, by taking advantage of the occasional or domestic services; while in its faintest form perhaps it lingers in the habit of resorting eagerly to a consecration, and to the *Plygain*, or carol-singing before daybreak, on Christmas-day. Such influence as the Church retains is most beneficially exercised; but it is, on the whole, of a personal or a social, rather than of a religious kind. In the diocese of St. Asaph perhaps the picture is least discouraging. The material fabric and outward machinery of the Church in this see and that of Bangor have improved of late, and are improving. Each is of a manageable size; and in both churches have been repaired, schools and parsonages built, new districts created. In St. Asaph the average value of benefices reaches 271*l.*, and in Bangor 252*l.*,—a sum which, though not excessive, falls not very far short of the English average, and which, when its results are compared with those of smaller incomes elsewhere, cannot be alleged to damage the theory of endowments. The clergy have certainly advanced since the last generation both in refinement and social standing, not only far beyond the caricature of such writers as Mr. Macaulay, but beyond the reality of former times; though whether their hold on men's minds has strengthened in proportion may be a question. The necessity of dealing with two languages is no trivial embarrassment. Perhaps also a repug-

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nance to breadth of phylactery, and that dread of cant which knowledge of the world is apt to engender in the most pious minds, may prevent them from putting forward religious motives with all that *directness* which seems requisite to vindicate for such motives an energetic influence over the multitude.

If we started from such a town as Welsh Pool, the general aspect of a well-filled church and tolerable schools might be sufficiently cheering. We will not stay to count the large meeting-houses in the back streets. But almost before the princely towers of the Red Castle of Powis had faded from our sight, we should find more than one parish with no school, and more than one where the church accommodation is small enough for the district but abundant for the congregation; with some, where the residence of an incumbent, as well as the existence of a parsonage, is of modern date. As we travelled due west, we should find a market-town with its adjoining districts in almost undisturbed possession of Dissenters, whose tone proportionately rises in arrogance (*Rep. III., App. H.*)—the entire absence of any day-school or secular knowledge being ill-compensated by some fourteen chapels and a score of Sunday-schools. A little further we should find an ingenious individual, who in 1846 united the functions of trustee to a charity, tenant of its land, and teacher of its children. ‘Being thus obliged to frequent markets as a farmer,’ said his affectionate wife in defending him from the inquiries of an impertinent commissioner, ‘how can he be in the school?’ We would only add, who can wonder there should be only eight children in it? Farther still, at Llanegryn, near the western coast, and in a district peculiarly neglected, is a still more important instance of what the Education Commissioners call ‘a flagrant breach of trust’ (*Ibid. App.*, p. 125)—a grammar-school in absolute abeyance, while the most efficient instruction in the neighbourhood is given in the British School at Brynchrug. At Tal-y-llyn, within the shadow of Cader Idris, we could scarcely expect the march of intellect to be much advanced. The houses are described as having walls of uncemented rock or shale, with wattled roofs, and floors of earth. Only 6000 out of 36,000 acres admit of cultivation. Yet the great tithes of this district, as of some others equally needy in Wales, are diverted to the *see of Lichfield*. At Dolgelly and Bala are, as it were, the struggling ghosts of grammar-schools; the latter contrasting almost painfully with the Dissenting academies and similar agencies in this metropolis of knitting and resort of anglers; where, if our tour were well-timed, we might also meet with specimens of field-preaching on the largest scale and recalling the pictures of Old Mortality. The schools at  
Dolgelly

Dolgelly have to cover an area of 27 miles, and one at Llanbedr 20 miles of coast. We find also a parish mentioned of 10 miles in circuit, to which the last taste of instruction was given twenty years ago by one of Mrs. Bevan's itinerant schools (*Ibid.*, p. 116). At Festiniog, proverbial for its scenery, we might be gratified to find that 'quarrymen read the English language with ease;' but with the considerable drawback that 'they are unable to understand the meaning of a word;' and this may stand as no unfair type of what results from teaching one language in school while another is spoken at home.

If we traversed the wild region of Lleyrn, until we stood on the promontory from which the bodies of the dead were formerly desecrated while ferried over from Merionethshire to the sacred soil of Bardsey, we might hear from the Vicars of Nevin and Llannor accounts of general viciousness or ignorance in a strain as lamentable as that of Gildas; far more so, indeed, than our own acquaintance with this rugged but interesting coast would have led us to expect. At Aberdaron, where old women with kerchiefed heads, and a general air of wildness, remind one strangely of a village in the Apennines, a new church has been built, and it is as antiquarians rather than as churchmen that we regret the old one; yet there is a melancholy sort of parable in the crumbling of its fine Norman arches, and in the unresisted advance of the sea which yearly threatens to encroach upon the tombs. At Bardsey, the holy isle in the flood, the only religious instruction now given depends upon the adventurous bark of some stray Methodist; and at Clynnog the local funds scarcely suffice to keep from ruin one of the few very striking specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the Principality. To Carnarvon, where he who visits the castle 'by the fayre moonlight' will often have his steps arrested by the loud tones of oratory from some vehement preacher, is allowed by the Commissioners the rare praise of *one* good school; and the whole isle of Anglesey is complimented upon the possession of *two*. In the latter country the consolidation either of parishes or chapelries has effected what a century and a half ago was considered an improvement; and if a clergyman is personally respected, he prevails on the poor or more tolerant of his dissenting flock to pay him the compliment of visiting his church; but the shadow of John Elias and Christmas Evans broods heavy on the land; no part of Wales is more thoroughly taken possession of by a sectarian establishment, and in very few do we find such strong allegations made (though we have reason to think them in some measure exaggerations) of prevalent immorality (*Rep. III.*, p. 68). Few, probably, of our readers have not at some time traversed the picturesque and varied

scenery

scenery which groups its deep valleys about Snowdon, and extends across the Berwyn, that mountain breastplate which Nature reared before the old freedom of Gwynedh, into the softer undulations of Montgomery. We need scarcely remind them of the apparent state of religion. Neither Harlech, with its mouldering walls, nor Dolbadarn's lonely tower by the lake, strike us more forcibly as images of decay, than churches evidently neglected, desolate, open in vain. As the stranger turns from the primitive shrine where out of the few attendants fewer seem interested in the service, and meets the living tide of people flocking to the oracles of a system which too evidently fails of altogether attaining the proper ends of Christianity, he can scarcely refrain from the cry, at once plaintive and stern, of the Hebrew prophet, 'How long, O Lord, how long!'

If, instead of looking westward from Welsh Pool, we had turned somewhat to the south, we should soon have reached Newtown and Llanidloes, famous for flannel\* and sedition. This is one of those districts where the strong descriptions of the Education Commissioners appear literally to apply, and ignorance, vice, and infidelity go linked in unlovely triad. Yet even here is a craving for knowledge, which should have had wholesome food provided. That mere theology, or even Scripture, without moral training, is not altogether wholesome, and that it is possible for religion to be handled as it were irreligiously, is too sadly shown by the use made in such places of the popular Sunday-schools. There are persons who frequent them in order to acquire the art of reading; and the first authors on which they proceed to exercise this art are Paine, Volney, and Robert Owen! But we do not at present dwell upon such peculiar and exceptional districts, or upon the country of coal and iron farther south. We have on former occasions alluded to those hives of mineral industry, which are enlarged annually to receive fresh swarms of immigrants; to such places as Brynmawr, without a church, but with five thousand inhabitants, to whom fifty families are added yearly; Aberdare, where the population is said to increase at the rate of nearly a thousand a year; Merthyr, already numbering, with Dowlais, forty thousand, and outstripping all the exertions of its zealous pastor. To these centres of moral and social danger attention has been directed both by various commissions and by the work of Sir Thomas Phillips; and the active benevolence of Bishop Copleston, with the appeals which he frequently repeated to the sluggish conscience as well as the neglected interest of those who have created such a population, were not without some effect. Mr. Tremeneere speaks favourably of

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\* The word *flannel* is merely *lana* in a Welsh form Anglicised.

the efforts made by the Church between 1839 and 1846; and the Archdeacon of Llandaff, in an able and practical charge, supplies details which show that the subsequent years have been years of progress. Yet the penalties of former neglect, as well as the necessities of a system overtasked, have hitherto been more rapid than the remedies. Even in turning to many rural parishes, where no great social change has occurred to make the task of modern times one of peculiar difficulty, the burden of our song is still lamentation. The cathedral of Llandaff is rising, but rises slowly from its ruins. We hear of 'some churches without doors, and others without windows;' of 'yawning chasms frequent in the roof;' of 'the inside wet, as if just rinsed with water;' of schools held in the nave or chancel, the communion-table being sometimes the desk, while the master, with his hat on, presides within the rails, and a few urchins are grouped in disorder about a peat fire which smoulders on the floor; finally, of 'calves in the belfry, horse-dung on the floor, and birds' excrement on the Lord's table.' In some churches service has not been performed for years. At one, with a long name, in Brecknockshire, 'the vicar rides by on the Sunday afternoon, but seldom has occasion to alight and do duty, owing to the paucity of the congregation.' At another, 'Divine service is very seldom performed, unless there are banns to publish, or a wedding or a funeral to take place.' At another, a trustworthy correspondent, who has furnished us with a few of these details, saw a church which had fallen down ten years ago, and for four years the clergyman had not entered the churchyard, except once to inter a corpse. In another, in Cardiganshire, that ubiquitous authority, the 'oldest inhabitant,' did 'not remember the parish-church standing.' The benefice however has an incumbent. In Pembrokeshire we find frequent returns of non-resident clergymen. In one Hundred, consisting of twenty-six parishes, this Return applies to fourteen; in another, of twenty-one, to thirteen. At a place rejoicing in the association of the names of Jabez and Llanychllwydog, we are told 'there were no church-people in the parish' (*Rep. I.*, p. 407). It is only in harmony with the general aspect of things that the duty of appointing churchwardens should in some parishes be altogether dispensed with.

Equally characteristic, and in close connexion with the state of the Church, is the defective nature of education in the greater number of primary schools. In this respect we have detected no great difference of quality between North and South Wales, or between Church and Dissent. Our impression would rather be, that the moral and secular instruction given in the Church day-schools has somewhat the advantage (unless some few of the

British

British be exceptions); while in the Sunday-schools of Dissenters there is greater theological activity in its kind, and apparently a more popular agency. As to number, it appears that in nine counties fifty-seven per cent., or more than half—and, in three, about forty per cent.—of all the children who receive education on week-days, receive it in Church schools; though this does not necessarily imply that their parents are churchmen, or that they will become so. The second place in point of number belongs to schools of private adventure, which are generally more or less Dissenting; the third to British, which fluctuate, and are apt to be short-lived; and the lowest to schools in exclusive connexion with particular sects. This proportion appears from tables given by the Commissioners—though some Dissenting authorities, also quoted by them, conceive the number of children educated by themselves to be four for every one educated by the Church; and this may be remarked incidentally as an illustration of the value of hearsay evidence. So far as such a statement could be at all defended, its apology would be found in the Dissenting Sunday-schools—and their merit receives ample acknowledgment from Mr. Symons (*II.* 290); but that they fulfil the general ends of education is scarcely pretended even by the most zealous defenders of the popular system, among whom Mr. Griffiths of Brecknock holds a prominent place (*Ib.*, 112). This gentleman refers to a guide at Antwerp who spoke various languages but could not write:—

‘Something very like that,’ he proceeds, ‘may often be seen in Wales. There have been ministers among us—men of great mental and moral power and prodigious influence—men whom we need not blush to class with England’s best, but who nevertheless knew nothing of English, and never were able to write their names! In hundreds of our cottages at this day you may find men of the most elevated habits of thought and feeling, who never read a page in their lives but the Bible. The pulpit has been our national teacher, and nobly has it done its work. There is a work however which it cannot do; which, consequently, for want of schoolmasters, has been awfully neglected.’

This passage is both interesting as a specimen of opinion in Wales, and a fair set-off against the somewhat *tranchant* style of the Reports.\* But, after due deduction on the latter ground, and allowance for favourable exceptions (which the Reports indeed

\* A more minute inspection of these Reports, so famous in the Principality as the *blue books*, has raised our admiration of the ability with which they are compiled, without diminishing our regret that their accuracy should be impaired by an occasional tone of declamation almost approaching to invective. More value, perhaps, should be attached to their account of schools than to their speculation on social evils; for the first depends upon observation, the second upon theories which imply imperfect acquaintance with the country in reference to which they are developed.

admit), there seems no doubt that the salaries of schoolmasters in general are miserably low; that they have seldom been prepared for their office; they have been broken-down bailiffs, colliers, plasterers, shoemakers, lime-burners, and labourers: they combine with their didactic functions the work of tailors, farmers, publicans, preachers, and constables: their knowledge of grammar, which they profess to teach, often does not exceed that of labourers on the road: the per centage on the population of children who attend day-schools is unduly small, and of these more than half scarcely remain, at least in the same school, a whole year; the instruction, being often given in one language, while the children at home speak another, scarcely penetrates through the ear to the understanding. The use of the Catechism by Dissenters' children is a constant stone of offence: and schools are often built, not where they are most needed, but where most suggested by religious rivalries; in short, poverty makes the education bad, and a polemical spirit makes it worse. It may readily be believed that the manners and intelligence of old and young in such schools fall short of perfection, and that various names and facts of geography, history, and Scripture, undergo a singular metamorphose. France becomes a parish, Ireland a town, Judæa a district in England; Moses builds the ark—which however in another place is made by Solomon, of iron; John is the first king of Israel; the disciples are represented as 'bloody Jews,' and, even where a milder view is taken, they are 'people who behaved ill;' St. Peter and St. Paul are in turn confused with Judas: at Buttington, a purely English place—for the question of language scarcely affects the amount of ignorance—there is a theory that St. Matthew (he of Westminster we presume) wrote the history of England; *dearth* means darkness, *quick* is wicked, and *renounce* 'keeping on;' while godfathers and godmothers, being often practically unknown, are explained with as curious a variety of interpretation as any chorus in *Æschylus*. Amongst minor errors, we observe that *pomps and vanity* consist in 'stealing,' *vanity* alone means murder, *adultery* is idolatry, and the 'articles of the Christian faith,' are 'to serve God.' We have designedly spared our readers some of the unconscious parodies of the most sacred names; but, if any proof were wanted of Dr. Hook's assertion that the use of the Bible as a primer and spelling-book is absolute profanation, these Reports would supply it in abundance; the most affecting texts of Scripture, written for the consolation of the mourner and the contrite, being here rudely formalised, and made void of meaning. Traces indeed of irreverence, and of leading to errors, rather strike us in a few of the questions, and a certain technicality not adapted to children in

many

many of them. Perhaps an accurate knowledge of the heptarchy and a formal definition of a miracle were scarcely to be expected in a Welsh national-school. Nor do we quite share the horror which seems to thrill the ears polite of Mr. Abraham Thomas at instances of 'Welsh accent;' and we must beg to be forgiven a little scepticism as to the story that it required a Wesleyan school to teach the children at Newtown whether Queen Victoria was a man or a woman! A more credible theory, for which something like poetical authority might be quoted, is that her Majesty 'sits in London, making money;' and this seems to be rather a general idea.

The two points of which the most favourable report is given, are spelling and arithmetic. Not that the instruction in the latter is good, but that the capacity of the children is striking. 'I have witnessed more proficiency in arithmetic,' says Mr. J. Symons, 'after a small amount of instruction, than I ever witnessed in any schools either in this country or on the Continent: when they remain long enough, their proficiency in figures is wonderful.' But the proportion of children learning is very small; and this capacity, as well as 'the great power of memory' which they are said to show, and their general desire for knowledge, only make us regret the more that they do not enjoy better opportunities. '*The poor mainly provide themselves with the scanty education they possess,*' says Mr. Symons—the ratio of their contributions to those of wealthy benefactors being in his district as 100 to 43; while, in Mr. Lingen's, the school-pence constitute about three-fifths of the entire sum paid. Mr. Lingen also remarks, 'As soon as the poor are at all better in circumstances, they immediately send their children to school.' Considering the salary of the teachers, we half admit the plea urged by one of them at the Coginan mines, 'I give the children quite as much instruction as they pay me for;' which is the converse of the German physician's apology to Dr. Bozzi Granville for taking too moderate a fee—that 'it was as much as the advice was worth.' But even where there are endowments for free-schools, the case is not much better: in almost every county the Commissioners remark on some misapplication of funds, or at least inadequate realization of their object. 'Endowments are usually abused, and in no case properly superintended.'—'There are trustees or visitors in most of these cases, who appear to be negligent of their duties' (*Rep. II.*, p. 17). Such are the remarks of Mr. Symons; and his complaint is echoed in even stronger terms, and with greater fullness of detail, by Mr. Johnson in the north:—

'The present defective condition of schools for the poor in North Wales is usually attributed to want of funds for the support of education.

tion. It is, in fact, occasioned by the misapplication and defective distribution of funds already available for the purpose. These at present exceed 4000*l*. [but this statement includes grammar-schools, which should not be confused with others], 'exclusive of lost charities and certain large endowments with others which, being under litigation, have not been returned. Of this large sum, it appears that a considerable portion is misapplied by the trustees; that where there is no breach of trust, and the funds are actually available for the purpose of education, the schools are in many cases in abeyance; and that where the income is paid, and the schools are carried on, the education given is, in the great majority of cases, of no practical value.'—*Rep. III.*, pp. 47, 49, &c.

Several pages immediately following this last quotation would repay a minute analysis. Mr. Lingen also observes that 'some cheap mode of rectifying endowments appears to be greatly wanted.' Even the fund left by the benevolent Mrs. Bevan, which has been the theme of so many eulogies, and which, from its itinerant stamp, might be used to introduce better modes of teaching, is so 'frittered away in small salaries' as to produce, we are told, in South Wales 'the least possible amount of good;' Mr. Lingen thinks it 'vexatious and inefficient in its operation;' and, in North Wales, Mr. Johnson calls it absolutely injurious—the masters being appointed because they have one arm, or one eye, or incurable cancer, or have failed in some business; while the mischief of their imperfect teaching is transferred every three years to a fresh neighbourhood. The model school at Newport, where the masters should be trained, is described as 'most inadequate.'

Such a defective condition of schools is no uncertain criterion of the state of the Church of England. For, though she has not always been the loudest in her professions of regard for education, she has shown by the grammar-schools which her genius called into life at the Reformation, and by her most characteristic Societies in later times, how necessarily her system presupposes a certain moral and intellectual training, in the absence of which her services lose half their meaning, and her instructions almost all their force. But it is her weakness, or, in other words, it is religious division which contributes as largely as any single cause to render education in the Principality defective. Whether two insufficient schools require to be united, or whether the aid of Government is solicited, some unhappy jealousy interposes an obstacle. As on many a range of hills the line of corresponding fortresses may still be traced, which show how obstinately the land was debated of old, so in the valleys along their base the modern array of chapels attests a warfare almost as unrelenting. 'If a day-school was to be under clerical control,' said a person in  
Pembrokeshire

Pembrokeshire—who at the same time talked much of the want of schools, and said that the poor severely felt it—‘no children would attend.’ In the mean time a more numerous generation is growing up in dangerous hostility, or still more fatal indifference.

Our readers will remember that we have not been selecting matter for congratulation. We might have dwelt upon the munificence of one prelate, the activity of another, the learning of a third, and the general welcome with which a fourth has been greeted in a country where his character was already known. Or we might have shown how much the present generation of clergy is doing to atone for the shortcomings of its predecessors; how in twenty years the number of children receiving some education from the church has increased from seventeen thousand to sixty-three thousand; and we might especially rejoice that the last two years have seen remedies partially provided for evils which were pointed out at the commencement of that period. But we are drawing rather the darker, though a true side of the picture;—and there are those who would clothe it in still gloomier tints. There is something so attractive in mystery, and it is so much easier to account for evil by causes beyond our reach than to remove it by obvious remedies, that we are scarcely surprised at theories by which religious error is resolved into some necessity of temperament, or made to depend upon distinctions of race. There are persons who infer from certain historical comparisons that what is not very accurately termed *the Celtic Race* is naturally inclined to a religion of excitement; that their devotion must be awakened by passionate appeals or pictures for the fancy; so that a certain coldness, which is conceived to mark the regular services of the Church of England, will prevent her from ever retaining firm hold upon any portion of this dramatic and sensitive people. The whole question thus raised appears to us so interesting in its kind, and has been so unnecessarily complicated by egotism in a philosophic garb, that we venture to make it the theme of a considerable digression, without however losing sight of our principal subject.

It was to be expected that, when once a wide chasm had been conceived to intervene between the Celt and the Goth, the characteristics of the two supposed races would be painted by opposite observers in very different colours. Prejudice on each side obscured the passionless gaze of science. The descendant of Hengist and reciter of *Cædmon* found, after the fashion of Pinkerton or Ritson, all virtues in various Gothic tribes. The Celt was represented as among men almost what the beaver or the elk is among animals; a creature which had lived its cycle, and was  
destined

destined to become extinct beneath the tread of advancing civilization. The natural shortcomings of a people receding westward, and driven into corners by the pressure of successive nations accumulating from the East, were thought the necessary effects of inferior organization. Passages were heaped together, describing their ancestors as they appeared to Marius or Cæsar, and it was scarcely asked what features in their social state were peculiar, and what belonged to other nations in similar circumstances. But to the believer in the Round Table and the Triads the question assumed a different aspect. He again collected passages which spoke of the extreme ingenuity, the crowded buildings, the mines, the ships, and the agriculture of the Gauls; he laid great stress on the mysterious doctrines and Greek letters ascribed to the Druids; he proved that Roman civilization had been planted, inherited, and perhaps never entirely lost among the Britons; he found in the Romance of the middle ages a source of refinement which he contended was of Breton origin; while, by selecting some eminent names, and by tracing British blood in some of the masters of English renown, he endeavoured to show that the nobler features even of our modern greatness depend upon the mixture of the elder breed. The Teuton found his parallel in the rude Mogul, and the more creative Celt became the Arab of the West. Both theories agreed in ascribing to the Celt a more excitable and mobile temperament than to the Goth; both found some confirmation in the darker or more southern complexion supposed to characterize the former; and both assumed a radical difference of race, not necessarily pushed so far as to deny the original unity of mankind, but depending on the influences or habits of some dim period antecedent to authentic history. But at the first glance it appears strange that a single stage in the world's annals should affix to a people so indelible a stamp as to survive all subsequent changes of locality and condition—especially that this stage should be one of a kind little likely to be fruitful in influences which mould the character. For whatever may be the effect of physical agencies—and in the present case we have only to deal with countries which adjoin each other—those of a moral nature are still stronger; and the two thousand years since Julius Cæsar must have told far more with their civilisation and religion than the weaker influences of an earlier time.

Again, if the inhabitants of our island differ, not merely from local circumstances now existing, but from a character which they had contracted at least two thousand years ago, such a difference must have been more palpable and striking in the eyes of Roman observers than it now appears in our own. Whereas, on the contrary, we have an immense array of proof that the distinction in ancient

ancient times between the nations of Gaul and Germany was real enough, but by no means of the radical or generic kind which in modern times is pretended. In stature, complexion, temperament, and every feature of manners which can be considered a permanent landmark of race, there is scarcely a single particular not affirmed by ancient authors of both peoples alike. We hear of the huge frame of the German, but we are also told that the Gauls looked down upon the Romans as dwarfs; while Appian calls the Germans largest of the large, Pausanias says that the Celts exceeded all other nations by far in stature; if the flowing gold of his locks distinguished the Gaul, similar hair, but with a *redder* tinge, is unequivocally ascribed to the German; if the Celt, by defying the storms and elements of heaven, furnished Aristotle with his illustration of foolhardiness, the Sueve in turn boasted that he could contend with the immortal gods. So, if the Gaul often shrank from the danger which he had provoked, the German was strong only under impulse, and yielded easily to shameless panic in defeat; if the one is termed (by Horace) faithless in innovation, the other is styled (by Paterculus) a race born for lying; the one devised a Cabul with its Akbar Khan for Cassius and Sabinus, and the other for Varus. Both indulged immoderately in drinking; both were passionately attached to personal freedom, yet had something among them which has been thought the germ of feudalism; both are charged by their later annalists with a perpetual want of union, which caused half their misfortunes; both were encouraged in battle by the women of their clans, and both fought like barbarians with every device of clamour and display to strike terror into the foe.\* So, at a later period, one idealised Arthur, the other glorified Charlemagne; and the fancy which embellished the history of British kings has a parallel in that which devised the Niebelung's lay.

Yet it has been admitted, that the difference which may be traced in ancient times was real of its kind. The Gothic tribes came later into contact with the civilization of the Mediterranean, and had the credit of preserving in their forests the rude virtues which are often ascribed to a savage state. The somewhat greater refinement, which is described in Gaul, was accompanied by a laxer morality,† and connected with a peculiar religion.

\* Most, though not all, of the ancient authorities are referred to either by Dr. Prichard in the third volume of his *Researches*, or by Niebuhr in his chapter on the Gauls.

† This must be allowed, without prejudice to the position for which Welsh antiquarians contend, that Caesar's assertion of a certain very strange polygamy among the Britons arose from his misunderstanding his interpreters as to the kinship held to exist between members of a clan.

The people also excelled in cavalry and in agriculture: but these, and other such distinctions, for the most part depend on place or opportunity rather than race; and accordingly we find them vanish alike with Gothic tribes in Gaul, and Gallic tribes in Germany. We have, in short, not so much two races as two nations; and these shaded off in each other; nor is it always clear under which family particular tribes should be classed. For we often find the two allied; thus, it was the alliance of the Sequani, Strabo tells us, which made the Germanic hordes formidable to Italy. The language of that accurate observer, treating the Gauls and Germans as originally one, is sufficiently conclusive against the theory that any deep ethnological chasm ever ran parallel with the Rhine. But the most striking illustration of the imaginary nature of such a chasm may be found in the conclusions which the most sagacious inquirers have at length arrived at respecting those tribes which intervened between acknowledged Celts and undoubted Goths. For we find anciently both in the north-east of Gaul and on the Elbe a people occupying this middle position—so little Celtic that they never called themselves Celts, yet of such non-German character that they were constantly engaged in hostility with their Teutonic neighbours to the East. The name they gave themselves was probably Cimbri.\* They appear in Cæsar as less civilized than the proper Gauls, but with more of that hardihood which is sometimes ascribed to the Germanic type; yet their religion at least assimilates them to the former, as well as what we know of their local names. In the course of two thousand years the pressure of Slavonic and Hunnish hordes upon the Goths generally, and of the Vandals in particular upon the Saxons, has removed the position of Gael and Goth alike westward; but still the fragments of a nation intervene, not calling themselves Celts, nor claimed as such by the undoubted Gael to the West,† yet called so by their Gothic neighbours to the East. These people again call themselves Cymry. And as their geographical position is a middle one, so probably is their character, so certainly is their language. For the Cumraic (as Cymraeg might be fitly Anglified) holds precisely the same relation to the Erse which Greek did to Latin, and hence wears often a Teutonic rather than a Gaelic appearance (as in the matter of aspirants *versus* sibilants, and labials *versus* palatals), even in words and inflections which are peculiarly and originally its own.‡ This intermediate character

\* Compare Diodor. Sicul. v. § 32, with Strabo, B. IV.

† See Sir W. Betham; and Moore's History of Ireland.

‡ It deserves remark that in many words common to the Welsh and Latin the resemblance is with the rustic or archaic forms of Latin: e.g. with *bucca*, *caballus*, *nanus*,

racter has assisted modern philology to bridge the gulf which was, strangely enough, thought to yawn impassably between the varieties of speech hypothetically grouped together as Celtic, and those of Gothic origin which pressed them on the East. The place of the Cumraic and its sister tongues among the Indo-European family of languages, has been vindicated, as our readers are aware, by Dr. Prichard—a vindication, which in part ought never to have been needed, and in part is still incomplete. It is something more than deference to the high authority of Dr. R. Latham, which inclines us to allow that the Cumraic at least, and probably also the Gaelic, does not cohere so closely as German does with whatever was the parent stem of Sanscrit and Greek. Yet the coherence may be shown to be something closer than is as yet generally admitted; and might probably be brought out more distinctly by a comparison of the Irish with Lithuanian and Latin forms, and of the Welsh with German and Greek. The strange orthography of Welsh, and the delusion which so long prevailed among its teachers that their language was either Semitic or ‘original,’ have somewhat retarded the spread of sound views on this branch of comparative philology.\*

Two points present themselves in immediate connexion with this subject, as questions of very great interest, but which the state of our knowledge does not enable us absolutely to answer. Do the peculiarities of Welsh result from its having broken off at a very early period from the Asiatic stem, before it had grown, as it were, to its full system of inflexions—so that in this respect it would bear an *analogy* to the imperfectly moulded forms of Hebrew?—or do they rather denote that the language is in a fragmentary state, having lost in less educated mouths that richness of inflexion which it may be supposed once to have possessed, so that its state would be analogous to that of Romaic or French? Upon general grounds the latter alternative would seem the more probable; but those who have looked most closely at the language pronounce with one voice in favour of the former. Again, are there sufficient grounds for inferring

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nanus, bellus, rursus, duonus, and tarans; not with os, equus, pumilio, pulcher, ruber, bonus, and tonans; and even the mythic *Hu Gadarn* is suspiciously like the *Recaranus* of the early Italic tribes; while in the dog of the Mabinogion, which caught everything he hunted, but hunting a deer which could not be caught, we have one of the ‘very old legends’ which Pausanias found current in Bœotia.

\* See especially pp. 11–20 of the *Keltische Studien* of Körner, who gives a convenient résumé of what is at present believed. The able papers of Mr. Garnett before the Philological Society are also very instructive; and with these may be compared a paper in the *Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society*, quoted by Dr. Prichard, vol. iii. p. 259.

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the existence of some third and heterogeneous element in the population of ancient Britain? The presence of Ligurians, to whatever family they may have belonged, though probable in itself and suggested by Welsh traditions, can scarcely ever be more than a suspicion. But may not our Silurian friends in South Wales still claim a mixture of Basque or Iberian blood? Philology, on the whole, replies in the negative, though not without casting a wistful glance at the possibility of any Spanish or even African cross—which might account for some perplexing enigmas of language; but comparative physiology in our own days, as in those of Tacitus and Giraldus, is half inclined to assent, and to affirm that the old Iberians either held their insulated stronghold in South Wales against Briton and Saxon, or made a subsequent descent from the shores of Spain. It is much in favour of this idea that, so far as any ethnical characteristics (distinct from the Teutonic) can be assigned to the Welsh, they remind us even now not of the xanthous Celt, but of the dark Ligurian or the Iberian; just as they formerly suggested to Tacitus the theory of a Spanish, and to Giraldus of an Asiatic origin. Others again, who observe how the South Wales features, after being interrupted in North Wales by an inlet of the Cimbric or more northerly type, reappear in Anglesey, may rather suspect that a reflux Gaelic wave\* has been thrown back from Ireland upon the north and south extremities of the Principality. This latter assumption is countenanced not only by the philological observations of E. Llwyd, but by certain Welsh traditions which fall within the historical period. On the whole, however, these positions appear to us as nearly certain as from the nature of the case could be expected; that the Celts were merely the extreme left or westerly section of the great Indo-European family; that no gulf of any considerable width intervened between them and the Cimbri, or between the Cimbri and the Teutons; and that, if there be any ethnical difference between Briton and Saxon, it is to be explained by the presence in the former of some third blood, whether more ancient, or pushed up from the south; yet it is scarcely probable, that the infusion of such an element has been sufficiently large to have any permanent moral effect.

Whatever judgment may be formed on these two points—as to which we could not refrain from suggesting an opinion based upon the most recent inquiries yet not servilely adopting them—at least the Cymry must be allowed, on grounds of history and philology, to rank as an intermediate wave between the Gaul

\* By the use of the word 'refluent,' we mean simply to indicate the prior arrival of the Gael in the West of Europe.

and the Goth, though nearer to the former than to the latter.\* Their affinity to both is real; and, when exaggerated on one side by persons little accustomed to examine languages, it was made to imply identity; when overlooked on the other, its effects could only be explained by supposing that either the Welsh or English language had borrowed largely from its neighbour. But all the difficulties of the question are in no way so nearly solved, as by assigning the Cimbri an intermediate, yet independent place. Under this Cimbric type then are to be classed alike the Belgæ, the Picts, and the ancient Britons on both sides of the channel; while in modern times they are represented by the Bretons, the Welsh, and the Cornish, and have left considerable traces in the Lowlands of Scotland. The name of their greatest maritime tribe survives in Gwynedh, and, if we accept a probable conjecture of Strabo's, in Venice. If any one wished to give the race a character, he could scarcely do so better than in the language which Chateaubriand has applied to his kinsmen of Brittany:—grave and earnest, with a touch of romance, acting individually rather than in masses, and more apt to be esteemed by their foes than applauded by their friends, their virtue is hardihood rather than gallantry, and their vice obstinacy rather than fickleness.

Our readers will accuse us of being infected by the ethnological fanaticism which we deprecate; no doubt these regions of obscurity are like enchanted ground, where the very difficulty of investigation presents a charm of its own, and on which no one ventures to tread without being possessed by the idea that he is the knight destined to discover and carry off the slumbering truth. Yet the conclusion, which every year tends to

\* We venture to throw into a note some 'verbi controversias.' Celta, Gallus, and Galata, are only different forms of the name Gael or Gadhel—which in Welsh became Gwyddil, on the same principle as Janitore becomes John Dory, being corrupted into a sound significant to its adopters. The first was the oldest native form, the second Latin, and the third Greek. If the Belgæ did call themselves Gauls, they used the G rather than the C, as Patric in Welsh is Padrig. But we infer with Niebuhr, from a balance of two barely reconcilable passages, and from the kinsmanship acknowledged between the Belgic Veneti and the insular Britons, that they called themselves Cimbri. To term the modern Cymry Celts, is to term them Gael, which in history they are not, whatever they may be in hypothesis; and is, at best, not more accurate than to call the Germans Icelanders, or the Greeks Romans. It is confounding affinity with identity; though, from want of a phrase to comprehend the two waves, we unwillingly acquiesce in the modern adoption of a partial name as a term for a hypothetical genus. The verbal contrast between Celt and Saxon is still more unscientific. It opposes an assumed class to a real subdivision. The true antithesis would be either Celt and Goth, or Briton and Saxon, or Irish and English. Our rationale coincides mainly with the first few pages of Thierry's *Norman Conquest*; though Dr. Prichard, having assumed, for the sake of symmetry, a Celtic race, thought that the Celts of Cæsar's time were also the Britons, and that the Irish belonged to some prior wave of Indo-European backwoodsmen, who had passed over Europe in the remotest times. We scarcely know why the Gauls appear to greater advantage in Strabo than in Diodorus.

impress upon us more firmly, is, that the real distinctions of race have been too broadly stated; that the deep pulse of our humanity beats alike beneath a thousand modifications of accident: and the ethnographical map which traces itself in our imagination, does not body forth large families with glaring contrast of colours, so much as smaller sections which shade off delicately into each other. Some such conception as this appears to have induced the great author of *Cosmos*, as a physiological observer, to assert the unity of the human species, there being no such wide chasm between any two races of men as between man and the inferior animals; and a similar result seems to come out daily with a greater approach to distinctness in the comparison of languages.\*

The general tendency of modern science in this respect is rather to teach antiquarians to wrangle less warmly, and to soften some prejudices which are too often abused to dangerous purpose. More especially it should incline popular writers among a dominant people to indulge somewhat less in those haughty claims which can only tend to keep alive on the weaker side feelings either of irritation or despondency. But it is probably for the same Volume and the same Cross which have won so many victories over human pride, that the glory still remains of providing a refuge for fallen races against overweening assumptions, and obtaining a familiar and practical recognition of the great truth of the brotherhood of mankind. One of those eminent Divines, whom the Church of Rome seems to have raised up in our time as defenders not so much of her peculiar system as of the very body of Christianity, has remarked with force, that it was not until Scepticism had become fashionable in Germany that nationality began to be paraded in such exclusive form as to be an element of political mischief. The same tone of egotism veiled in patriotic guise, which was made to palliate slavery of old, becomes now a pretext for arrogant domination, or for rebellion and breach of treaties. Pretty at Eisteddhvods, and not always inharmonious on the strings of some Czechish lyre, this feeling assumes an ugly appearance on the swampy Theiss, and is an unpleasant burthen of messages to be interchanged between Croat and Magyar. Even in this country, the writers of 'leading articles'—who intend only to point a sentence by a sneer acceptable in their immediate circles—do not always consider how deep in thought they are laying the foundation of what, under possible contingencies, might become mischievous action.

\* See authority for this assertion in Dr. R. Latham's *Papers on the Languages of America*, read before the British Association; though the details, we fear, are only partially published. See also the first article in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 171.

The moment we set aside any prepossession either of theory or prejudice, we find that almost every distinction remarked between the Celt and Goth of old has been replaced in modern times by fresh characteristics, the growth of new circumstances. The German no longer retains his red hair, nor the Gaul his locks of gold. Whatever type our imagination chooses to select as appropriate to Celt and Goth, the first will strike us in the centre of Holland or Germany, and the other in the heart of the Highlands. In Ireland, we see a character moulded by a superstitious creed, with peculiar political circumstances; while the same blood in the Highlands—or at least in the far greater part of the Highlands—has found a graver and happier development. If any people could be said morally to resemble the Irish, it would be the old Lazzaroni of Naples, in whom similar neglect and want were accompanied by like indolence, helplessness, and ready wit. In Brittany we have precisely that hardy yet somewhat melancholy character which the climate would tend to generate, on which, in this instance, loyalty and ancient faith have also left ennobling traces. This Breton or Cimbric type appears to be chiefly modified in Wales and Cornwall by the greater activity of mining and commercial habits, and by the various forms of Puritanism which have been mainly the growth of the last century. The only people in the world who exhibit at this day the old Celtic character in its virtues alike and its vices, are the French; so that it might seem inherent in the country rather than in the race; yet even their physical features, like those of the Germans, have been altered by modern diet and habits. In fact, it is clear that, whatever qualities really belong to each offshoot of what is termed the Celtic stock, are the growth of modern, rather than the inheritance of ancient times; and the very people who are sometimes quoted to prove the ineradicable effects of race, appear to afford most convincing evidence of the proposition that *race is circumstance*—though circumstance, we admit, in some cases so inveterate and engrained as to require generations before its effects on the mass can be altogether obliterated.

We have dwelt the longer on this ethnological episode, not merely on account of the irrational partizanship and contempt of all sober induction which writers on both sides have displayed, but because the custom of ascribing to a race what was rather the effect of a period may tend to make an accident cherished until it becomes a permanent characteristic. The oaths in which our earlier kings indulged would now create some astonishment at court: the popular nickname for an Englishman in some parts of France, from the days of Henry V. to our own, has been *Un Godam*; but it does not follow that the national eloquence was

never

never to find any better vent than blasphemy. Every half-civilized people acts more from impulse than from reason: their literature is apt to be abrupt and fragmentary, consisting chiefly of ballads and songs; for the very habit of hearing rather than reading renders sustained efforts of intellect less likely to occur; but there could scarcely be a greater misfortune than for any one to persuade them, at such a stage, that their virtues and their vices spring necessarily from passion, or that their literature has taken its final and deservedly permanent form. By such a tone the national life would be cramped and its growth arrested. We have been favourably impressed by the diligence and frankness of Mr. Stephens in his work on the 'Literature of the Cymry' (and may possibly return to it hereafter as a subject of literary curiosity), but we should very much deprecate, with a view to the best interests of his countrymen, both the tone of pretension with which he introduces their ruder lays, and his attempts to measure by such a span their present capacity. There are living bards, and but for their absurd metrical fetters there would be still greater, whose works far excell those parables of rugged measure in which a little pig (*porcellus*) is made the emblem of the Cymry; and that character of irregular or 'spasmodic' action which he would infer from mediæval lyrics is very far from belonging to the modern Welsh; on the contrary, they seem rather to excell as lawyers and mathematicians, and generally in studies where strength and reach of intellect are required. The imputation of failing in perseverance is perhaps the last which would suggest itself to any observer not under the influence of theories. It may indeed be concluded that the isolated or peculiar character, which has been assigned either by friend or foe to the Welsh genius and tongue, is a mere fiction of persons unaccustomed to comparison of nations and languages on an extended scale: nor can we find any reason to suppose that, if a colony of Russians had occupied England, and a few thousand Germans had been cooped up in the west of the island, the history of the latter would have differed in any essential element from that of the actual Principality.

The reader whose assent has accompanied us thus far will be not unprepared to allow that the popularity (we had almost said the domination) of various forms of dissent in Wales is a phenomenon easy of explanation. It is a natural stage for people in whom, after some neglect, the religious sense has been vehemently stirred, but ill-informed, and partially vitiated. With the single exception of language, which is rather an aggravation than a cause, there is no difference between its origin and that of the hereditary Antinomianism of the east of England. We could point out several parishes in Essex, Suffolk, and the Fens, as well as in our  
larger

larger towns, where either the inadequate means of the Church, or the laxity of her discipline as to residence, &c., have produced very similar results. In our more favoured districts, Methodism, after its first outbreak, was chiefly experienced by the Church as a healthful shock. Her liberal endowments, with the enlightened zeal of her clergy and the extension of her organization by recent reforms, have there enabled her to reclaim some portion of the flock estranged from her fold—while she has partly incorporated in her own system the eloquence and the glow, the more healthful among the influences by which she had been assailed. But in Wales she had fewer resources to fall back upon, and was stricken with a disease which almost paralyzed the very elements of healing. She lost not only her congregations, but, as it were, the quarries out of which she was to hew the instruments to reclaim them. For, though numerous clergymen might be named, in all parts of the Principality, to whom the most jealous criticism could not deny the possession of admirable qualifications, there is no such supply as to meet adequately the exigencies of the poorer parishes, still less of the new districts which every year's stride of an advancing population requires to be created. Whence indeed could such a supply be expected? Among the elder gentry the notion of the middle ages, that the army is the only profession for a gentleman, is not quite extinct. The smaller proprietors have generally merged in larger, or been swept away by the same social causes which have affected England. The moneyed class, which so often brings wealth into the Church, receiving in turn the privilege of higher caste, is comparatively limited—while the sons of the yeomanry and tradesmen, who aspire to become instructors of their generation, are in some cases tinged with sectarian prepossessions, and in others require an education difficult to procure, before the Church can be well justified in committing her flock to their guidance. That infusion of 'fresh blood,' which it is sometimes supposed would be a panacea, has been tried for several generations without at least removing the evil—which, on the other hand, it is by many persons represented as having contributed to produce; for it has sown something like jealousy among those who should have been of one mind, and has given the less scrupulous opponents of the Church an excuse for representing her as *estron*, as an institution alien to the feeling as to the language of the people. In short, the one capital and paramount want is a want of *Men*. Here is the hinge on which every thing must turn. Whatever may be said of the want of neat school-houses and outbuildings, with all the apparatus of instruction, obstacles of such a nature become to the zealous and determined *will* only occasions of triumph.

A piece

A piece of chalk or raddle will create an atlas, and a coach-house or cottage is a better school-room than none. Rembrandt painted in a smithy, and Pascal traced his Euclid with chalk. Not that we disparage in their kind the organized methods which enable even mediocrity to obtain a general average of good; but such mechanical aids are as dust in the balance compared to the inspiring genius of an intelligent clergyman.

Nor is the difficulty less felt as to schoolmasters. The very men whom, by gifting them with intelligence and the power of impressing others, nature seems to have designed for such a task, and whom, after proper trial, it might be found expedient to admit to the diaconate, if not to the priesthood, are gone as it were into the enemy's camp, or only heal the breaches of our walls by daubing them with untempered mortar. Some indeed have become preachers, because their ignorance of English unfitted them for a trade; but others, because their desire of teaching their fellow-men found no better vent. We believe cases of the latter kind are not uncommon, and we certainly regard them with more of sympathy than of censure. The Welshman who worked in a quarry until he had saved forty pounds, with which he went to a neighbouring clergyman, asking, in the spirit of the Wise King, where or how he could purchase knowledge, had in him something of the heroic. He received kind assistance from a variety of persons, and, notwithstanding the Alps upon Alps of difficulty in Greek and mathematics, and the to him still greater difficulty of English, he took honours at Cambridge, and is now an efficient clergyman. The first use he made of his prosperity was to establish a Welsh newspaper of sound principles, which we believe still exists. Should these pages fall under his eye, we trust he will not only forgive this allusion to his history, but consider it as a token of our unfeigned respect. Had, however, his mental constitution been of less enduring sinew, or had he met with feebler encouragement, a far easier road to noisy popularity lay open to him outside of the Church. But other instances might be referred to, and some more distinguished—though none in our judgment more happy—of this desire of the Welsh peasant to intermeddle with all wisdom—and to influence the mind of his generation. We first hear of a late celebrated antiquarian as a *hogyn* or 'youngling' upon a farm in Montgomeryshire, where he was remarkable for little beyond a wayward temper. By degrees he became an engraver of tombstones, and therefore a bard; a keeper of a turnpike, where he availed himself eagerly of his leisure to read; then he wrote a successful Welsh essay; then he rose into a land surveyor;—his next step in the world was to become a clerk at All Souls; some subscriptions to a book, which

we fear was never published, helped to support him at Oxford; and he at length emerged as a beneficed clergyman, and as the greatest oracle among his countrymen on many parts of their popular antiquities. His death, within the last year, at the age of 88, involved also the loss of a considerable amount of knowledge, which, though not of the most valuable kind, we would still gladly have rescued from its grave. The eminence indeed which he enjoyed among his contemporaries depended rather on a certain strength of intellect and variety of attainment, which made him the acknowledged champion of distinctively Welsh literature, than on any peculiar excellence as a clergyman; nor probably ought we to wish for any very large infusion of men of his stamp in the ranks of a body whose characteristic type should be rather the refined scholarship of Peter Roberts\* (the harmoniser of the Epistles), or the fervid piety of Jones of Nayland. We do not envy any one who could trace without some kindly sympathy the several steps of a career by which a man of genius, under singular disadvantages, became the architect not only of a fortune, but of a reputation: only, in deducing from such a story any general moral, we must acknowledge it requisite that our efforts should be rather to *assist* merit in *raising itself* than to *lift* adventurers. Not many years ago a poetical prize at an Eistedhvod† in North Wales was gained by a cobbler, who after dinner entered the state-room and thanked the assembled judges for their patronage of one who had enjoyed such slender opportunities. Warm with patriotism and wine, the gentlemen determined that an effort should be made to raise a child of genius; and they succeeded by various subscriptions in getting him partially educated, and at length ordained. But it would have been hardly more wise for the Scottish Presbytery to make Robert Burns or James Hogg a minister.

Yet, on the whole, whether we glance at the biography of some who have become clergymen, or of others who might have done so, we think ourselves justified in calling attention to the fact that

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\* A good life of this very learned and amiable man may be found in the Cambrian Plutarch. We mention him the rather because some antiquarian fancies of his have exposed his memory to rough treatment from a more ingenious but certainly not less fanciful inquirer.

† Some attacks of unnecessary acrimony have recently been made upon these bardic meetings. They are certainly relics of a hearing, rather than signs of a reading, age; and, even if they escape the perils of bickering, tend to give a literature too much the character of a succession of 'prize poems.' Yet they are at least a graceful form of antiquarianism, and afford a certain kind of intellectual stimulus, as well as keep alive sympathy between ranks whose points of contact are not numerous—so that it may be hoped they will not pass into the tomb of the Capulets until something better is provided in lieu of them. The plan, advocated by Lord Powis, for giving general information in a sort of Welsh Family Library, might perhaps be an useful substitute.

the Church loses much by not employing in her service the very men who otherwise are so often lost to her fold. That diminutive urchin, with the pale pinched face and high forehead, who is always first in your class, has at present no prejudice against the Church, and not the faintest notion that when St. Paul spoke of the washing of regeneration the Apostle was preaching rank Popery. But the English which you teach him will not be the language of his home or his thoughts; he will soon be lured to some Sunday-school in a Welsh chapel, where the instinct of the teacher will awaken in him; he will then glow with the ambition of preaching; and in a few years you will hear that your old pupil has been declaiming on clerical ignorance of the Gospel, or teaching some 'star of Gomer' to brighten with the suggestion that Church and State may be the Babylon of the Apocalypse. Had he been placed in either of the Training Schools which within the last few years have happily been founded at Carmarthen and Carnarvon, he might have made a useful schoolmaster, or, in one of the old grammar-schools of the country, he might have shown whether he was fit for anything higher. If his mental tone and conduct proved him upon trial to be something better than a professional adventurer, a few graces of manner might be dispensed with in consideration of energy or familiarity with the needs of the rank from which he sprang.

We have already alluded to the grave statements of the Education Commissioners respecting the abuse of funds devoted to free schools; but Wales abounds also in old *grammar-schools* which have been suffered to become skeleton foundations without flesh or life. We can understand why at Llandanwg, where the endowment is only 15*l.*, the school should be found not in the highest order: it is natural that at Dolgelley, with an endowment of 40*l.*, the master should unite to the care of his school that of a neighbouring parish; but at Bala, with 95*l.*, under the watchful care of a sister institution, we should have expected to hear of something better than 'damp, dirty, and crumbling walls,' and of some higher subjects than reading and arithmetic. (*Rep. III., A. 132.*) At Llanegryn, where 'a graduate well learned in the Latin and Greek tongues' was to receive an annual income of 106*l.*, it is at least a matter for explanation why there should be arrears due to the amount of 720*l.*—why the last master legally appointed should have been succeeded in 1811 by his servant—and why the school in 1846 should have been utterly non-existent—neither building, nor master, nor scholar. (*Ib. 125.*) We must ask why 'a public grammar-school to be taught with Latin and Greek authors,' at Newmarket in Flintshire, should have had no visible existence from the year 1764 to the

the present time. At Denio in Carnarvonshire, near one of the principal seaports in North Wales, there are a school-room, a dwelling-house, and a master's salary of at least 40*l.* supposed to have been originally the bequest of an old clergyman; but in 1846 the commissioner found there had for some years been no master, and, it may be presumed, no scholars; the fragments of a once decent library were lying ruined among the straw on the floor—so that

*totus jam decolor esset*

*Flaccus, et hareret nigro fuligo Maroni.*

In explanation of these circumstances, it is stated that a gentleman of large property and very liberal principles, who has inherited the right of appointing the master as well as paying his salary, did not venture to appoint a Churchman for fear of offending dissenters, nor a dissenter on account of the remonstrance of Churchmen, so that a school very much needed remains absolutely dormant, and the salary unpaid, until some master can be found '*who will prove satisfactory to all parties on the score of religious opinions*' (*Rep. III. 27*). The only middle course which suggests itself to us, is to recommend to the good people of Pwllheli General Bem, who has already been a teacher in England, and who, having qualified himself as either Jew or Mussulman, will be able to gratify them alternately with all the variety of creed they can reasonably desire.

We are weary, but we might fill pages with instances of abuse or neglect. At Deythur, the only free grammar-school in the opulent county of Montgomery, with about 100*l.* a-year payable to a master of arts, 'the amount of knowledge possessed by the scholars is inferior to what is ordinarily met with in the lowest schools in North Wales' (*III. 148*); and even in the regulations established there by a recent reform, we find no provision made for 'the Latin and Greek grammar, and all other learning usually taught in a grammar-school,' which by the deed of trust is required. The annual rents for the support of the school at Bottwnog amount to 200*l.* a-year, and there are two masters; yet in 1846 'the amount of elementary instruction possessed by the scholars was considerably less than in many schools supported mainly by the children's pence' (*Rep. III. App. 23*). So far is this institution from teaching Latin and Greek, that it does not even teach English tolerably, or make use of Welsh to any true purpose of education. At Ystradmeiric, in Cardiganshire, a school with a library and an endowment (including Lledrod) of 236*l.*, which in the last generation was famous as a nursery of ripe scholars, has degenerated into something very inferior—the master (if we understand aright the Report, II. p. 173) having charge of *three* parishes

beside his school. At Presteign the endowment 'for one apt and learned man in the Latin tongue' is also considerable, and the state of the school even less promising. It appeared to the commissioner to be 'very ill conducted; the children evinced no system of any mental culture of any kind; and if it be the object of the charity to impart learning and virtue, and to teach the Latin grammar, the English language, and useful knowledge, it is certainly not fulfilled by the present system in any one respect' (*Ibid.* II. p. 182).

We are aware that the new institution at Llandovery has started into vigorous life under the wardenship of the Archdeacon of Cardigan,\* and that the older school at Cowbridge has been awakened to keen emulation in the generous race; but such exceptions afford no general excuse for a state of things of which (as Mr. Lingen says in reference to Haverfordwest and Carmarthen) the tendency 'is to degrade grammar-schools into elementary schools of inadequate extent and inefficient character' (*Rep.* I. p. 284). We accept this gentleman's statement of an evil rather than adopt his recommendation of a remedy. Doubtless, in many such cases, allowance should be made for the difficulties and trials which beset a schoolmaster in a country where knowledge is too apt to be appreciated by its marketable value. We would not be too exacting, or too querulous; but upon the neglect of these smaller grammar-schools very much depends. In these the young mountaineer should afford 'specimen ingenii'—try his strength so far as to show how far a career at schools of greater expense and pretension would be likely to repay his father, who is perhaps a farmer or a curate. Thus many of the older clergy were educated, and the rudiments of general instruction were spread abroad. It is a mortifying reflection that, while a partial and often abused acquaintance with Scripture has extended itself among the lower classes, the rank next above them in the social scale seems absolutely to have retrograded. All is not gold that glitters, nor all improvement that is called so. The vestry-books in some parishes show that a larger proportion of the farmers were able to write fifty years ago than is now the case (*Rep.* III. p. 61); and we suspect that this is

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\* Those of our readers who may have seen any account of the proceedings at Llandovery, when the foundation of the new building was laid, can scarcely fail to have been interested by the enthusiasm shown on an occasion so full of promise. We trust the skilful Oxonian who won among the Scotch the reputation of being their greatest classical teacher since the days of Buchanan is likely to erect trophies of no less price on a field where patriotism will lend an additional glow to his rare power of awakening intellect. Yet we should almost regret anything which altogether withdrew Archdeacon Williams from those researches into the history of Wales and its people, for which, perhaps, no one of his contemporaries has equal qualifications.

only symptomatic of a decline and fall dependent upon the neglect of these old foundations. 'Since the decline of these schools,' says Mr. Lingen, in reference to Cardiganshire, 'the mass of the people has not yet obtained any substitute for the somewhat higher education in which they were thus enabled to share' (*Rep. I.* p. 41). Three centuries ago (in 1568), Humphrey Llwyd describes the general extent of education among the poorest people in the Principality in terms more favourable than we should now be warranted in using. 'No one,' he said, 'is so poor, but he sends his children at some time to study letters at school.' So far is it from being true that our own age is more sensible to the value of schools than the great era when the Church of England put forth her strength at the Reformation. We want something of the spirit in which Cranmer maintained against courtiers that, when poor men's children were endued with singular gifts of nature, they should not be denied a place in the schools of the prophets. If it should now be urged that the farmer or tradesman will not send his son to be taught Greek and Latin even gratuitously, we would suggest there could be no insuperable difficulty in adding such elements of a popular or commercial education as would make the school attractive, without however sacrificing its higher as well as its original purpose, which was to lay the foundation of classical learning, and to test the capacity of the future scholar or divine. Just as of old the itinerant friars prospered in proportion as literature languished, so their modern antitypes prevail because the fountains of sound learning have been suffered to grow dry. Here then, we conceive, are subjects for an investigation, in which the gentry of the Principality should take their natural place as leaders. Sir Thomas Phillips has suggested, in a distinct chapter of his useful book, a plan by which such foundations might be restored and their future efficiency guaranteed.

Nor is it only in smaller foundations that a sharp investigation seems to be called for. At *Llanrwst* 'the funds available for education are larger than in any parish in North Wales, amounting, it is supposed, to an income of 600*l.* or 700*l.* per annum. The schoolmaster at present is the only person who derives advantage from the charity,' and he only to the extent of 40*l.*\* (*Rep. III.* p. 49, and *App.* 68). We are not in the confidence of her Majesty's Attorney-General, but we have some reason to believe this peculiar case has excited his attention: he could

\* The scale of payment arranged by the founder is curious, as showing the social gradations recognized in 1612:—The knight's son was to pay 2*s.*; the doctor's, or esquire's, 1*s.* 6*d.*; the gentleman's, or minister's, 9*d.*; the rich yeoman's, 6*d.*; 'the poorer sort,' 3*d.*—'the poor indeed' to be received gratuitously.

scarcely be better employed. The case of *Brecon* is somewhat more complicated; and we should be glad to hear that some reasons, not evident on the surface, can be shown for the inadequate realization of the hopes which would be raised by a statement of its objects and its income. Sir Thomas Phillips, than whose language nothing in general can be more measured and temperate, goes so far as to say that this case comprehends every kind of abuse to which ecclesiastical property can be liable; and the account given by the laborious historian of Brecknockshire, as well as the reprint of his strictures by Mr. Jermyn Pratt, seem to point in the same direction. The circumstances certainly strike us pretty much as if the Provost and Fellows of Eton had voted that the school was entirely unnecessary, and determined in future to solace their undisturbed leisure by an alternate stroll in their cloisters and disport upon the silver Thames. It appears that the foundation was originally one of the good deeds, not so few as is sometimes supposed, which marked the wayward munificence of Henry VIII.

'Whereas,' said the regal reformer, 'our subjects dwelling in the southern parts of Wales, being oppressed with great poverty, are not able to educate their sons in good letters, nor have they any grammar-schools, whereby not only both clergy and laity of every age and condition are rendered rude and ignorant, as well in their offices towards God as in their due obedience towards us, but they are so little skilled in the vulgar tongue of England that they are not able to observe our statutes'—

—for these and other reasons he determined to transfer the College of Abergwili to Brecon, and therewith to found a college and 'a grammar-school for instructing young men in good letters,' enriching it with various endowments. The tithes of *thirty parishes* were wholly or in large part laid under contribution; and impropriations of this kind, as well as many which are now in lay hands, explain in some measure the poverty of the South Wales benefices. 'The parochial clergyman, in the great majority of these cases, has no tithes or rent-charge, but receives a small stipend from the holder of the prebend, augmented, it may be, by a grant from the Bounty Fund.' Some evil destiny haunted this College of Brecon almost from its foundation. In Queen Elizabeth's reign it narrowly escaped spoliation; and in 1614 Archbishop Abbott complained that, 'by iniquity of the time, and small regard of those that perform the duty, the service of God is discontinued there, insomuch that most of the people thereabout inhabiting do find themselves much grieved therewith, to the great dishonour of Almighty God, and the discredit of that worthy foundation.' The state of things in our own time is thus described:—

'The

'The prebendaries have not resided within living memory, if ever, within the college; the church is not kept in repair; there are no lectures or sermons delivered, nor is any service performed; and the only duty undertaken by any one is that of schoolmaster, for which a small stipend is paid to the incumbent of the parish. . . . The collegiate church, which is a handsome building, presents a sadly dilapidated appearance; and the roof would probably have fallen, had not a layman, who received his education at the school, performed such repairs as were required in order to preserve the fabric from early and extensive decay. There is no lecturer, and public worship has not been performed since 1839. Bishop Burgess doubtless made a mistake, all but fatal to the success of his undertaking, in erecting the College of St. David's at Lampeter, instead of seeking powers, which he might have obtained, to erect it at Brecknock, and to annex to the new foundation a competent part of the funds of Christ's College. That the possessions of the college would have been ample to secure an excellent education for such of the Welsh clergy as could not graduate at an English university, as well as to provide adequate education for the middle classes throughout South Wales, is evident. . . . By recent legislation the deanery of the college is to be suppressed on the next vacancy, and no future appointment to a prebend will confer a right to any emoluments, yet the duties which attached to the members of the college remain; and the revenues, whether in the hands of members of that body or of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, are first applicable to those collegiate objects for which provision is made by the charter, including the support of a grammar-school, the performance of divine service in the church, and the support and repairs of the fabric. The vacated prebends are already vested in the Commissioners, but they have hitherto become entitled to the rents only, little more than nominal, reserved on the grant of leases by the late possessors of the prebends, in consideration of fines received by them, occasionally of large amount; and as existing prebendaries may yet grant leases, the actual appropriation of this property to any object of public utility may be postponed to a distant day.'—*Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 206, 373, 377.

The annual income should now amount to upwards of 7000*l.*, though the unfortunate system, which has been too long continued, of receiving fines on ecclesiastical property has prevented anything like this sum from being realized. The holders of tithe-leases are probably the only persons who have much benefited by this large diversion from its original parishes of a property sufficient to have educated half the Principality.

A question hinted at in the above extracts has raised, as might be expected from its importance, considerable discussion. It involves no less than this:—Can we in our own time look to the two elder universities exclusively for a supply of clergy adequate to the growing needs of the country? If such a question were to be determined by prepossessions, we should gladly incline  
to

to an answer in the affirmative. We should be the last to adopt a tone of unqualified tirade against the human imperfections which, like moss about an oak, time might have engendered in these justly honoured institutions. It would be a shallow estimate which should pretend to measure the value of their training by a mere list of the subjects of formal instruction. They are ever haunted by the old genius of the place; and the silent influences of the cloister, the chapel, and the library blend not inharmoniously with the fresh enthusiasm of the *élite* of the youth of Great Britain. All these things can nowhere else be implanted in a day; and no one can refuse to sympathise with the honest efforts so often made by parental affection to give the hope of some humble family a chance of catching the strong contagion of the gown, and feeling the arch of Bacon tremble o'er his head. But *necessity*, said the father of Ionian philosophy, is stronger than all things, for everything yields to it; and in a province, where the class from which the clergy spring, and the brightest prospects which open before them, are alike poor, we must necessarily despair of their venturing on the risk and expense which attend a career at Oxford or Cambridge.

Now as to South Wales:—

'In the diocese of Llandaff, the average net income of each benefice is only 177*l.*; and in 100 cases, or more than half the entire number, the income is less than 150*l.*, in 64 cases less than 100*l.*, in 35 cases less than 75*l.*, in 8 less than 50*l.*; and there are only 66 glebe-houses fit for residence, or *one house to three benefices*. In St. David's, the average net income of each benefice is 137*l.* only; in 167 cases, or two-fifths of the entire number, the income is less than 100*l.*, in 86 cases under 75*l.*, in 11 cases under 50*l.*; and there are only 110 glebe-houses fit for residence, or *one house to four benefices*. If, instead of dividing the aggregate income amongst benefices, the calculation were made for parishes, the case would stand thus:—

Llandaff, average net income for each parish . . £140

St. David's, . . . 115

Llandaff, glebe-houses, 1 for 4 parishes.

St. David's, 1 for 5 parishes.\*

—*Sir T. Phillips*, p. 196.

One of our greatest poets, who narrowed his mind to defend Puritan spoliation, argued characteristically, that it might please God to put it into the hearts of wealthy parents to educate their children for His service, without temporal inducement. Nor would we take any low or mercenary view of the motives which should animate those who teach the way of life; but where no better maintenance can be expected than is above described,

\* Changes of detail, subsequent to the Tables of 1831, from which these calculations are taken, however important in themselves, do not affect the general question.

experience proves that to require of parents the outlay necessary for Oxford or Cambridge, and that accompanied by the uncertainty of their son's career after all, is purely chimerical. Something indeed like a step towards rendering such a requirement less unreasonable was recently made by the establishment of the Powis scholarships—no unfit honour to one of the noblest champions of the Church, if it help to educate some day a worthy occupant of either of the sees which he rescued from a doom already imminent. If the number however of these scholarships were multiplied tenfold, it would not meet the exigency. The same reasons, therefore, which dictated the foundation of Durham and St. Bees in the north, seem to have justified the benevolent Bishop Burgess in establishing, in 1828, the College of St. David at Lampeter. Some, at least, of the benefits of an university may hence be expected, and some dangers avoided, which in the wider arena of Oxford or Cambridge can scarcely ever fail to threaten.

‘There are advantages in the atmosphere and the influences of a small community of which all the members are destined for a sacred calling; and men thus situated may be subjected to regulations of a severer character, and be under abiding influences of a more solemn temper, than is possible in a mixed community, comprising a large portion of men intended for secular callings, and about to engage in the boisterous career of politics, the angry wranglings of forensic strife, or the money-getting pursuits of commerce. The discipline of St. David's College is in fact stricter, and the moral character of the students is more closely watched, whilst the general temptations to vice are less, than at the English Universities.’—*Sir T. Phillips*, p. 323.

Unfortunately, the endowments of the new college have not been in proportion to its need, or to the benevolent hopes of its founders. It might almost be compared to a mountain farmer's cow, from whose half-starved udder it would pass the cunning of Huxtable to extract any richness of milk, until the pasture be improved. Two professorships, we believe, are dormant for want of funds; and in a country which presents great natural facilities for the systematic study of Geology and the cognate sciences, it may be particularly regretted that no provision is made for such a purpose. The absence also of any power to confer degrees leaves the college destitute of that legitimate prestige which would almost be essential to its complete success. It is obvious that, in order to secure a regular education, there must be something like a fixed career; and a line of distinction must be drawn, which shall separate the college from mere grammar-schools, and justify its instructors in exacting a certain standard of attainment upon the student's entrance. We trust it may not be thought presumptuous, if we venture to throw out a suggestion that,

that, whether in peculiar reference to the Church, or to the professional classes generally in the Principality, the power of conferring degrees might not unreasonably be asked for the only institution which now represents the old seminaries of Bangor and Lantwit, as well as the country of 'Asser the golden-tongued.' Yet we are well aware that, in order to make such a privilege answer its proper ends, it must be connected with an efficient local staff, or with the appointment of examiners from the elder Universities. It may perhaps occur to some of our readers that an arrangement might not be impossible, by which the students of Lampeter should graduate at one of the older Universities, or at some middle point, where competition might be invited from similar colleges. The difficulties which would attend such a plan appear to us on the whole to preponderate over its recommendations. The expense especially which would be thus entailed, as well as the want, which would remain unsatisfied, of anything like an established University in a country where it might effect almost infinite good, may be considered as fatal objections. Whereas, on the contrary, if the funds, so long misapplied, of the College of Brecon should, in accordance with the spirit of recent legislation, be devoted to the enlargement of Lampeter, and if provision for an adequate local staff should be accompanied by the power of giving degrees, sanguine hopes might be entertained of most beneficial results to the Church, as well as to the cause of general education in Wales. A few exhibitions might be added by private liberality; and perhaps the Powis scholarships provide machinery with which a Lampeter fund might be not inconveniently associated. One obvious recommendation of such a course is, that it does not propose any mendicant appeal on a large scale to the public purse, but would leave the Welsh people in possession of the privilege, on which hitherto they have justly prided themselves, of rather contributing to the need of others than becoming suitors to the national bounty. Starting indeed upon the assumption that the funds now in question should be devoted in part to education, rather than revert altogether to the parishes from which they spring, the only objection which occurs to us is in the form of a doubt as to the prior claim of the town of Brecon. Its inhabitants may rightly ask for a good school, and some proper provision for service in the Church. But it is clear that South Wales does not require *two* Universities; and it is too late to argue whether Lampeter is the best site for the *one*; nor is the mere question of locality very essential; and it must be considered rather a return to the spirit than a violation of the letter of the trust, if a college, once transferred from Abergwili to Brecon, and there for three centuries inefficient,

inefficient, should be now transferred to Lampeter, and have life breathed into its dry bones.

Yet it must not be forgotten that, when we have educated our clergy, the old difficulty of the purse, the wages of which the labourer is worthy, will recur as regards South Wales with peculiar force. Mr. Lingen (*Rep. I.*, p. 35) calls particular attention to the average area and population of the parishes in Carmarthenshire, and to the income of the clergy in some other remote districts. The Archdeacon of Llandaff, in enumerating various difficulties of language and finance, also groans heavily over the 'spoiled and impoverished' state of his country. The fuller inquiries of Sir Thomas Phillips give something like the following results. Throughout the Principality the average proportion of tithes or rent-charges actually received by the parochial clergy, being 155,000*l.*, does not much exceed half of the amount paid by the land, which is 304,000*l.* In the diocese of Bangor the proportion is highest, amounting there to two-thirds; in St. Asaph it amounts to half; in Llandaff to rather more, though without satisfying the exigencies of the mining districts in that see; while in St. David's it does not amount to three-sevenths of the whole. In the counties of Cardigan and Carmarthen about one-fourth only of the rent-charge is awarded to the parochial clergy: a proportion which in rich agricultural districts might furnish no great ground for complaint, but in this poverty-stricken land does not constitute an adequate or decent provision for men who are bidden as warriors not to entangle themselves with secular employments. In St. David's there are not less than 115 parishes in which the local clergy receive no portion whatsoever of the tithes, which are payable in 75 cases to lay impropiators, and in 37 to other ecclesiastical persons. The reader, therefore, who has been grieved to hear of the prostrate or neglected state which we have ascribed to some portion of the Church in South Wales, must allow that in some cases at least that state is sufficiently explained by actual poverty. Her system, under these circumstances, cannot be said to have failed, but rather not to have been tried. For pluralities are thus rendered not so much abuses to be condemned, as necessities to be deplored; and we can understand that a man with such prospects before him is not likely to be highly educated; that, with some three churches to serve, his services may be mutilated, or not very efficient in any; and that, with an enormous area of thinly inhabited country, and cottages dotted in nooks of highland pasture, neither his school nor his pastoral visits may be all that the increasing needs of the age require.

'In developing the state of facts as I believe them to exist,' says  
Mr.

Mr. J. Symons, 'I am anxious not to appear to cast censure, when it is certainly not deserved. The Church clergy are a most praiseworthy body; nothing but love of God and man could well induce an educated man to dwell in such a district, so revolting to civilization (?) as this; and I had admission of their activity and usefulness from Dissenters. But truth requires me to say that the religious education of the people is far more furthered by Dissenters than by Churchmen.'—*Rep. II.*, p. 290.

We see parishes noticed as comprehending fifteen and twenty thousand acres, others thirty, thirty-one, and thirty-two thousand—and so on, until we reach in Llanbadarnvawr the climax of fifty-two thousand acres, or upwards of eighty square miles. Very frequently it happens, as might be expected, that the largest parishes are also the poorest; and while, in places so inadequately furnished with sound doctrine, we almost rejoice to see Christianity in any shape, we could imagine little else but that the Church would stretch out in vain hands so paralyzed to children who have already hewn for themselves broken cisterns, which they regard as native fountains of living water. In such districts are established cradles, as it were, and centres of *at least* Dissent; and hence that undercurrent of popular thought in Wales is cherished, which has hitherto received a wholesome leaven from Scripture; but of which no one can foresee how soon, swollen by its own passions, and owning no control but its own will, it may burst in some new and perilous direction of religious delusion or social crime. We do not extract the following anecdote as an average specimen, but as a striking instance of what does occasionally exist. The person communicating it to Mr. Lingen was an actor in the Rebecca riots.

'Daï said, "There is not such a free man as Tom Morris in the rank. I was coming up Gellyglwnog field arm in arm with him, after burning Mr. Chambers's ricks of hay, and he had a gun in the other hand; Tom said *Here is a hare!* and he up with his gun, and shot it slap down—and it was a horse—Mr. Chambers's horse. One of the party stuck the horse with a knife—the blood flowed—and Tom Morris held his hand under the blood, and called upon the persons to come forward and dip their fingers in it, *and take it as a sacrifice instead of Christ; and the parties did so.*" And Daï added, that "he had often heard of a sacrament in many ways, but he had never heard of a sacrament by a horse before that night."

'The men,'—Mr. Lingen adds,—'who marched from the hills to join the Chartist Frost, had no definite object beyond a fanatical notion that they were to march immediately to London, fight a great battle, and conquer a kingdom. I could not help being reminded of the swarm that followed Walter the Penniless, and took the town which they reached at the end of their first day's march for Jerusalem.'—*Rep. I.*, p. 6.

Remembering

Remembering John Thom at Canterbury, we should not infer too much from these peculiar outbreaks. But some measures, we conceive, are imperatively called for in order to restore in such districts, and in a less degree throughout the country, that healthy frame of English society which has been morally dislocated by the weakness of the Church, and by the self-formation unobserved, under our feet and around us, of new centres and a strange world of thought.\*

We should not despair, as the clerical portion of the Church shows itself engaged more earnestly in its work, of correspondent liberality being called out in laymen. Some larger measure of moral food and guidance may at length be dealt out by the possessors of mineral wealth to the masses which are at once its creature and its creator. Something also may gradually be done towards procuring the restoration, where it is actually needed, of those revenues, many of which, having been originally wrested from parishes by Romish monks, have now passed into the hands of lay Protestants.

‘At the Reformation . . . the spoliation became even more complete, for the property of the monasteries passed into the hands of the Crown, and thence to those who but too generally disregarded altogether the sacred purposes to which their newly acquired possessions had once been entirely devoted, and who drew from the parish all the resources intended for the supply of its spiritual wants, assigning but a miserable pittance for the support of the parish priest, whose portion was no longer subject to increase or revision by the authority of the bishop, as it had been in former days, whether he was vicar or simply stipendiary curate of the Church. That pittance again, mean even as it was at the first, became a fixed money payment, and, changing not with the altered value of all other property, has now left to the parochial minister in many cases a mere nominal income from the tithes, the increased value of which yields no additional gain to him who has arduous duties to perform, but goes to enrich one who attaches perhaps no peculiar responsibility to the possession. But nowhere was the rude hand of the spoiler laid more heavily than upon Wales.’—*Archdeacon of Llandaff*, pp. 14, 15.

In the mean time partial aid may be gained by the considerate application of those portions of ecclesiastical property, the re-arrangement of which has already in principle been affirmed by the legislature, and of which the details are, wisely or not, in course of being carried out. It was very natural that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners should in the first instance devote the funds at their disposal to the most populous places. Accordingly they refused to constitute any district with a population of less

\* It was found during the Chartist riots in Wales, as we believe it has been observed in similar outbreaks in England, that Churchmen were rarely, if ever, implicated.

than

than 2000 persons; and in this class of cases their existing funds, including 600,000*l.* borrowed from Queen Anne's Bounty, have been exhausted. But—

'These arrangements are inapplicable to the condition of a large part of the Principality—especially those parishes of large extent for the pastoral supervision of which no single clergyman is sufficient, and which, if divided into separate districts, would not furnish, in the distant and scattered hamlets of each, a population of 2000. In cases such as those, however urgent may be the claims of the Principality, no benefit will accrue to it from any revenues at the disposal of the Commissioners, even when contributed by other parishes in the same county, nor when derived from parishes adjoining those in which the claims are presented; but such revenues will be diverted from the poor and destitute county in which they have arisen, to some populous but distant district where wealth may abound—it may be, to some parish of Manchester, or Liverpool, or even London. Such a result can never have been contemplated by the legislature.'—*Sir T. Phillips*, p. 209.

Though the argument in the above extract appears to be only founded in equity, it would scarcely become us to anticipate the judgment of the Commissioners on the suggestions which it implies. But, at least, the need of such cases as we have referred to is great; and the evil thence engendered cries loudly for a remedy of some kind. Some other points of interest have been suggested, on which we can scarcely dwell without danger of outstepping our province. The need in some places of sanitary measures, as well as the delicate relations of labour to its employers, present problems of a complicated kind: and we shrink instinctively from the thorny alphabet of C and D, by which the 'management clauses' are designated. But it seems agreed that the principle of giving aid in proportion to local contributions, and interfering as little as possible with the doctrinal tenets of local managers, is the one best adapted to the circumstances of the Principality. Nor ought the considerate liberality to pass without grateful mention, by which the amount of local contribution, requisite to procure public aid, has been somewhat reduced, in order to meet the peculiar difficulties of a poorer country. Since the publication of the Reports from which some of our data are taken, the assistance both of the National Society and of Government (we are not here discussing the fittest mode and conditions of the latter) has in fact given a considerable impulse to various efforts which have been made to extend and improve education. We would gladly see those efforts rather hallowed, if it be possible, by the spirit of religion, than embittered and thwarted by its unhappy jealousies. Not that we would willingly appear to recommend any real sacrifice

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of principle: but the suggestion may be worth considering, whether the works of Griffith Jones, and some others on the list of the Christian Knowledge Society, do not afford a middle term, on which it might be sufficient for the Church to insist, and to which the Methodists, or at least the religious minded among them, would readily accede. It is possible we might feel more hesitation in adopting such a course, if there were any reason to believe that the mass of children who recite the Church Catechism either understand or embrace all the doctrines which it involves; but if the Reports of the Commissioners may be in any degree trusted, the only wonder is that men should either oppose or contend for a form by which so few ideas are impressed. It involves at least no disparagement of the real ends of religious instruction, if we wish not to see its mere form retained as an instrument of offence. In no part of the kingdom is it more important than in the Principality that as little bitterness as possible should interfere to perplex a state of things which at best presents a tangled web to unravel. Hostility to the Church there proceeds not so much from an irreligious spirit as from a surd and narrow fanaticism; so that she can scarcely fail in the long run to be the gainer by any spread of intelligence or expansion of thought. Even were the prospect in this respect less favourable, it would be only in accordance with the largeness of charity which has generally characterised the Church of England, to *do good*—and leave the event in the hands of Him who orders all things at His will.

‘The Church can enter into no compact with the State to withhold from the people any part of that form of sound words which constitutes her doctrine; or to abstain from giving religious teaching of a special kind to particular persons, or under particular conditions, to be determined by the State: because she might thus be precluded by her own compact from obeying the commands of her Master—Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: but if there are found, in any corner of the land, children who will not receive her religious teaching, and cannot obtain education by other agency than hers, it will become her to consider whether, consistently with her own proper duty, she may not fitly furnish those poor children with so much truth as they may be permitted to receive, although this may be less than she would desire to give.’—*Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 486-7.

In other words, although our highest object would be to educate the divine life which we believe to be consigned at baptism, we would not throw away the chance of rescuing very humanity from degradation.

There are churchmen whose yearning for union would carry them even farther; who conceive that some of the better among the Methodist teachers might be ordained, and their congrega-  
tions

tions affiliated, as it were, upon the Church, with some allowance of a freedom of action, not unlike what the Church of Rome has permitted to her religious orders. Such a proposal is certainly amiable in its intention; and we should be glad to hope that in wise hands it might not be impracticable: but it is open to some danger in principle as well as difficulty in detail; and it would at least need to be recommended by higher authority than our own. Upon one point there can exist no room for a difference of opinion: wherever the services of the Church have been rendered colder and less attractive by the neglect of psalmody and such incentives to devotion as are contemplated by the Prayer-Book, no exertion should be spared to remedy so injurious a defect. 'We shall gain nothing,' says the Archdeacon of Llandaff, 'even were it lawful, by borrowing from a system which is not ours. But let us see that we give to our own full and effective play; that it be not narrowed to a cold and perfunctory performance of what are called duties, as things to which we are bound.' In the tone of such remarks every one must concur; and the further suggestions of the same able writer upon organizing parishes, so as to interest Christian minds generally in a work to which their co-operation in due place is so essential, will, we trust, receive all the attention which they justly merit. 'There is, we may be persuaded,' he says, 'amongst our people a zeal and energy, and love for God, and love for souls, which need only to be guided into right channels, and employed on a more uniform and comprehensive system; while the Church has in this way, I am sure, a strength not yet developed, and appliances within her reach, of which she has not even now taken full advantage.'

No estimate of the state of the Church in the Principality would be complete which did not take into account the effect produced by the prevalence of Welsh, or, more properly, by ignorance of the English language. A very considerable difficulty is thus presented to the clergy, while the number of persons qualified to enter their ranks is proportionably narrowed. It is not only necessary to compose sermons readily in two languages sufficiently unlike; but it is scarcely possible in a single church to provide a sufficient number of services for two distinct congregations. Even persons who seldom trouble a church with their presence, feel a pious satisfaction in requiring that the service should be performed in the language which they prefer, and have an ostensible grievance if the contrary should be the practice. Formerly it was perhaps too much the custom to consider mainly the wealthy minority, who preferred English; but at present, as from the relative intelligence of the two parties equity seems to require, the balance is rather in favour of the other side. In

courts

courts of justice a similar inconvenience is experienced: 'the law and its expositors speak, for the most part, only in an unknown tongue.' At Dolgelley, one in six is said to be the average proportion of jurors who understand English: and in a thousand matters of daily life some avenues to knowledge are closed against the poorer classes, and some injury to their social prospects caused, by their want of acquaintance with the language of their superiors. It is natural that attention should be daily more directed to the imperfections which such a state of things involves; and we are not surprised that something like a crusade against the use of the Welsh language should be occasionally instituted, and asserted to be a mark of superior intelligence. We doubt, however, if more zeal than discretion is not often developed in the cause; and if the allegations of its supporters are not sometimes more unreasonable than anything which they assail. They seem neither to make allowance for such means of information as exist in Welsh, nor for the manifold roots by which a language retains its hold on its native soil.

We have not observed in any of the Education Reports the slightest confirmation of the not uncommon idea, that the Welsh peasantry entertain a prejudice against learning English. On the contrary, that theory would seem absolutely to reverse the facts of the case. Mr. Symons says, 'genuine evidences of the earnest and unprompted desire of the poor to acquire a knowledge of the English language have frequently presented themselves to my notice.' Nay, Mr. Johnson distinctly tells us, '*an impediment to sound instruction is presented by the prejudice of Welsh parents against the employment of their own language*, even as a medium of explanation. In the day-schools (say they) we wish our children to be taught English only; what good can be gained by teaching us Welsh? we know Welsh already.' Mr. Lingen, who perhaps rather magnifies the social effects of the Welsh language, adds:—'So far as the Welsh peasantry interest themselves at all in the daily instruction of their children, they are everywhere anxious for them to be taught English.' Nor do we believe this feeling to be of modern growth; indeed we have seen traces of it as far back as we possess any minute knowledge of the people. It is even a Welsh proverb that *two languages are better than one*. The custom of giving a 'Welsh stick,' or affixing a badge of disgrace and gage of punishment to any child speaking Welsh, has been inherited in schools for generations. Yet it is very true that the familiar use of the English language has by no means made such progress as such data might lead one to expect. In North Wales, the proportion of persons whose fireside language is Welsh is estimated at 313,740, or about four-fifths of

the population; while in the three counties of South Wales for which we have complete tables before us, including some English districts, it does not fall short of two-thirds. It would therefore be no exaggeration to say that Welsh is spoken by more persons now than in the days of Edward I.; and although, when tried by the truer test of area, its limits appear to be gradually receding, the rate of recession is remarkably slow. In a few districts of Pembrokeshire, and on the English border, it is believed to have advanced, or encroached somewhat on the English.

Some authorities explain this tenacity of life by reference to certain prophecies of Taliesin, while others make it a subject of complaint against the defect of English teaching in parochial schools. The two solutions are perhaps equally rational, with only the difference that, while the first is an innocent fancy, the second leads to evils of a practical kind. For it is a matter of daily experience that, however excellent may be the schooling enjoyed for a year or two of his life by the peasant's child, it forms but a small part of the influences which determine his habits of thought and *speech*. He may use any language he has been taught at school when required by the exigencies of trade or service; but his thoughts will be cast in the mould of that which he heard from his mother, and which awaits him among his fellows or at his domestic fireside. Nor is the influence of popular preaching, and of such a literature as appears to have sprung out of the religious activity of the last century, to be overlooked among the agencies which perpetuate a language. If the Welsh tongue had been in the course of nature on the point of dying out, it would have been extinguished by the discouragements with which it has been visited; but having once had vitality enough to engender a popular system of teaching, it will in turn find refuge in this, as in a fastness not easy to be stormed. Roads, railways, mines, and the general influences of trade and social intercourse, will sooner or later carry out what we may presume to be the ends of Providence in shattering any barrier which may unnecessarily intervene between two sections of a country; but mere parish-schools contribute but little to such a result—nay, they almost appear to retard it by injudicious interference. The practical effect of the strong English prejudice which seems cherished alike by the peasantry and by most promoters of schools against any use of the Welsh language as a medium of teaching, is simply to make the instruction less useful. We hear of one school, established by a benevolent merchant from Liverpool, in which the teaching is ineffective because 'the children never hear English except in school, where they read but cannot understand it' (*Rep. III.*, p. 63): of another where for the same reason 'the

master

master never attempted to question the children: it was no use: and generally we find so many instances, as to be almost the rule, of considerable power of memory being shown in learning English words, with very faint conception of their meaning. Spelling and writing are often strong points; but anything like interpretation of them is dispensed with, because it is despaired of:—

‘Their knowledge extends no further in most instances,’ says Mr. Symons of the children in his district, ‘than in reading English with the strongest Welsh accent.’—*Rep. II.*, p. 34.

‘To all the little words in a sentence,’ says Mr. Lingen, ‘no meaning whatever appears to be attached. . . . Children are constantly found who can read whole chapters with comparative fluency, and give the Welsh for single words, yet have not the remotest idea of what they have been reading about.’—*Rep. I.*, p. 26-32.

Hence a crowd of mistakes, at once painful and ludicrous, as to the meaning of the Bible and the Catechism; but perhaps the most striking illustration of the delusions prevalent on this subject is to be found in the use of English definitions of terms supposed to be hard, but of which the definition itself is as utterly unintelligible to the unhappy children as Greek to a Kamschatchan. This is verily *obscurum per obscurius*. The great bulk of the children in most of the schools are learning *sounds*, and not language as an expression of thought. But the whole question can hardly be summed up better than in the measured and almost judicial language of the Bishop of St. David's. After deprecating any unnecessary provincial isolation, his lordship says:—

‘I hold that no Welsh child ought to be excluded by want of instruction from access to those means of cultivating his mind and bettering his worldly condition, which the English language supplies. But, as I am likewise aware that the actual use of these means must depend both on a degree of proficiency which the learner may not be able to attain, and on opportunities in after-life which he may never enjoy, I also hold that no Welsh child ought to be thrown entirely upon this contingency, and in the meanwhile be debarred from all such benefit as he might *certainly* derive from the use of books in his mother-tongue. I am fully convinced that no maxims opposed to these will bear the test of experience, and I rejoice to find that they begin to be more generally appreciated and seem likely to exercise a greater influence.’—*Charge*, p. 54.

We should be glad to learn that the hopes held out in the last sentence have been realized; and acknowledgment is due to the readiness with which Government, as represented by the Lord President of the Council, has listened to some representations on the subject. (*Sir T. Phillips*, p. 605.) It has always appeared to us a most remarkable instance of unreasoning prejudice that the habit of teaching children in a language they do not familiarly

understand, should not only exist, but should be held up as an enlightened method. Even if the intellect is not stupified by such a course, the brief and precious opportunity for awakening and disciplining it is at least partially thrown away; and the sole object for which this costly sacrifice of no less than the human reason was made, is not even attained by any material progress in the philological crusade. We must beg to be most distinctly understood, that our remarks are confined to the inexpediency of neglecting a language which exists, in teaching children by whom it is spoken: whether its existence is desirable, is a question which may be about as profitably argued as the colour of which our children shall be born, or the height to which they shall be directed to grow. Language may be affected by systems, and so may breeding; but both depend upon causes of which the origin lies deeper, and the operation is more extended, than the compilers of blue books always suspect. There is indeed reason to doubt, whether in themselves a language and a nationality are to be thrown away so lightly as the sterner Benthamites would recommend; but no sentimental or romantic considerations need here disturb our vision; if the question were whether the literature of Wales should be cherished, it might be referred to Welsh literati, whose verdict might not be altogether unimpassioned; but to inquire whether children shall be first taught familiarly in the language of their fireside, is to ask whether their education shall be a reality or a form. It may safely be laid down that the capital requisite of primary instruction in Wales at the present time is a good system of *bilingual* teaching; a system in which general knowledge (communicated in the fireside language) shall hold the first and most important place, while the more advanced mind may gradually be invited to fresh fields and pastures new. The great outlines necessary in such a system are very satisfactorily shown by the mode of teaching English pursued in the common schools of Germany. Some interesting classic—we have generally found it the Vicar of Wakefield—is printed in a cheap form, with the pronunciation and accent distinctly marked. This is construed by the class during a certain portion of the day, and the grammatical idiom explained by the master. The pupils, in whom intelligence and a habit of thinking have been previously developed by instruction in their own language, seize with avidity on the fresh subject thus presented; and the new language is associated with pleasurable ideas, instead of being painfully dunned into unprepared ears by a mechanical routine.

*Who drinks the well of knowledge, thirsts again.*

We beg leave, in conclusion, to state our deep and anxious conviction

conviction that it depends, under heaven, upon men now alive, whether in a century, or even less, the Church Catholic in the Principality shall exist as a living teacher, or whether politicians shall be wrangling over the carcase of her revenues. How sad the latter result would be to every Christian mind, how full of danger and contagion to the Church in England, and how fatal to the social welfare of the Principality itself—how Wales might, like Ireland, dash itself in fretting against the rock on which whoever stumbles is broken—we need not explain at large. For the sake of that very interesting country and the fragments of a noble race which still retain it as their inheritance, we would deprecate alike any negligence, and any bitterness, which might precipitate such an evil.

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- ART. III.—1. *The Handbook of Travel-Talk; a Collection of Dialogues and Vocabularies, intended to serve as Interpreter to Travellers.* By the Editor of the Handbooks of Germany, France, and Switzerland. 12mo. 2nd Edition. 1850.
2. *The Royal Phraseological English-French and French-English Dictionary.* By J. Ch. Tarver, French Master, Eton. 2 vols. 8vo. 1845-1850. Pp. 1670.

THE motto of this useful manual of Travel-Talk is Bacon's famous saying—'He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel.' We hope the editor means gradually to extend his work, and, having profited by what he has done, shall be happy if in the following remarks he finds anything either of encouragement or of suggestion.

Lavater has laid down that the character of a man may be detected not less clearly—nay, often much more so—in the most trifling gestures, in the ordinary tone of his voice, in the way he takes a pinch of snuff, or mends a pen, than in great actions, or when he is under the influence of the stronger passions, which indeed obliterate nice distinctions:—

*Love levels ranks; lords down to cellars bears,  
And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.*

If we allow that these little things may afford the true index of individual character, it follows that they must be the faithfullest signs of national character also; and thence comes it that the best history of a people is to be found in its dictionary. Let us take a particular class of words and phrases—a very ordinary and limited one—and we are much deceived if we shall not find a

mass

mass of characteristic traits daguerreotyped, the more strikingly because involuntarily, in the commonest Forms of Salutation.

Observe the tone that predominates in those of the East: what an air they breathe of primeval simplicity, what condensed documents they are of the external nature and the state of society. In them we clearly mark the ceremonious politeness of half-savage peoples, among whom a word or look is instantly requited by stroke of ataghan or thrust of lance—exactly as was found among the Red Men of the great Western prairies; for it is an old observation that no purest-blooded aristocrat of the most refined court, not even Louis Quatorze in all his glory, could be more perfectly well-bred than a Huron chief. The immobility too of the region is well reflected, for these little phrases will be found nearly identical over an immense expanse and through a vast duration. They are almost all based upon a religious feeling; and convey in the form of prayer a wish that the person may enjoy Peace, the *summum bonum*, the prime want and wish in such countries and under such conditions of life. A pastoral people is always warlike; and throughout the Bible this is the invariable blessing which forms the staple of salutation. *Shalûm!* We trace the ruling idea in the very name of *Jeru-salem*. We plainly see that when their language was crystallising they must have been a people whose hand was against every man and every man's hand against them; and the Bedouins of the present day have precisely the same character, embodied and eternised in the same salutation. In some Hebrew modes of greeting we also see strong traces of a gross, sensuous character: there is an under-tone that speaks of a land dropping and running over with fatness—a gurgling of luscious rivers of milk and honey, oil and butter, more than in ten German *tables-d'hôte*. 'No marvel,' says Carlo Buffone, 'that that saucy, stubborn generation were forbidden pork; for what would they have done, well pampered with fat griskins, that durst murmur at their Maker out of garlick and onions?'

Islam probably made but a small change in the habits of those tribes among which it was first introduced; and consequently we shall find little in these phrases. The same religious tone continues, modestly combined with an incipient tinge of fatalism. 'May your morning be good!' says the Arab; 'May God strengthen your morning!' 'Perhaps thou shalt be fortunate.' 'God grant thee his favours!' 'If God will, thou art well!' 'If God will'—here the fatalist does not even venture to put up a prayer, but only asserts the fact. 'If God will, *all the members of thy family* enjoy good health.' Here we have the reclusion of women indicated in an unmistakeable manner.

The

The pride, gravity, and laconism of the Ottoman are no less faithfully depicted. His salutations generally include a sort of saving clause, as, 'If God will,' or the like; but they breathe strong proofs of confidence as to the success of the petition. The Turks are not a people

— in *Fortunæ qui casibus omnia ponunt,*  
*Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,*  
*Naturâ volvente vices et lucis et anni;*

and it must assuredly give no small dignity to social intercourse when the most lofty and solemn truths are thus brought into contact with the familiar speeches of common life. 'Be under the guard of God;' 'My prayers are for thee;' 'Forget me not in thy prayers.' Their phrases, however, seem formal and colourless when compared to the torrent of hyperbolical compliment poured forth as a matter of course by the fluent and facile Persian. The same difference may be discerned as between the Englishman and the Frenchman. The only trace of tender or poetical feeling we have noted in a tolerably copious list of Turkish complimentary greetings is the following: 'Thy visits are as rare as fine days'—which, moreover, evidently dates from a period long prior to their descent upon the serene shores of Roumelia. 'Peace be upon thee!' says the Persian—not *with* thee, as among us in the olden time, but *upon* thee, as though it were to drop visibly,

*like the gentle dew from heaven,*  
*Upon the place beneath.*

'How is the state of thine honour?' 'Is thy exalted high condition good?' 'Glory to God by thy benevolence!' 'I make prayers for thy greatness!' 'May thy shadow not be removed from our head!' 'May thy shadow never be less!' Is it possible to be conceived by one who has any touch of what Sir Thomas Browne calls 'the deuteroscopia or second-sight of things,' that these perpetual shadows, and the rest of the *supellex* of Oriental Novels—(alas, for Hajji Baba!)—can be mere matter of accident? Could a foggy, shivering Frieslander say, May your shadow never be less? Observe also the immense part played in the Oriental world by the idea of Paternity—a part which begins in the very infancy of mankind—which was carried by the Jews in particular to a great height, as each man flattered himself that he might be the father, or at least ancestor of the Messiah—and you will see, in the still hourly employment and sacrosanct veneration of that idea, a relic of the first generations—a leaf from the groves of Eden, a lock of wool from the sheep of Abel. There are even whole tribes and nations who take their names of individuals from this idea of paternity—a man not calling himself the son, but the  
 father,

father, of So-and-So. Consider, if this method were to be generally adopted, what a change would take place in the personal nomenclatures of half the world: we should have no more Morisons or Hudsons, Fitzherberts or Fitzclarences—no more O'Connells or O'Briens—MacNabs or MacGregors—the Ivanovitches and Gavriloffs and Jellachichs would be rooted out from among the orthodox Slavonic peoples; there would be no more Islandic Olafsons and Sigmundsens: nay, there would have been no Atrides, no Peleides. In the desert, men of A.D. 1850 call themselves, not the son of their father, but the father of their son. One class of the population among us, it must be confessed, might be far from displeased were this mode to be introduced: it would singularly gratify young couples in the flush and glory of 'their first.' But 'Thou hast exalted my head!'—'May thy horn be lifted up!'—would never do in Cheapside. In Egypt they have a form of salutation which stamps and fixes a feverish climate to the life: 'How goes the perspiration? Do you sweat copiously?' and this, as father Rabelais says, *pour cause*, seeing that in those regions, if you do not continue in the diaphoretic mood, meltingly alive to the torrid fervency of the sun, you run a great risk of melting away altogether, of exhaling—of dying, in short, in 'a burning quotidian tertian.' 'May your shadow never be less!' beside being a most picturesque expression, stereotyped in human speech—human speech, that only firm, solid, unfluctuating thing (except a Whig ministry perhaps)—is also a neat formula for the respect Orientals entertain for *fat*. Not only does it typify, as in some indestructible Babylonian frieze, a burning climate, where violent light and strong shadow are before the eyes of man from the cradle to the grave—a climate where the fan and the parasol have become emblems and insignia of sovereign rank, like our sceptre (originally the staff—the accompaniment of old age, and hence of wisdom and authority)—but it marks the honour and glory attached to obesity in a climate where none but the rich and great can reach (by having plenty to eat and little to do) the envied pinnacle of twenty stone. Thus we are told of the Hindoos in Major Williamson's *Oriental Sports* (chap. xv.), that the possessor of a jolter-head 'is a happy individual, who passes his life surrounded by the warmest demonstrations of respect and veneration.' But why quote for readers all fresh from Morier, Fraser, Lane, Kinglake, Layard, and the 'Milordos Inglesis' of yesterday? How deliciously sumptuous is the greeting of the Chinese—'Have you eaten your rice? Is your stomach in good order?' What people could generate such a phrase but timid, frowsy, formular inhabitants of the Central Flowery Land? Could it have taken root in Aberdeen or Kentucky?

But

But all these phrases must have been private property before they became common; they must have happily conveyed a reality before they grew to be merely conventional forms of speech. In other words, they were invented by a man of genius in every case, and bear the impress of genius—*i. e.* of a concentration of the thoughts and sentiments of the age into a focus of vivid brilliancy. A proverb has been happily defined by a living statesman, 'the wit of one man, the wisdom of many.\*' All the picturesque metaphor, the bold and striking condensation, the lightning-like pointedness of that exquisite form of language which we call *Slang*, has no other origin but this: nay, all that is worthy to be called language (which sometimes makes up but a moderate part of the dictionary) has no other source or *modus existendi*. Look at the slang of any trade or profession, and we shall see that every word of it is literally a 'word that burns'—the indestructible vesture of a thought. The *high-toby-man* or *cracksman*—(Cracksman! what a poem in two syllables!)—who invented the word *swag*; the sailor ('in many a tempest had his berd he shake') who first talked of his ship's *fore-foot*, or qualified the vessel as *she*; the first boxer who in a commonplace head beheld a *nob*—the head being viewed simply as the subject of knocks, fibbing, and evil-entreatment, and thus by a stretch of transcendental metaphysical abstraction reduced to its lowest terms, detached from all associations but those of fistycuffs—or, even more wondrously perhaps, a *conk*; the first bibliomaniac who spoke of 'tall copies,' of 'foxing' and 'cropping'; this man, of whatever breed or degree, was a poet. Let no dainty objector whisper that such words are common, vulgar, familiar, and cannot be poetical. Daisies are common; the sea is common; men, women, and children are exceedingly common, at least in some parts of the world, and yet we believe they are allowed by the best judges to be not only poetical, but the very stuff and matter of all poetry. They are what the Lord Chamberlain Polonius wished his son to be,

*Familiar, but by no means vulgar;*

indeed their very commonness prevents them from ever being vulgar: for what is vulgarity but the effort to be something not common?

The Greek salutation seems to have been subject to few changes; but this circumstance, which may at first sight appear against us, seeing that the Greeks were so capricious a generation, so mobile, imaginative, and composed of such a number of tribes,

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\* So Mr. G. C. Lewis tells us in his book 'On the Influence of Authority.'—We name our author, and he should have named his statesman—but we hope there will be no offence in adding that we believe he means Lord John Russell.

will on examination furnish an additional buttress. The Hellenic race, notwithstanding the multitude of internal *nuances*, was essentially 'one and indivisible.' A strongly graven line bounded them from the *Βαρβαροι* on every side;—they were as completely one people through a common patriotic pride and a highly developed civilization, as the Jews were by an elaborate scheme of social distinctions and the intensity of religious pride and scorn. Hence it was quite natural that they should all agree in using one and the same form for the expression of those general sentiments which constitute the groundwork of intercourse. And what a word of greeting was it that they selected,—or rather, that grew up among them like a tree—*Χαίρει* = rejoice, be glad! What a people that must have been! Yes, from the cradle to the grave, in the agora or in the vineyard, in the torch-lighted thalamus or on the battle-field, every moment of the Greek's existence was filled with joy, with joy and *grace*—*χαρις*. Think of him who

*Sternitur, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos;*

of the Spartan, who 'smiles in dying;' remember the luxury of beauty which pervades and saturates every image, every word of their poets, whose very storms are set to music, like some tempest-chorus of Handel or Beethoven; with the oldest of whom the crooked beak of the careering ship cuts musically through the billows—billows so deeply amethyst and set off with such daz- zling foam that we seem to be sailing in fairyland:—

Ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆσε μέσον ἰστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα  
Στείρη πορφύρεον μέγ' ἵαχε, νηὸς ἰούσης.

We are not sure whether this single word *χαίρει* be not a better key to the people than all the sage books from Gronovius to Grote. In Homer one does not meet with much variety of greeting: indeed *forms* could hardly have flourished at such a time. Everybody appears to be acquainted with everybody else in the throng of the onslaught as perfectly as so many Tipperary boys at a faction-fight; for they almost always prelude their encounter with a little *chaffing*, to the same effect as the 'Come out, ye thief o' the world, till I bate the skin aff the ugly bones of you!' We say to the same effect, for the Homeric heroes use, even in their most excited moments, language which never loses a character of majesty, still further heightened by the sonorous recitative of the divine hexameter. The comedy-writers, no less than the great Mæonian, afford innumerable examples of *chaffing*, often of a truly rich, imaginative, and altogether Hellenic luxuriance: but we must not allow our pen to linger in these 'shady spaces.' As to the Neo-Greeks, having lost all distinctive nationality, they of course have not preserved anything really original in language.

Theirs

Theirs is a vile piebald jargon, with just so many traces remaining of the glorious speech of old as to make the contemplative more keenly feel its degradation; like a baker's oven piled up of ruin-stones, among which glances out here and there some broken bit of Phidian bas-relief put in upside down. The Greeks of Otho say *τι χανεis*? what dost thou?—a phrase which evidently could by no possibility have grown up indigenously among such a chattering, cheating, unprofitable people. Our wise old poet, Lord Brooke, says—

*States have degrees as human bodies have :*

*Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—and the Grave ;*

and no hope seems so vague and visionary as that of making, by any combination of circumstances, an exception to the common lot, or of reviving a dead nationality. What is true of the individual is true of the mass of individuals; and what is true of the body of a man is no less true of his mind, and consequently of his language, the completest incarnation of his mind. Alas, the noble tongue is dead :—

*The learned Greek, rich in fit epithets,*

*Blessed in the lovely marriage of sweet words.*

The salute of the primitive Romans, like their social character, their manners, their institutions, was founded upon the idea of bodily strength, vigour, aptitude for war: with them virtue (*virtus*, manhood) was synonymous with being 'frigoris et famei patiens'—their ideal man was

*Patriæ idoneus, utilis agris,*

*Utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.*

'Salve,' 'vale'—be healthy, be strong! Surely this is as perfect a portrait as *χαίρει*, as Shalúm. What a people that must have been, where virtue signified manliness, and *valor* (literally strength) at the same time *value* and *courage*; a man's whole value being in the measure of his valour. These are a pair of convertible terms, whose existence forms the best commentary on the elder history of Rome. Was not the poet right when he cried out in that noble rapture,

*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, cavelo :*

*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos ?*

for true valour, virtue, manliness, consists quite as much in sparing the overthrown as in *warring-down* the proud. A people with such words familiarly in their mouths could not help being dominant. What a tone of frank gravity, of rough military bluntness there is in all their older language! One man meets another, by whose side he may have stood when the savage-eyed shaggy-haired Gaul was hurled back in the full fury of his shrieking onset

onset from the steady line of the Legion, and he says to his—not friend or ‘bruder,’ but—fellow-citizen, ‘be healthy,’ ‘be strong.’ But, observe, as they declined from the ‘barbata simplicitas,’ how their salutations grew more and more ingenious:—

*Occurrit quidam, notus mihi nomine tantum,*

*Arreptâque manu: Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?—*

*Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam, et cupio omnia quæ vis.*

This *dulcissime rerum*, something like the ‘my dear creatures’ and ‘childs’ of Congreve’s and Farquhar’s fops, is a shrewd argument of degeneracy: a Roman of the days of Camillus who should have used a phrase of such effeminate turn, would have been pulled up before the Censor and swung for corrupting the morals of the Quirites. We too hear occasionally, ‘Oh you sweet, dear little *thing!*’ but it is said only to a baby, and it is but young ladies of sixteen who say it. On the other hand the *Quid agis?* = *what* dost thou?—is evidently a good deal older than the *Dulcissime rerum*, and characteristic of the true manners—direct straightforwardness and indomitable activity. ‘Pretty well, as times go,’ answers poor Horace, ‘and I am your most obedient;’ dying to get rid of the unmerciful toga-holder. *Cupio omnia quæ vis* is far from being a badly devised phrase for the purpose of showing a man politely to the door; but it bears strong marks (as indeed does the very idea of showing a man to the door at all, nay, even the abstract notion and entelechy of a *bore*) of being the product of an advanced civilization.

The Romans, in the plump days of Horace, had grown to be a singularly idle, quidnunc, gaping, lounging tribe; but they continued to attach an inordinate value to *health*, inasmuch as a fit of illness kept them at home amid the gloom and discomfort of their miserable lodgings, and deprived them of the darling pleasure of lazzaroneing away their mornings at the audiences of their patron, at the bath, or in the fish-market. Thus the very effeminacy of their present life contributed to keep up the old *salve, vale*, and other corporeal good wishes, which had been invented as an expression of military courage, and of a readiness to plough or fight with equal energy for the good of Rome, to devote oneself with Decius to the Infernal Gods, or sup on ‘turnips roasted in a Sabine farm:’—

*Bene nam valetis omnes,*

*Pulchrè concoquitis, nihil timetis:*

and this line of the poet gives us a perfect anticipation of the famous dictum of Madame Du Deffand, who asserted that all happiness and misery, all virtue and vice, depend simply upon the state of our digestion. This indeed is more profound than it seems; and the connexion between ‘pulchrè concoquere’

and

and 'nihil timere,' is so close, delicate, and mysterious, that the only aim of half the metaphysical and political treatises that have ever been published, is to trace the bond which unites them. The French theorem just quoted was promulgated at a time when the whole surface of society, nay, the very foundations of right and wrong were heaving and cracking: and it was received with some alarm by the few. On the whole, it was a merry sort of a time—pleasant but wrong; and was admirably formulised by Madame Du Barri (Madame's own existence being nothing else but an intense individualisation of the epoch) in her 'après nous le déluge!'—a *mot* to the full as picturesque as the equally renowned exclamation of Tiberius:

Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μυχθῆτω πυρὶ!

After the final extinction of constitutional liberty and order in Rome, when slavery and conquest went hand in hand, and marched with such colossal strides over the prostrate world, there was reigning throughout society precisely the same selfish levity, the same desperate *laissez aller*, the same want of earnest belief, and neglect of everything but momentary pleasure and profit, as characterised the state of Europe, but especially France, just before the tremendous eruption of the long-confined volcano. The locomotive was spinning along, sure to go off the rails at last, and all they had to do was to keep the wheels well greased in the mean time. The greatest blessing of life was then 'a good stomach and a bad heart.' The Romans, it may be remarked, had another form of salutation, used the first thing in the morning and the last at night—the last too at a funeral, as in those lovely lines of Catullus to his brother's memory:—

Nunc et in æternum, Frater, ave atque vale!—

being the sacramental words used when the corpse was burning on the pile, and the mourners circled around it thrice in sad procession, crying out the final adieu. What can be the original meaning of the word? It seems we must wait for that until Etruria finds a Rawlinson; but if we knew its pedigree, who doubts that we should find it as characteristic as *salve* or *vale*?

In the languages derived from the Latin, or rather from the corrupted Latin called Romanz, we can see the same delicacy of shading; but if we were able to make all the collections and researches which the full discussion of such a subject requires, we should be obliged to write not an article, but an Encyclopædia. We must content ourselves with a few indications. The Genoese in the Middle Ages used to say *Sanità e guadagno*=Health and gain: a phrase combining the two elements of their character in such perfection that no commentary can either simplify or condense

dense it. But the Italians have been metamorphosed since the Merchant Princes and the Golden Book—'Bottom, thou art translated!'—and until some better means than they have of late been trying shall have raised them up again into men, we must content ourselves with taking them as they are, and remarking the *Crescete in santità* of the priest-ridden Neapolitan, and the 'I am your slave' of the liberal Piedmontese. The same pliable, pitiable servility may be traced through most of the forms of the country, dedications of books, subscriptions of letters, and so forth; there is hardly an idiom which does not partake of this faint odour. In *Come sta? Come state?* we have packed together the nearly opposite tendencies which go to make up the main groundwork of the Italian character—an extreme nervous mobility, expressed in the *oome*, combined with the altogether unprogressive indolence of the *state*. Surely this must be a nation not destined for a sudden re-development of vitality. And is not Italy the land of *farniente*? To *stand*, to *be*, to *exist*, in such a region, is in itself such a blessing, that life fleets lazily and sunnily away, without giving a temptation or a motive to more activity than is required for the procuring of a sufficient quantity of iced water and macaroni. In the toil-compelling North such a phrase as *Come state?*—the very syllables of which seem to come out languidly, as when one is lying half asleep under the shade of a great patulous beech-tree in a blazing Midsummer noon—would be impossible.

In Spanish one finds, superadded to the Italian immobility and passiveness, a certain smack of the fine old Castilian pride and haughty gravity:

*Don Hermogenes.* Buenas tardes, Señores.

*Don Pedro.* A la orden de VS.

*Don Antonio.* Felicisimas, amigo Don Hermogenes.

'Good late,' instead of 'Good evening,' is of the same stamp with that other Hispanicism of calling the evening *sereno*. *Vaya con Dios, Señor Caballero!* has a relish of strong self-respect mingled with religiosity—and the phrase gives one a high idea of the tone of personal character which must anciently have predominated in the dominions of the Catholic Kings; as do *Quede VS. con Dios*:—*Queremos hacerle a VS. cuantos obsequios sean posibles*:—*Mi alegre mucho de ver a VS., y de conocerlo, Señor Doctor*:—*Beso las manos a VS.*:—*Soy de VS.* The highly elliptical form of the last salutation is worthy of notice. It should be noted also that the Spaniard, with all his religion, does not place the religious idea *first*, as the Oriental does, but says *Vaya con Dios!* He is not of the mind of honest Dogberry—'and put God first, for God forbid but God should go before such rascals.' In *May you live muchos años*, or a thousand years, however, one plainly

plainly perceives traces of the Moor. An Englishman would never be able to conquer so far his ingrained dread of what he in his ultra-poetical slang calls *humbug* and *flummery*, as to use so hyperbolical a formula. Life too—mere life in the abstract—is much less desirable under our cloudy skies and among our easterly winds than in Spain; for which reason the wish for long life could never be among us a common greeting. We reserve it for solemn occasions, as *Long live the Queen!* Above all, note the ‘VS.’ so prodigally used. Does not the very exaggeration of this contraction—a contraction which must have been gradual, and each step dictated by the wish to save time—indicate the proud politeness of ‘your Don,’ who would have a hundred times a day to ‘brook the stab’ if he omitted ‘phrase of courtesy.’ And if this process took place where time is of so little value—a fact proved no less clearly by the language—above all others fertile in big, rumbling, rolling, long-tailed words—than by their siestas, guitar-strumming, and interminable screeching of romances—what must have been the frequency of call that finally screwed *Vuestra Mercedes* into *Ustedes* (spoken) and VS. (written)?

*Comment vous portez-vous?* Most readily do we acknowledge the flood of light which has been thrown on French phrases by M. Tarver\*—but every syllable of this deserves to be studied by a Bopp or a Grimm for half a cannister of Canaster at least, that all the profound essence—*quinta pars nectaris*—may be completely extracted and distilled out of it *ad residuum*, by the bee-like acumen of some linguistic Berzelius or philologic Scheele. This little phrase of three words (for the *vous* being repeated only counts for one) contains the very soul of the French character, their manners, their history; and not only gives the portrait of their Past, but helps us to an almost infallible prognostication of their Future. *Qualitas* is monstrously developed in proportion to *quidditas*. *How* is the formula, not *what*. He busies himself mainly with the shapes and shows of things; and therefore *comment* is the prominent and leading stroke in that involuntary photograph which he strikes off fifty times a day. Then the *portez-vous*. How do you carry yourself? Outside,

\* M. Tarver's work is really a valuable addition to our Dictionary shelf—the most important shelf in every man's library. The nice skill with which he has compared and contrasted the *phrases* of the two most influential of modern tongues can hardly be over-praised. Such a book might well deserve a distinct notice; but we are happy to take this opportunity, meantime, of saying that one of the volumes has now been in constant use with us for five years, and we should be at a loss to name another recent one of its class which we have found more useful. The idea was happy, and the execution has been most laudably careful. We have been infinitely obliged to it in reading the lighter French literature of this day—so full of vocables fresh from the mint of camp or *ginguette*, and lively audacious turns, *φαναρία αυveroισια*, undreamt of by ‘the forty’—which would have puzzled Voltaire as much as Johnson, externality,

externality, superficial ginger-bread work in every letter of it. An impressionable, eager, restless, vivacious manner of man, always ready to make love—and a droll sort of love it is nowadays—or to cock his cap over his eye and ‘mourir pour la patrie;’ doing trivial things in a solemn way and solemn things in a trivial one; a *tigre-singe*, as he was called by the *vates* who knew him best, and now and then a *singe-tigre*. Sterne’s old story of the little barber proposing to ‘immerge the wig in the ocean,’ will be true to the end of the chapter. A vapouring, active, aggressive, demonstrative people, on whom little things and great make an equally strong and equally fugitive impression; jesting commonly at everything except trifles, and never more irresistibly comic than when trying with all their might to be serious—for instance, playing at constitution-making—a spectacle that reminds one of a party of little Emmies and Carries playing at company. In this *Comment vous portez-vous?* one sees the theatrical character in perfection, the instant identification of the person speaking with the person spoken to, which is the definition of theatricality. The whole language how like the people! Every phrase composed of a heap of minute particles *y, ne, ça*, and so forth, just as the French mind is a heap of fluttering odds and ends, all alive and dancing—all *herissé*, to use their own admirable word—yet the result an inimitable medium, not for poetry nor eloquence, nor lofty reasoning, but for *chat*—which they are the only people to render neither bald nor disjointed. Latin, with all the Roman flowingness and music taken out of it, snipped, and nipped, and clipped, like a Versailles yew-tree. Think of French being precisely—as far as elementary structure and origin are concerned—the same tongue as Italian, and then calculate what must be the difference of idiosyncrasy from one and the same plastic substance to have produced two such fabrics. The effect is far more astonishing than if the two had had quite independent sources, and is truly an overwhelming proof of the power of national character to give its own form and pressure to language, just as the larva of the insect lends its shape to the silky envelope. It is the same as to the pronunciation; where we find the process begun by cutting off all the ends—the inflections—of the grand imperial words, carried still farther, as far indeed as it will go, and all so completely

*Disembodied, maimed, hacked, rent, and torn,*

as nearly to have driven the Académie frantic, and to have extorted from unhappy Charles Nodier those plaintive lamentations which we may peruse with much profit in the ‘*Essai sur la Linguistique*’—one of the cleverest small books of its age. For instance, let us compare the words *Pacem, Salutem, et Fraternitatem*—

*nitatem*—pronounced not after the abominable English guise, which Milton justly calls ‘as ill-hearing as law-French,’ but with the true broad Trasteverine sound of the vowels—fine, rolling, organlike vocables, with a smack of the old Roman majesty in their very intonation—compare them, we say, with *pé, salu, e fraternité*.

*Comment ça va-t-il?* How *that* goes it? Even here we have not been able in our literal translation to give any account of the miserable unfortunate *t* stuck in, *euphoniæ gratiâ*, between the verb and the second nominative:—and what a truly Gallic flippancy in the *ça*! The old Middle-Age French, on the other hand, bears a general character of uniformity and strong religious feeling. ‘Adieu, vous die, messire Gauvain, mon chier et doulx ami!’ as we have it in *Merlin l’Enchanteur*. All such ‘skipping measures,’ such fantastical off-hand quaintnesses and familiarities as *Comment ça va-t-il?—Portez-vous?*—and the like, could have had no existence in those times; they would have been as discordant with their serious, simple tone, as London slang with a tournament. And here we may remark that *slang*—a word of wide meaning, including all the ideas and expressions that spring from the notion of knowingness—slang, we say, could in no wise have existed at a period of Faith, of pure child-like Trust in matters of knowledge, of state, and of religion. With slang we must be careful not to confound *humours*, which are quite a different thing—as different as Corporal Nym from Sam Weller, or Bobadil from the Game Chicken. The modern Gascons, in their patois, which has retained much more resemblance to Latin than we see in ‘Frenshe of Paris’—being, indeed, nearly pure *langue d’oc*—say *Coumo vas?*—and herein we may plainly mark the difference between the more indolent and sensuous Southern and the eager, mocking, trivial Parisian. Indolent—for observe how the subject of the phrase is altogether suppressed, while we have none of the jags and tags of language that dangle about its classical edition; for though *Coumo vas* and *Comment ça va-t-il* are much alike as far as the fundamentals are concerned, the former consists of only two words, while the latter contains five, the greater part of which are little insignificant particles, not at all necessary for the intelligibleness of the proposition. The Gascon then is evidently a more easy-going sort of person, and does not give himself the trouble to waste good breath. He is of the mind of the noble wit who exclaimed against the absurdity of a man’s muddling away his income in paying bills. It may perhaps appear odd that, in a nation which has so long ceased to possess any claim to the title of religious, the formula *àdieu* should have kept its footing. We must allow for the impression bequeathed by the

Roman Catholic faith, an impression likely to remain more durably on manners than on sentiments. This, and the convenience of the phrase itself, together with the difficulty of changing—for nothing is at bottom so immutable as language, apparently the most frail and chameleon-like of things—have contributed to maintain ‘adieu,’ and probably it will last when Notre Dame is a play-house.

Madame de Stael stole and popularized J. P. Richter’s saying, that to the German was reserved the empire of the air—an acute and beautiful judgment corroborated not only by the vague and phantasmagoric character of German literature, and particularly poetry, when she was manufacturing her ‘De l’Allemagne,’ but even more powerfully perhaps by the tone of German metaphysics, and by the German supremacy in music. As for personal practical activity, whether of body or mind, for taking, in short, the bull by the horns, the German makes but an indifferent *chulo*; and the bull will have him over his head in a moment, thereby producing a *funcion* of no unedifying kind at his expense. His ordinary salutation, when he meets you in the morning, sauntering along the Kartoffel-gasse or the Amalienstrasse, as the case may be, is *Wie geht’s?*—How goes it? Not How do you get on? but *it*—things in general—a pure abstraction, a *reines Vernunftwesen*, quite independent of himself or you, expressed by *es*—a word of the most unseizable meaning and in its most unseizable form. It is that mysterious abstract *it*, that ideal of nonentity, which is to get on—but whither, or how? Let the Sphinx answer. It is *es* which is to *go*; we ‘humans’ are but mere playthings in the hand of an uncontrollable Destiny; feathers, down-particles, gossamers driven onward by the resistless roaring whirlwind of ANAKH. If we think for a moment of the ideal vagueness of this chaotic particle, our brain begins to ‘turn o’ the toe like a parish top;’ we dare not pursue it into the unfathomable void of breathless interlunar space. This touches us nearly, the German element being so mingled in our own character; but we shall presently see how of this element we have taken only so much as harmonises with the rest of our nature—so like and yet so unlike that of our Saxon forefathers. Again, in *Wie geht’s?* there is a strong tinge of simple cordiality, perfectly in accordance with the friendly, homely, familiar life of the Germans of all classes: among whom—we speak of them as in the anti-reform ages—you could find surprisingly little difference in accent, idiom, or turn of thinking between the Prince of Saxe-Pumpnickelhausen and his Serene Highness’s postilion. In this brief *Wie geht’s?* the whole *tournure* seems to breathe a comfortable, easy-going, good-natured

natured spirit, the very atmosphere of the puppet-show court and lazy bourgeoisie of a queer, quaint, sleepy, Lilliputian city of old amiable Deutschland. The same thing may be said of the parting words of 'our fat friend' in the plum-coloured inexpressibles and apple-green coat, with the somewhat frowzy cap on his head, the plethoric bloated umbrella in his hand—for on the Amalienstrasse, from morn till dewy eve, in all weathers, rain or shine, summer or winter,—

'Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,  
And now and then a crimson one is seen—  
Like an umbrella ripened'—

and above all, with the horn *spitz* of his pipe depending from his rather pallid, flabby, and soapless, but still hearty and honest countenance. *Leben Sie wohl!* he ejaculates—lifting the cotton-velvet bonnet, which he is sedulous not to replace till he is well down the Amalienstrasse, or fairly round the corner. 'Live well;'—for the worthy man's existence is nearly animal, as far as external matters go; though Heaven knows what dream-images, what abortive births of theories, political, religious, social, socio-politico-religious, or religio-socio-political, flit 'as thick as motes that people the sunbeam' in the wreathing smoke ever up-curling from that unextinguished Baku-fire, that vestal altar of a pipe—that corded cane with the picture of Beatrice Cenci, Martin Luther, Old Fritz, Jenny Lind, Archduke John, Herr Blum, or Ban Jella-chich on its China bowl. Very charming also are the little snatches of old-world pedantry which may be perceived in German ways and words;—the *vivats* and *pereats* of University enthusiasm—the Latinised form retained in so many names of men and things, as 'der heilige Petrus,' 'der Idealismus,' and also in the multitude of mere patronymics that have about them a delightful perfume of antique simplicity, as Boccius, Lepsius, Avenarius, and scores of others. These latter are probably nothing more than relics of those days when High Dutch Philologists—grim, solemn words, which Mr. Clowes's compositors ought to set up in thick, black, erudite-looking small capitals—wrote only in what passed for Latin, and found it necessary to their dignity either to translate their plain hereditary names in whole, or at least to give them a sounding and *declinable* Greek or Latin termination; thus we have Neumann transmogrified into Neander, Schwarzerz into Melancthon, while Schweighäuser—the terror of the upper classes in English public schools, who are reading Greek play—is less audaciously doctored into Schweighäuserus, 'illustrissimus ille noster, et mirifico acumine planè præditus.' Among what other European people but the Germans could the wish—so innocently humane—*guten appetit!* form part of the ordinary

small change of common conversation? And what country, we may add, stands in like need of such a pious prologue to the Speise-saal, with the view of Constantinople painted in glaring distemper on its walls? For who can have forgotten Sir Francis Head's neat definition of High Dutch cookery: 'whatever is not sour is greasy, and whatever is not greasy is sure to be sour'? We should not omit that, after you have 'greatly daring dined,' the kind native has an epilogue formula equally regular and suitable. It is 'Good digestion!'

The authentic Low Dutch salutation is *Hoe vaart's-ge?*—How fare you?—which well enough typifies the trading, voyaging character of your 'swag-bellied Hollander,' together with his practical, unromantic, business-like nature, devoid of every touch of sentiment. He has no poetry of his own—though Southey thought otherwise after they translated some of his—little literature, save awful little punchy tomes of *Jus Civile*, or still more awful volumes of painful commenting and logic-chopping; the light of imagination can hardly penetrate his misty, froggy atmosphere, unless indeed on canvas, when it does stream gloriously through the 'golden sherry and water' of Cuyp or the spray-laden breezes of Backhuysen. 'How travel ye?' is perfectly in accordance with the manners and history of sturdy old Holland, redolent of spices from far Indian isles—from Ternate and Tydore—like a soft fragrant land-wind breathing from the Moluccas, and stealing over the sense of the weary mariner as he is beating up with weather-whitened bark and thin sere sails against the monsoon in those half-fabulous seas. It is, we say, as perfectly in accordance with Dutch manners and history, as it would have been impossible for such a phrase as *Hoe vaart-ge?* to have been generated among the Hollander's cater-cousins, the Germans—a stationary, home-keeping generation—whose only fleets will continue to navigate between the promontories of Cloud-land.

In Sweden, besides the universal formula *Gud dag*, which requires no explanation, they say *Hur mår ni?*—literally, How can you?—that is, Are you strong and vigorous?—'More power to your elbow'—only without the wild fantastic quaintness which reigns in that truly Milesian God speed you. *Gad sei luv!* they also cry=God be praised—and for their parting *Far-wål!*—which is also good Dutch and good English—while the Danes use *lev-vel*=live well, which predicates justly for the latter a more stay-at-home spirit than prevails in the neighbouring section of Scandinavia.

The English nation being incontestably the first on earth, and composed (which indeed is the cause of its supremacy) 'of every creature's

creature's best,' of the finer and nobler essences of all other races of mankind, we must expect to find a rare richness and variety of phrase in this matter. The Englishman 'has been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps;' his dialect is 'the alms-basket of wit,' and makes up in eclecticism, vigour, and abundance far more than it loses in apparent originality. We say apparent, because in reality no tongue was ever so individual as English:—though the rough materials are borrowed from a hundred sources, yet such is the assimilative or digestive energy, that the most discordant aliments are as immediately identified with its own independent existence, as the beef-steak which yesterday gave roundness to the hinder symmetry of a prize ox becomes to-morrow part and parcel of the proper substance—the *ich*—of the Yorkshire farmer. In truth, the very caprices of our idiom, orthography, and pronunciation, which make foreigners 'stare and gasp,' are but so many proofs of the perfection and completeness of our language. It is the noble secular oak whose bark is rugged and furrowed with a thousand excrescences, and whose limbs are contorted into fantastic curves and angles; but it is from the oak that we hew out the knees of mighty Victories and Agamemnons, while the village child sends the smooth and regular dandelion swimming down a rivulet, to perish in two inches of water. It, we say, is the degree to which caprices and peculiar idioms, grammatical exceptions, &c., are seen in any given tongue that forms the best measure and scale of its worth and beauty: in Greek these eccentricities are infinitely more numerous than in Latin; in French, Italian, or Spanish, than in Irish or Tongatabooze.

We may search through the whole map from Archangel to Van Diemen's Land—we may follow the history of human speech from Adam's first aleph, beth, ab, to the *last* number of the 'Fonetic Nuz'—for it is now dead—we may decipher the Cuneiform inscriptions and learn to be as fluent in Zend as Borrow can patter Zinali; but it will be impossible to find anything finer, deeper, than John Bull's *How are you?* and *How do you do?* They are the Calpe and Abyla of salutation. The *How do you do?* is sufficient to account for Trafalgar, Waterloo, Steam-engine, Railway, Exeter Hall, Times Newspaper, Punch itself; and if Thomson had known what he was about, he, living before the abolition of the Navigation Laws and the Colonies was dreamt of, would unquestionably have made 'How do you do?' the chorus or burthen of Rule Britannia. To do! Surely this contains the whole essence of productive existence, national or individual. To do! It is the Law and the Prophets, the theorick and practick, the whole contexture of life. And this  
doing

*doing* is so universal among us, it is such a completely recognised and accepted fact, that we do not ask a man, as the dreaming, pipe-compelling, beer-bemused Germans do, '*was machst du?*'—*what* dost thou? but only *how* you do it? Do you must; there is no question about *that*. The only thing is to know *how* you do it. Again, let us think for a moment upon the value and extent of the sister-phrase, '*How are you?*' Observe the wonderful practicality of it, so closely united with the widest universality. It comes to the point at once, straight as a dart; and yet, if you take the trouble to follow it out a little, whither does it not lead you? '*How are you?*' is indeed *the* question. All knowledge and science, all reason, thought, imagination, is nothing else but the effort of the blinded Cyclops feeling about the walls of his cavern: all merely a struggling to find out this and no other thing, namely, *how* we are. Perhaps, when a few more hundred years have carried us a few steps farther onward towards pure intelligence, men will cast aside their lumbering tools of dialectics—their syllogisms, their illustrations, their definitions, the rubbish of the schools, the '*rags and tatters*,' as Milton calls them, '*dropped from the overworn shoulders of Time*,'—and formulise all their inquiries, metaphysical, political, physiological, in this one comprehensive question—'*How are we?*'—Happy if the advance of knowledge in that twenty-ninth or thirtieth century shall enable its Brougham or Whewell to answer, '*Pretty well, I thank you.*'

A man were owl-blind, we think, who in the '*Hoo's a' wi' ye?*' of the kindly Scot could not perceive the mixture of national *pawkiness* with hospitable cordiality. One sees in the mind's eye the canny *chield*, who would invite you to dinner three days in the week, but who would look twice at your bill before he discounted it. Just as complete is the Irish peasant's '*Long life to your Honour—may you make your bed in glory!*' wherein is plainly reflected the violent and exaggerated enthusiasm of the inborn character—the common phrases of their everyday life being a better warrant of their Oriental origin than any Ogham chronicles, or *agri somnia* of their addle-pated Vallanceys. In this little phrase we find engrossed, so that he who runs may read, the very essence of a people endowed with a peculiar vivacity and impressionableness of feeling, and which has been long modified by a religion addressing itself rather to the senses and fancy than to the reason. But this is not the time for being hard upon the Pope.

'Good bye,' though radically the same thing as '*God be with ye*,' is yet become widely different in its modern effect and meaning. It has followed the general fate of human things, or, as the *temporis acti* men would pathetically lament—

The

*The beautiful has vanished and returns not—  
The fair humanities of old religion;*

for it. should be kept in mind that all forms of salutation were originally prayers, and in most cases bear very markedly the precatory structure of expression: but, as time advances, this inevitably gives way to the mere enunciation of a *wish*, even when the ancient form of words has been retained. In short, it is we fear true that human nature goes on constantly secularising. Chaucer's Host accuses the Persoune of being a Lollard—i. e. *hereticus comburendus*—simply because the good man reproves him for 'shotting his discourse: 'what eileth the man so sinfully to swere?' says the worthy priest, to the great wrath of Harry Bailly. If we compare this touch of Father Geoffrey with that dictum of Mrs. Adams in Joseph Andrews which asserts that Scripture out of church is wicked and blasphemous, we shall, alas! have a clear notion of the gradual working of civilization from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century.

Those nations which, from circumstances of position, government, or whatever else, have continued stationary and unprogressive, will be found to have retained the pure ancient prayer form—as is proved by the abundant addresses to Allah throughout the East, the incessant invocations of the Virgin or the Saints among peoples of the Roman and Greek churches; whereas we 'smarter' Protestants, if we investigate the particular shade of meaning attached by ourselves to 'God bless you,' 'Adieu,' 'Good bye,' &c., must acknowledge that, though the *litanic* form has been retained, yet the idea meant to be conveyed has become altogether a mere matter of pure good wishes—the religious *nuance* imperceptible; so that the phrase is now little more than the 'most obedient humble servant' at the bottom of a dunning letter, the Quaker's 'friend,' or the 'distinguished consideration' wherewith Viscount Palmerston winds up a dispatch to Count Nesselrode. But if we are justified in our fears that the human race may be growing less religious for *good*, it is but fair to allow that it is far less fanatical in the persecuting line. Therefore, when a jolly helmsman showers certain flagrant anti-benedictions upon you for not getting out of his way, it would be unjust to take his sulphurous words *au pied de la lettre*, or to suppose that he would really feel any satisfaction in seeing you *simmering*, as Heinrich Heyne so pleasantly fancies, 'on the infernal hob, with a little imp perpetually poking the fire under your pipkin.' What is sauce for goose is decidedly sauce for gander; and, consequently, if we only observe with a measured regret that *Good b'ye* has now become a mere expression of secular well-wishing, a synonym of *portez vous bien*, then *omne quod*

*quod exit in*—eyes should be considered with a somewhat softened reprehension.

The change, so well marked in the phrase we have been considering, by the gradual corruption of God into Good, must have begun very early, as in the old greeting *Give ye good den* the same word is entirely suppressed, the original sense being 'May God give ye good even.' Dr. Johnson said one day at the club that he thought 'the time would come when men would grow weary of preparation, introduction, and connection, in writing, and would come to treat all subjects apophthegmatically,' so that books would resemble Bacon's fragments: and this most desirable brevity seems to have been more nearly attained by the English than by any other nation on earth; for we are not contented with suppressing half the letters of our syllables, and half the syllables of our words, but we are gradually abolishing half the words of our sentences; so that, if we go on as we have begun, our language will in time become, not merely the mode of speech *par excellence* for saying 'Many Things in few words,' but a kind of stenology, or algebraical condensation of thought, a pemmican of ideas. To this consummation have already approached among us on the one hand the little children—for many solid and permanent changes of language originate in the mouths of babes and sucklings—the formula having become contracted, throughout the nurseries of the United Kingdom, into 'bye, bye!'—and on the other hand among our scrip-men and stockbrokers, who are reported to bid each other farewell, when *doing* is over for the day, in the short, pastoral, and euphonious ejaculation 'ta-ta!'

The polite old salutation of these realms appears to have been generally 'Save you, Sir!' which bears marks, in the evident suppression of the word 'God,' of having been primarily of the true precatory form, which had gradually merged—probably under the influence of the Puritans, about the beginning of the seventeenth century—into the mere votal or wishing state: but it is to be noted that our present universal 'how do you?' is of Plantagenet standing—a fact which proves that the nation early arrived at that pitch of energy and mental vigour which placed it in the van and fore-post of civilization.

Mr. Dickens remarks that the sign vocal in America for starting a coach, steamer, railway-train, &c., is, 'Go a-head!' whereas among us on like occasions the ritual form is 'All right!'—and he goes on to say that these two expressions form a perfect embodiment of the respective moods of the nations. This is true; the phrases are vivid miniatures of the individuals John Bull and Uncle Sam; and we hope yet again to see the day when we might even adopt 'All right' for the motto of our political

or corporate escutcheon, with as much propriety as the Yankee Herald's College (if they had one) might at this moment inscribe 'Go a-head!' beneath that fast fowl, the annexing and squinting Eagle—with its one eye on Cuba, and the other on Quebec.

The Slavonic race appears to have always been deficient in originality. It resembles the yellow branch of the great Man-Tree—Chinese, Malays, and so forth—in its submissiveness, governableness, and extraordinary tendency to imitation; producing nothing of itself, but aping the creeds, the arts, the fashions, and what sages call the civilisation of other peoples with peculiar facility. It is wanting in what Burns calls 'the stalk of carle-hemp in man.' Hastily imbibing the Christian religion from emasculated Constantinople, the main branch of this unsolid but lively and attractive race soon surpassed their models in cumbrous superstition and barbarous childishness of ceremonial, and gave an example, during two centuries and a half, of almost brutish submission to their Mongol invaders. Their ordinary salutation—'mir'=*peace*—was taken directly and without change from the Biblical *shalûm*—*salem*—or *salaam*!—and the more modern greeting, still used throughout the whole vast extent of the Russian empire, is 'zdrástvui'=*Be well*! It is needless to go into proofs that a people contented with such very vague and uncharacteristic salutations as these could not be a creative people; but history plainly shows that all they ever had of valuable in their institutions, their literature, and their social existence, has been borrowed or imported—in ancient times from Byzantium, more recently from Germany, France, or England.

The old Slavonic writings are filled with indications of a very all-pervading religious feeling, often of course degenerating into ultra-credulous bigotry; of a profound sentiment of loyalty, sometimes falling into slavishness; and of a strong taste for show and splendour, corrupting into absurd ostentation and babyish etiquette; lastly, frequent traces of a certain *devil-may-careishness*—which are each and all prominent features of the Russian character in the present day. Witness their greetings:—*e. g.* 'rab vash'=*your slave*; 'kholóp vash'=*your serf*; with the multitude of sonorous forms of compliment, as 'Mílostivui Gosudár'=*Gracious Lord*—and so on. But a very curious example of the change which often takes place in the meaning of expressions originally religious may be found in the common exclamation of 'Bogs tobói!'=*God be with thee*; which ancient benediction now has rather the signification of *Devil take you*! Slavonic fatalism will be found mirrored in the usual 'how do ye do?' of the Russians: they say 'kak pojiváete?'=*'how do you live on?'*—a phrase which may be taken as the very opposite

posite pole to our manly, vigorous, condensed 'how are you?' But perhaps a still more pithy contrast is, that where the old Greek said *χαίρει*—*rejoice*, the usual Slavonic formula is *protschái!* = *pardon!*

The Poles are not only Slavons, but have for many ages kept up a close communication with the West of Europe (principally from their belonging to the Roman Catholic church), so that we cannot expect to find much originality among them. At the same time, among one class—the *petite noblesse*, or 'szlachtic'—there exists one expression (used in speaking to a superior) which must be regarded as the very crown, top, and perfection of the half-oriental genius of Slavonism. It is 'do nog upadam!' literally, 'to your feet we fall!' Among the poorer classes we also find a strong tinge of religiosity; as in the following, which gives the usual interchange of compliments.—*Visitor*. 'Niech bedzie Panbóg pochwalomy!' = The Lord God be praised!—*Host*. 'No wieki wiekow, amen!' = In sæcula sæculorum, amen! They also say 'Jak sie masz?' = how *hast* thou thyself?—'Czy wesol?' = art thou *gay*?—which seems to us quite as curious as any yet quoted, and to form an epitome of the Polish character.

In the dialect of Esthonia, which has not the slightest affinity to the neighbouring Russian—we come upon the inevitable wish of good health expressed by 'terre, terre!' = *well, well!*—'ole terre' = *be well!*—(used also in the sense of *thank you*)—and a multitude of phrases in which the Deity is invoked under the decidedly ancient and heathenish-sounding appellation of *Jumala*. Thus we have 'Jumal ime' = in the name of God; 'Jumal aga' = With God; 'Jumal eme' = God with us; 'Jumal casa' = God guide you. But by far the most original thing in this idiom is 'terre launa!'—employed in the sense of 'good day,' but really signifying 'good dinner,'—a phrase which certainly does not convey a very high idea of the spirituality of the Esthonians.

We have already given sundry specimens from tongues and dialects not included in the sensible and serviceable *Handbook* before us. One more such licence and we shall conclude. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands have some extremely droll and original forms of speech—occasionally indeed exquisitely elegant, and in perfect harmony with their beautiful climate, the delicious landscape that surrounds them, and the easy, graceful, kindly manners naturally generated by these enviable circumstances. For example, they are much addicted to the use of the word 'malo' = *bravo*, or *well*—employed with any other word according to the case, as 'malo your coming;' = you are welcome; 'malo your staying;' 'malo your speech;' 'malo your courage.' But the most noticeable thing is their almost universal use of the figure called antiphrasis, which is best explained by saying

ing that it seems to have become the chief rhetorical ornament of the ingenious and inventive youth of London, the real City, and may be found in its highest perfection in the conversations of the Artful Dodger, Mr. Charley Bates, and other luminaries of the novels now or lately most in esteem. It partakes of the nature of the Socratic Eironeia, in expressing your thought by words whose literal signification is the precise reverse thereof. This antiphrasis, we say, which forms the very last refinement of language among our polite youth, a flower hardly peering above the ground in the classical Lexicon of Grose, this our own final consummation of elegance had been arrived at, probably many ages ago, in these happy regions through the pure force of a genial sky, and the harmony therefrom resulting between the intellectual and imaginative faculties of the Polynesian mind. They have never heard of 'beaks,' or 'lifers,' and yet they familiarly use the antiphrasis! This they do not only in jest, but quite seriously, and in the course of the most dignified oration. For example, they say of a man-of-war, 'how little this is!' meaning, how immense! 'Here is only one yam!' = what a number of yams! *Chi atoo ofa*—Small is my love for you = I love you to madness and murder. It is to be lamented that this form of speech is not more widely diffused amongst us: we do indeed hear occasionally, 'you are a nice man!' 'this is pretty conduct!' and the like; but the *dodge* is rarely exemplified in Parliamentary debate, where it would often be highly ornamental.

We may wind up our gossip by observing that the Tongese call the night *bo-ooli* = the black day—a charming expression, evidently true of their latitude, and carrying one's fancy to the moonlit terrace of the garden at Belmont:—

*This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick:  
It looks a little paler; 't is a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.*

ART. IV.—1. *Reise nach dem Ural dem Altai, &c.* Von Humboldt, Ehrenberg, and Gustaf Rosé. Berlin, 1842.

2. *Russia and the Ural Mountains.* By Murchison, De Verneuil, and Von Keyserling. 1845.

3. *Murchison on the Distribution of Gold in the Earth.* Proceedings of the British Association, September, 1849, and Discourse at the Royal Institution, March, 1850.

4. *Reise nach dem Goldwäſchen Östſibiriens.* Von Ernst Hofmann. St. Petersburg, 1847.

5. *General*

5. *General Map of the Gold Works in Siberia.* Helmersen. St. Petersburg, 1845.—*Helmersen, Reise nach dem Altai (with Maps and Sections).* St. Petersburg, 1848.
6. *Voyage Scientifique dans l'Altai Orientale et les parties adjacentes de la Frontière de Chine.* Par Pierre de Tchihatcheff. Paris, 1845.
7. Adolph Erman, '*Reise um die Erde,*' and '*Geographische Verbreitung des Goldes.*' Berlin, 1848.
8. *The Gold-Seeker's Manual.* By Professor Ansted. 1849.
9. *Das Californische Gold.* Von Professor Nöggerath von Bonn. *Kölner Zeitung*, 1850.
10. *Travels in the Interior of Brazil and through the Gold and Mining Districts.* By George Gardner, F.L.S. London, 1846.
11. *Fremont's Journeys to the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, in Reports to Congress, with his Map of Oregon and Upper California, and his last Geographical Memoir of those Regions.* 1842 to 1848.
12. *Geological Report on Upper California.* By James D. Dana (forming part of the great work on the Exploring Expedition of Commodore Wilkes, U.S.N.).
13. *New Mexico and California (Reconnaissance of) by the Military Officers Emory, Abert, Cooke, and Johnston.* Reports to Congress, 1848.
14. *Notes on the Californian Gold Region.* By the Rev. C. Lyman. *American Journal of Science*, November, 1849.
15. *Report on California.* By the Hon. J. Butler King, Secretary of State. Washington, March 22, 1850.
16. *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California.* By W. R. Ryan. 2 vols. 12mo., 1850.
17. *El Dorado; or, The Path of Empire.* By B. Taylor. 1850.
18. *Six Months in the Gold Mines, and a Three Years Residence in Upper and Lower California.* By E. Gould Buffam, Lieut. 1st Reg. New York Volunteers. London, 1850.

**G**OLD is the good thing which man has in all ages striven to possess. From the days of Abraham to the diggings in California, the precious metals have ever been regarded as the measure of the value of other commodities. Whilst, therefore, we have all veneration for the thesis of Adam Smith, that labour is the true basis of wealth and prosperity, we must now beg leave to deal simply with coin as the regulator of the cost of goods. For, if prices have varied with the increase or diminution of the quantity of the precious metals, this question naturally presents itself: Are the recent discoveries in Siberia and California to be viewed

viewed as the dawn of a new monetary era, analogous to that great disturbance of the precious standard which took place when the treasure of the New World was first let loose upon Europe? No wonder that the bare announcement of such a *possibility* has thrown our countrymen into a feverish and uneasy mood. Is gold, the agriculturist eagerly asks, so to pour in upon us that I shall get double the quantity of it for my load of wheat? Am I, says the fundholder, only to procure half my usual supply of bread for the same yellow sovereign?

We entreat the honest farmer on the one hand not to be cajoled by the golden visions of enthusiasts; and on the other, we would insure all annuitants against any sensible—certainly against any permanent—depreciation of their incomes, for the payment of the tax, be it light or heavy, of reading this article—in which we humbly propose to indicate the outlines of what may be called ‘the General Gold Restriction Bill of Nature.’

If it is ascertained that gold has *never* been discovered in any notable quantity except in certain rocks, and usually near junctions between two classes of such rocks, we can then draw a limit (rude as it may be) around all *possibly* auriferous regions, even in newly-explored countries. Again, if we show that, even when so circumscribed, gold is usually a superficial product only, whether it occurs as a fixed material in the uppermost portions of those rocks, or in the heaps of rubbish, gravel, and sand which have been worn away from them—while in nearly all known deep mines the ore either diminishes so sensibly or is so minutely diffused as to be not worth working; and, lastly, if we sustain the value of these natural evidences by appeals to past history, and can affirm that gold has been fairly exhausted in most of the old or civilized countries where it once existed—we shall, we trust, allay the apprehensions of those who think we are now about to have far ‘too much of a good thing.’ And although, in our effort to check the intoxication kept up by the cry of ‘Hie, let’s away to the diggings,’ we must necessarily confine our inquiry to gold, we shall incidentally suggest that if any ulterior and permanent change take place in the relative proportions at present existing between it and silver, an eventual larger increase of the baser metal is by much the more probable contingency.

Albeit we lay claim to be ardent investigators of the secrets of mountains, easy-chair readers need not be frightened at the prospect of having to catch at our meaning through a mist of technical words. If they wish to enter into detail respecting the mineralogical characteristics, mechanical treatment, washing, assaying, reduction, and refining of gold, they will do well to consult the ‘Gold-Seeker’s Manual,’ of Professor Ansted; but on the present occasion

occasion a very slight dash of science will enable them to go along with us.

After the frequent lectures at the Royal Institution, and the publication of so many popular works, few can fail to know what is meant by such general terms as primary, secondary, and tertiary in geology. It is, then, the primary group of rocks, including the transition strata of earlier writers—(which, containing the oldest organic remains, has recently been termed palæozoic)—that constitutes the dorsal spine or back-bone of the great mountain chains of both the Old and New World; there being enormous regions, at least perhaps three-fourths of all known lands, where no such rocks appear. Now, experience has shown that it is in the primary group only, as above defined, including certain igneous rocks which are associated with it, that gold ore has ever been found in any large quantities;—we mean, in quantities worthy of being worked; because, as it is well known that pyrites (sulphuret of iron), containing a minute quantity of gold, is found in other and younger rocks, our first postulate might fail if cavilled at in this microscopic sense. We assert, then, that all the veinstones, or rock masses, whence much gold has been derived—whether, in the first instance, by those grand operations of nature to which reference will presently be made, or by human means—belong to the primary and transition group; and specially to those portions of it which have been modified by the eruption of matter in a state of fusion, or at a very elevated temperature. Like the pebbles, sand, and mud which, derived from our present lands, accumulate under our eyes, these ancient strata doubtless resulted from the wearing away of the first dry lands; and—whether we term the lower of these sediments, in which no trace of life has been detected, ‘azoic,’ or another part, in which occur a few very imperfect remains only, ‘Cambrian,’ or ‘Cambrian’—modern geologists have read off all that *can* be deciphered of this legend of former times, and have systematically chronicled those races of well-defined animals and plants which, in the Silurian, Devonian (old red), Carboniferous, and Permian æras, successively inhabited the seas or grew upon the existing lands. The strictest rules of history and proofs of physical order have thus been combined in expounding these, the most venerable records of creative power. It was not so in our juvenile days—when the more or less crystalline structure of rocks was supposed to indicate their relative age; but it has now been ascertained, that the most ancient-looking rocks of Italy—such as her marbles of Carrara and Siena, formerly called primary—are of the same age as our soft limestones of Bath and Cheltenham; whilst the sandstones of Perugia and

and the flanks of the Apennines, and the 'pietra forte' of Florence, once dignified with the name of 'greywacke,' are scarcely of higher antiquity than our London clay! And this is so because these Italian strata have been modified by the powerful action of subterraneous heat, from which our London clay has been exempted. Thus, again, in the broad expanse of Russia, all her northern provinces, though even composed of the most ancient Silurian strata, for want of such action, present little more than accumulations of mud and sand, so incoherent that the softest building stones are of rare occurrence. With this absence of solidification—the great baker, Pluto, having been unable to serve up this as he has done most other regions—probably impeded by the intervention of a broad crystalline cake of stone lying between his furnaces and the bottoms of the former seas of Muscovy—there is a total absence of metallic products. We must gallop far eastward from Moscow, by Nijny Novogorod and Kasan to the edge of the Ural Mountains, before we reach the meridional chain which separates Asiatic from European Russia. Here Pluto has prevailed over Neptune, and all is changed. Beds of the same age, and containing the same organic remains as the perishable sands, clays, and impure limestones of St. Petersburg, are raised into mural, broken, and contorted mountain-masses, pierced by numerous eruptive rocks, and all are in a more or less crystalline state. Now, it is just where such ancient strata have been penetrated by greenstones, porphyries, serpentines, and granitic rocks, that metallic masses and veins abound. Among these the most common is magnetic iron ore, so copiously distributed, particularly in the tracts around Nijny Taglisk, where it forms very large masses. It was the presence of this mineral and of ores of copper which led the first Demidoff, in the reign of Peter the Great, to open those mines and establish the foundries which have enriched his family. These masses must indeed have been obvious on the first examination of the hills, and were well known to their wild aborigines, the Voguls. The ores appear at the surface of the rocks, whence they have been followed downwards, developing greater wealth as the works deepened, or as the mountain sides were cut away. Colossal fortunes were thus made by mining in iron and copper, long before grains of gold or platinum were seen. It was only in the beginning of the present century that gold was discovered near Ekaterinburg, and being traced to its parent source, small underground mining works were sunk on the quartz veins, in the schistose and granitic rocks, which gave a scanty and unimportant revenue. Subsequently, however, being detected in lumps, grains, or scales in the gravel and sand on the sides of the brooks in the same

same district, trials soon convinced the miners that it was an infinitely more profitable operation to grind up the gravel or shingle in which the gold was disseminated, and to separate the metal from them by washing, than laboriously to follow threads of gold down quartzose veins in the solid rock. The success of the first enterprise led to the search after similar localities both to the north and south of Ekaterinburg, and the result was the establishment of diggings and washings at different points between Petropavlosk, in the north, and the tracts south of Miask, which have afforded for many years a crop of gold worth from 500,000*l.* to 700,000*l.*

All these localities of auriferous gravel, shingle, or sand (worked to open day as our own gravel-pits about London, the mineral being never mined for in the solid rock), occur in the vicinity of those spots where Silurian and Devonian sandstones and schists have been penetrated and altered by the above-mentioned eruptive rocks. The gold, when traced to its original matrix, is found to occur chiefly in veins of quartz, in the form of lumps, threads, and flakes. These veins or lodes of the miners are described, in geological language, as rising from beneath, because they are seen to cut through all the strata or beds of which the hills have been originally composed. Whether these great traversing vein-stones have had their metalliferous ores sublimed into them from beneath by heat, or agglomerated by galvanic action and slower processes (possibly by both), it is to the ascertained facts only that we now advert—and we do so in order to make our readers comprehend how the distribution of gold in its original veinstone or parent rock differs from that of every other metal in the minute diffusion of its threads and particles and their superficial range. Lodes of iron, copper, and argentiferous lead ores, when followed downwards, have in countless cases been found to become more and more productive; whilst *gold* has invariably proved to be much attenuated downwards, and in most instances to disappear in the veins at any considerable depth. An attention to this mining fact at once explains to us why the greatest quantities of gold-dust and the largest lumps of gold should be constantly found in rubbish, gravel, sand, or clayey beds, which have resulted from the wearing down of those rocks, in the upper parts of which most of the gold was accumulated.

But before we take leave of the Ural Mountains, our readers will pardon us if we cite another remarkable feature which they present, and which has been dwelt upon by Murchison and his associates De Verneuil and Keyserling as a proof that gold was (with platinum) the *last formed of the metals*. It is not to gratify

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the vanity of man that we add this evidence of supreme beneficence; but certainly the fact is most remarkable. A very little attention to geological science will have informed, we hope, the majority of our readers that, in the long præadamite periods of time during which various successive races of animals passed away, each epoch was accompanied by great accumulations of water-worn and rolled pebbles. These pudding-stones or conglomerates are of all ages, from the oldest to the youngest sedimentary deposits which have been formed under water. Now, the western flank of the Ural Mountains is specially rich in grand, loose piles of stones, derived from the very ancient adjacent rocks, some of which were washed down into the former sea just at the close of the older palæozoic period; others re-occur in a great system or group of the younger palæozoic strata to which Murchison assigned the name of Permian, and which, being of the age of the magnesian limestone of England, are older than all the secondary rocks. These Permian conglomerates, formed when certain land-plants and the first huge lizards appeared, but long before a mammal was created, were clearly all composed of the rocks of the Ural Mountains, because every pebble in them has been derived therefrom; and with these pebbles we find also quantities of iron and copper detritus, together with land-plants—but *no gold*. We therefore not only infer that these Ural Mountains were the lands in which the plants grew, and on the edges of which the great aqueous lizards fed, whose remains we find in these pudding-stones; but we also know from the débris that copper and iron must have then existed in that chain. Nay, further, the discovery of water-worn lumps of magnetic iron-ore in the copper deposits of the Ural Mountains themselves, has led to the belief that iron was the first formed of those two metals in this region. What, then, was the metal which followed them? Seeing the depth at which silver occurs in other regions (there is very little of it in the Ural), and how it is associated with lead, we do not, in the absence of direct proof, absolutely contend that it was formed after copper. In reference to gold, however, we believe that, together with platinum, it was the last formed metal. At all events it is a legitimate inference, that gold did not exist in those mountains when the Permian deposit was formed upon the flank, seeing that not a vestige of it is to be detected amid the copious detritus of copper and iron ores in the conglomerate of that age.

Fortunately, other conglomerates and heaps of stones derived from the tops of these same mountains are at hand, and formed at a very different and much more modern age. All the secondary and tertiary periods had passed away, when large masses

of land, including the greater part of Siberia and the Ural chain, must have been above the waters, and when huge elephants, covered with a thick covering of fur, braved an excessive climate, as Cuvier suggested, whilst they lived upon the great northern pines and birch, as demonstrated by the same great naturalist from the structure of their teeth. In some vast changes which came over the surface of the planet, these gigantic creatures, and most of their larger associates, were destroyed, and the result was the formation of much gravel, shingle, and sand, which, when occasionally compacted, as in our own gravel of Kensington and Hampstead, is the youngest of all the great conglomerates. Yet this is the only one of the whole series of geological conglomerates in which gold has been found. In none previously formed has any notable quantity been detected in any country; and it is in a superficial detritus, more or less similar, resulting from the grinding down of the former tops of mountains, that we invariably find whatever gold-ore is worth collecting, not only in the Ural Mountains and Siberia, but all over the surface of the earth. We may, therefore, well say that there is nothing new under the sun, when we find Job exclaiming (ch. xxviii.), 'Surely there is a vein for the silver, and the earth hath dust of gold.'

The inspired Patriarch's 'dust of gold' is not only scattered in patches and at certain intervals along the Ural chain (and with one exception on its eastern side), but is copiously showered over Eastern Siberia on many north and south enbranchments of the Altai Mountains. When Humboldt and Rosé passed rapidly over those regions to reach the Chinese frontier, such accumulations were little known, and their development had only commenced. They have since been explored and well described by Hofmann and Helmersen, the latter of whom has given us a good map of them. The gold, which has been there collected to the value of about three millions sterling per annum, is chiefly found in the hilly tracts between the sources of the Lena and the Jenesei; and the thriving new city of Krasnojarsk, far to the east of Tomsk, may be taken as the centre of a region which has produced each year steadily (and with a thin population) a quantity perhaps greater than that which all the Anglo-Saxon energy has dug out of California in either of the last two years. The splendidly illuminated *Imperial* quarto of our enterprising Russian friend, M. de Tchihatcheff, has shown us that each ridge from which the gold has been derived in Eastern Siberia, and along the Chinese frontier of the Altai, is but a repetition of the Ural Mountains; the rocks containing the gold are precisely the same, and it is all extracted from gravel and shingle. There can be little doubt that as the Chinese become tired of their Sycee silver, they

they will begin to take a little more of the native gold which pertains to them in common with their Muscovite neighbours; for as some of the Russian gold-tracts run up to the Chinese frontier, observations have been made which, according to Hofmann, show that the Celestials *have* occasionally opened up the auriferous gravel near the foot of the Sajanisch Mountains; though, as soon as gold enough was extracted for their particular system of balances, the works were closed up, not to be again touched without permission from the authorities at Peking. We commend this fact to the consideration of political economists—who will also find in the lively pages of Tchihatcheff a good account of the rise of the prices of the commodities of life in many parts of the government of Tomsk, in consequence of the affluence of the gold miners.

We ought to state that in some portions of Siberia, described by Hofmann, the gold was found absolutely diffused in small grains through the schists; and it was only by pounding up large masses of them that any perceptible quantity could be extracted. Such auriferous rocks can only be of value where labour costs very little, and where, by grinding and levigating processes, set into play by great water-power, some available percentage of the metal is finally extracted. We have ourselves seen analogous cases of this minute diffusion of gold in the surface rocks of limestone, as well as of greenstone and porphyry. But by far the greatest quantity, and unquestionably the largest lumps, are invariably derived from veins, chiefly of quartz rock. The ore, which is mixed up with the gravel in every shape, from grains and scales to filaments and strings, is very often in the form of those lumps called pepites, two of which, from the neighbourhood of Miask, were of magnificent dimensions. One of these, found in the reign of Alexander, weighs nearly 30 lbs. troy; the other, in the present reign, has the enormous weight of  $96\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. troy\*—much exceeding any specimen hitherto noted in the annals of gold finding. These specimens, preserved intact at Petersburg, occurred in the fertile and picturesque tract of the South Ural Mountains, inhabited by those bow-and-arrow Mussulmen the Bashkirs, who, living on mares' milk and 'kumiss,' were as totally unconscious of the trea-

\* Accounts have recently arrived that a lump of gold weighing 90 lbs. had just been found in California, but had been *broken up*. This last word explains all. No true pepite or lump of gold like that of St. Petersburg could be *broken up*; and we have no doubt that the mass alluded to was in great measure composed of quartz. Mr. Buffam, in the work named at the head of this paper, says (p. 176), 'the largest piece of gold that has been yet found was picked up in a dry ravine, near the Stanislaus river, in 1848. It contained a large admixture of quartz, and weighed a little over 25 lbs., being worth 5000 dollars.'

asures they possessed as the lazy Spaniards of California. They attached, however, a superstitious reverence to the fossil bones of the mammoth which were buried in the same piles of detritus; for these poor people feelingly exclaimed to the first Russian adventurers, 'Take from us our gold, if you will; but, for God's sake, leave us the bones of our great ancestors.'\*

We can scarcely doubt that the earlier czars procured in an indirect way some gold from these Bashkir tracts; but it is a singular fact, that from the days of Herodotus, when lumps of gold were brought by the Scythians to the civilized world from the countries of the *Éssedones* and *Arimaspes* (which could have been no other tract than the Ural Mountains), all acquaintance with this great field of gold was lost, and has only been regained in this century! We conclude that the *Arimaspes* (whose fabulous monsters, or protectors of the gold, as Humboldt has well remarked, are evidently the mammoths above referred to), like most idle wandering tribes, only picked up such large shining lumps as they saw upon the surface; and that their successors, not having the same attractive objects spread before their eyes, never thought of *diggings*.

This allusion to the father of history induces us now to take a brief retrospective view of gold as known to our precursors.

The earliest people of whom we have any record lived in tracts in which little or no gold was indigenous; for although Abraham is described as rich in gold as well as in other good things, we never hear of any barter in or about his day, except through shekels of silver. To fix the precise spots whence the precious metals were then derived, imports little to the present inquiry, except that we may say that neither the Holy Land, nor Lower Egypt, nor Assyria, nor Arabia, could, from their geological structure, ever have afforded them. The *Havilah* of the second chapter of Genesis, which contained gold and precious stones, is identified by Major Rawlinson with the *Obillah* of Arabia, and hence that eminent comparative geographer supposes that it was simply the port to which the gold flowed in from the East for the supply of Babylonia. The recent discoveries of Layard, and the bright light which has been shed upon the legends of the Assyrian monarchy by Rawlinson, tell us nothing of gold as a product of these lands; and an appeal to the structure of their rocks as laid open by the travels of Russegger† and others, whilst it fixes their geological

\* Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains, vol. i. p. 490.

† The recent explorations into the interior of Africa in search of gold have nowhere led to a profitable result. At Mount Fria in Nubia, Russegger, who was sent by the Pacha of Egypt, describes the gold, which is there very pure and soft, as derived from the

geological juvenility, excludes the idea of their ever having been the recipients of the precious metals. The great Tuen Lun, the Assyrian chief, who, according to Rawlinson's reading of the Behistún inscriptions, crossed the Euphrates thirty-three times on extensive conquests and reached the foot of the Caucasus, may well, however, in his distant marches have traversed some older and more crystalline regions, including gold districts.

The gold ornaments of Abraham's time may have been derived from mines in central Africa, or from some portion of the Atlas—in which gold was said to be worked by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians; and no wonder—for we now know that the Silurian, Devonian, and other ancient formations range eastwards from Morocco. Where Solomon's Ophir was situated has long been a disputed problem among geographers and antiquaries. Carl Ritter has decided that it was Hindostan: it may have been in the axis of that peninsula, where a small quantity of gold is still found as well as the diamonds of Golconda; but we cannot coincide with the eminent Prussian, that it could have been in the environs of Bombay; for our recent conquests have demonstrated that all the Punjaub, as well as the Hala and Suleiman ranges—nay, all the country of the Affghans and the valley of Cashmere—are composed of rocks some a little older and others younger (nummulite limestone) than our chalk, in none of which, most certainly, has any vein of gold ever existed. In truth, as Solomon's ships, which brought back this gold, were absent so long, there seems to be good reason for believing that his Ophir may have been in the Malayan peninsula or adjacent countries, crystalline and granitic, which still furnish a considerable amount of gold.

Darius, with his wide-spreading power, must have ruled over tribes which lived in auriferous lands; and perhaps his Darics were the first gold coins. In their early days the Greeks had manifestly very little gold. They could, indeed, derive no appreciable quantity from their barren secondary limestones near Athens; and the very great importance which myth attached to the Pactolus in the high mountains of Asia Minor, and the story

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the veinstones in gneiss and mica schist; and on a tributary of the Blue Nile, the auriferous detritus of sand consists of quartz, chlorite slate, and magnetic iron. (Vol. ii., pp. 310, 727.) In a trial made under the eyes of this persevering German, 200 lbs. of sand gave about two Turkish piastres' worth =  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$  or  $5d.$  English—after eight hours' labour! Nor did M. Caillaud, also employed by the Pacha, detect any amount of gold worth working. Our countryman Mr. Dugate, long resident in Paris, has studied the subject of African gold to an extent which would enable him to publish a most instructive work, and we gather from him, that there is no reason to infer that the produce of all the known auriferous tracts in Africa can amount to more than 1-17th part of the present produce of Siberia.

of Midas, may convey a presumption that gold was a very scarce commodity among them, until Philip of Macedon opened out the more ancient mountains of crystalline rocks in his kingdom (the adjacent isle of Thasos was also auriferous), and thus laid the foundation for the colossal strides of Alexander. It is most remarkable that so many countries which were successively to give laws and civilization to the ancient world—Lower Egypt, Greece Proper, Italy, &c. &c.—should all alike have been void of available gold within themselves. Geology now teaches us why. *They contain no old rocks which have been mineralized.* Let the members of the British Association discuss *why* it has happened that the older strata when mineralized are thus *pre-eminently* auriferous, and the secondary and tertiary strata when also mineralized or altered are not so. We simply adhere to an undoubted physical phenomenon—one among many, including the cause of that true slaty cleavage, which, as Sedgwick has shown, affects the ancient sediments only. These questions have still to be worked out after all our geological data shall have been accumulated. Posterity, which has acquired this knowledge respecting the true position of gold ore, may be amused to learn, that the Romans passed laws affixing the heaviest penalties on any one who should presume to mine for the precious metals; it having been their business to rob all the rest of the world to fill their own *ærarium*. We take it, however, that among their Numas and aboriginal lawgivers there were ‘seers’ who, if not as clear-sighted as Job, knew well enough that there was no ‘dust of gold’ in that peninsula, and that therefore it was well to flatter the national vanity by inculcating a hope that unseen treasures in their immediate domain might, when distant tributaries should have been by degrees exhausted, be opened out. It is to be remarked that Italy south of the Po, with a total absence of gold (a part of Calabria is the only exception), contains scarcely any stratum older than secondary limestones—and thus is a striking illustration of our chief thesis. As soon, however, as we change the ground and move (under Captain Smyth’s able guidance) to Sardinia and Corsica, where Silurian and crystalline rocks exist, there we find that gold mines have been worked in olden times. And so also of the Alps, from whence the Romans drew portions of their gold supplies, probably, however, in no great quantity, and that chiefly from the Noric and Eastern Alps, in which modern science has pointed out by far the greatest amount of the older and peculiar rocks in which gold ought, according to our rule, to be detected.

Without entering into an inquiry as to every tract in Asia and Africa

Africa in which gold was found by the ancients, or is worked by the moderns, we may fairly say, that in all of them where any vigorous operations have been applied, it has been entirely or nearly exhausted. Spain and Lusitania were formerly auriferous—but where is their gold now? The simple answer is, that being superficial it has been exhausted.\* Not so with the veins containing silver: they afforded Hannibal so much wealth (according to Heeren's calculation full 100,000*l.* per annum) that soldiers as well as scholars, relying on the aphorism of Marshal Saxe, '*argent, de l'argent, et encore de l'argent,*' may here recognise the motive power of the great Carthaginian;—and, unlike the superficial gold, this Spanish silver, so far from having been exhausted, is now coming into play again, and the mines abandoned in the dark ages, being reopened at greater depths and with increased skill, are at this moment eminently productive.

If the banks of the Pactolus had ceased to yield gold in the days of Strabo, and if all the auriferous mines known to the ancients became comparatively exhausted during the decline of Rome, we can further understand how the imperial treasury became drained from the wear and tear of specie and its loss throughout long periods of rapine and confusion. This increasing deficiency of precious metals—of gold, because the greater part of it had been removed from its superficial natural position—and of silver, because good mining and industry fell rapidly away—explains how in the dark ages the value of coined money so prodigiously increased. From the eleventh to the fifteenth century the discoveries of gold ore in Hungary, Bohemia, and in our own Islands, served but as partial and feeble helps in sustaining a very small amount of circulating specie. In the first-mentioned of these countries only, and in some adjacent tracts of Transylvania, has gold continued to be worked from the eleventh century to our days. In fact it may be said, that Hungary is almost the only European country where gold is extracted in small quantities from the solid rock in which it is minutely diffused; and even there, as we know on the authority of an excellent scientific miner (Mr. Warrington Smyth), the quantity of ore has so diminished downwards, that the works are scarcely profitable: they would indeed be valueless in a country where labour is so costly as in North America. On the other hand, an accidental discovery

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\* We shall soon know more about the abandoned alluvial gold mines of the Romans near Ponferrada, through a report of M. Narranjo. Like other productive gold works, they were in old alluvia, derived from the crystalline and transition rocks which abound in Galicia and the neighbouring tracts of Spain and Portugal.

a few years back in the adjacent tract of Transylvania of 'gold dust' in the superficial detritus, created a sensation in all the surrounding country, minor only in degree to that of the California diggings. In this case, however, the 'good thing' was soon dug out, and the excitement died a natural death.

From the seventh to the fourteenth century the banks of the little rivers which constitute the upper sources of the Elbe were so prolific in gold (the rocks being there of the same age and character as those of the Ural), that the Bohemian Kings, according to the old chronicles, made statues of it; yet now, though a few small specimens may be discovered, the gold country is exclusively under the dominion of the plough. The alluvia of the Rhine between Basle and Mannheim are indeed still slightly auriferous, and a few poor people eke out an existence by extracting gold to the value of about 1800*l.* sterling per annum!\* In Britain the tin and some little gold associated with it in the old and crystalline rocks of Cornwall and Devon had long attracted the ancients. So late as the reign of Edward III., we are told that the mines of North Devon furnished enough specie (chiefly silver perhaps) to enable that warlike prince to embark in one of his campaigns. In those days a very little bullion went a long way. Even now pieces of gold are found occasionally at Combe Martin—some even as large as a pigeon's egg; but Sir H. De la Beche knows better than to employ the scientific force under him in the quest of such game. Again, in Cornwall we have still a very little gold associated with our tin alluvium. In South Wales the Romans opened out lofty galleries in the Silurian rocks for the extraction of small quantities of gold mixed with the pyrites; but such openings, judging from the vast mounds of sterile quartz rubbish at their mouths, must have been more for the purpose of employing the idle hours of their soldiery than for profit. In North Wales also certain patches are still slightly auriferous. But no British tract has afforded so much gold as the Lead Hills in Dumfriesshire. There, it seems, in the reign of James V. three hundred miners were very profitably employed and earned *four pence* per diem—great wages in those days; as soon, however, as the gold proved scarcer, the wages fell to two pence, and the works died away like those of Bohemia and all the other *used-up* tracts. Ireland has, in the Wicklow Mountains, the very rocks which ought to be auriferous—and

\* See *Annales des Mines*, 4 ser., vol. x., where the gold of the Rhine is described by Professor Daubr  e of Strasburgh.

they are ; but just enough so to prove the geologist's rule. Let any one examine the beautifully-illuminated sheets of the Trigonometrical Survey, and he will observe two or three golden streams descending from the granitic mountain Croghan Kinshela, and traversing the quartz veins in the slate. It is from these that all the fragments have been derived. But though we can here see the veinstones which have afforded the gold—and specimens are still found by the peasants—no sane person would recommend Lord Wicklow to try to cut a huge slice off the side of Croghan Kinshela to search for a few strings of gold disseminated like needles in a haystack.

Whilst talking of the United Kingdom as an auriferous region, our countrymen can perhaps best appreciate the quantity of gold-ground—*i. e.* of ground in which gold is likely to be found—by reflecting on this simple fact, that whilst these islands contain nearly every geological deposit from the oldest to the youngest,—the former occupying all our higher mountainous tracts of the west—it is in only four or five *spots* that the ore has ever been found. That British gold was ever very abundant we do not believe ; but we think it is probable that in the time of the Druids the superficial gravel of certain limited tracts afforded sufficient quantities to serve for the manufacture of those fine ‘torques,’ armlets, and other ornaments so justly prized by antiquaries. We believe indeed that both Britain and Ireland had their heaps of surface-gold like Bohemia and other countries now equally exhausted. All such contributions were, however, but sorry substitutes for the treasures amassed by Rome in the plenitude of her power from the great auriferous regions of the Old World, when, as Gibbon tells us, her circulating medium was 350 millions sterling, and when many a lordly senator's interior exhibited a table of solid silver and goblets of pure gold of forty pounds weight. It is not our province to explain how all this quantity of specie vanished. But the fact is so. In a word, the wealth of the Old World was expended and lost ; and if mankind were destined to pass into an improved state, it was essential that the chief monies of Europe should no longer be centered in two or three Italian towns, and that our Lombard-street should not merely be the abode of a few Italian goldsmiths and money-lenders.

The discovery of America brought with it the vast change ; and the diffusion of a great mass of fresh circulating medium threw new vigour into every commercial transaction. The enormous quantities of silver for a long time poured in upon Europe from the deep mines of Mexico and Peru, are still, we agree with Baron Humboldt, likely to be much augmented ; no man,  
indeed,

indeed, can place a limit to the extent of the subterranean expansion of such veins, or of the amount of silver which may be drawn from deep deposits of argentiferous lead. Such was the augury of the great traveller when, under the crown of Spain, these mines were in their most flourishing state. Under the new republics, *i. e.*, from 1810 to 1825, profits ceased, and the works fell into such disorder that not all the British capital, industry, and science since employed have sufficed to bring them up to their former royal condition. But still there is ample room to hope of more than a recovery.

Very different, however, is it with regard to gold—the history of which in America is precisely analogous to that of Europe and the Old World.

The first golden treasures discovered whether by Columbus in St. Domingo, by Cortez in Mexico, or by Pizarro in Peru, were most probably procured by the native Indians for the most part from the surface. They were chiefly, we doubt not, the results, as in most auriferous tracts of the Old World, of ages of labour in the ancient alluvia forming the banks of rivers and sides of valleys, in which all the best parts of the ore were accumulated. This surface distribution of the gold naturally led the Spaniards (Humboldt indeed tells us so) to trace up these specimens to the parent rocks in the interior, and in consequence to open out mines in many places where the ore cropped out at the surface. Who indeed can wonder that the Spaniards should sacrifice everything in this quest, when we recollect the pithy and pious aphorism quoted by Columbus to King Ferdinand—‘With gold man not only accomplishes all that he wishes in this world—he may even extract souls from purgatory to people paradise’?

Miners write few histories, but the result of their experiments in the solid rock has been handed down to us in the Spanish proverb, that ‘he who mines for gold will be ruined.’ Proverbs may occasionally regulate the wary, but do not control the speculative zest of man. It is, indeed, quite natural that he who has filled his pockets with gold from the gravel on the slopes of a hill, and who tracing the ore up to the parent rock, sees there a vein-stone richly impregnated with gold *at the surface*, should try to follow it downwards, just as he would follow strings of other ores. To moderate this zeal of the tyro, we may first advert to a trial which was made recently, and under every possible favouring circumstance. Amidst the rich silver-mines of the central region of Mexico very fine outcrops of gold-veins were found upon the surface of the hills of porphyry which penetrate the schist at Guadalupe y Calvo, near Durango, at a height of about 7000 feet above the sea. Shafts were sunk with  
true

true Cornish spirit by the *English South American and Mexican Company*, and the veinstones, having been cut by several shafts, and being very promising and rich near the surface, did repay capital, and for some years afforded a moderate interest;—in proceeding, however, the gold thinned out entirely, and the vein at last containing nothing but silver was abandoned.\* But from our earliest acquaintance with America to the present day we have been taught the same lesson—and often much more rudely. In the preface to *The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana and the golden City of Manoa, which the Spaniards call El Dorado* (1595), we find Raleigh apostrophizing the Spaniard of his day just as some of our contemporaries who dread the influx of gold might speak of our cousins in the United States:—‘It is his Indian [American] gold that indaungereth and disturbeth all the nations of Europe: it purchaseth intelligence, creepeth into counsels, and setteth bound loyalty at libertie in the greatest monarchies of Europe.’ Yet with such a title and such a picture of the power of gold, let us just hear the stout-hearted Raleigh’s account of the difficulties of extracting it from the solid rock: ‘Whosoever hath seen with what *strength of stone* gold ore is environed, hee will not think it easie to be had out in heaps.’† And as it was in Raleigh’s ‘rich and beautiful Empire,’ so has it proved throughout South America, and latterly, indeed, in the southern part of the United States. We have a very lively recollection of the lumps and specimens of gold which an American gentleman brought to London about twenty years ago for the purpose of forming a ‘North Carolina Gold Company.’ But the fatal experience of this good city in 1825, which had drained it of more wealth than was likely to be obtained for many a year from all the mines in the world, had inspired caution; and therefore, *in limine*, a mining surveyor of high character (Mr. John Taylor, Jun.) was sent out to ascertain what might be done if capital and skill were embarked in this promising El Dorado, which the States had just acquired. He found, it is true, numerous filaments and traces of gold in the pyrites and on the surfaces of the rocks—enough perhaps to justify the poetical describer in stating that his horse’s feet were constantly striking on gold as he galloped along; but Mr. Taylor soon satisfied himself from natural appearances, as well as from old trials, and those in operation, that the veinstones *held no body of ore* downwards—and thus, at the cost of a few hundred pounds, he saved a ruinous expenditure.

\* Communicated by Lient.-Colonel Colquhoun, R.A., who resided at the mines.

† We have to thank the Hakluyt Society for a handsome reprint of this work.

It is in this way that all such speculations ought to be conducted;—and the fact was soon proved in the case of another London company, which, in spite of that good example, was led on by the same decoy and signally failed after very severe losses.

Not so, however, where the gold-hunters happen to fall in with a virgin soil of old alluvium derived from the former surfaces of productive veinstones. In this detritus, whether coarse or fine, nature has performed the work which man finds so costly and difficult, of separating the ore from Raleigh's 'strength of stone' and its associated alloys. Nay more—as the veinstones have usually proved more rich towards their upper portion, so it follows that the former surface of the rocks contained the cream of the ore (if we may compare such veinstones to churns); and as all the surface of the earth has undergone great abrasion and wearing away, so the richest parts of the gold veins can never be found *in situ*, but must *à priori* be looked for just where we ever find them, *i. e.* in the drift or coarse ancient alluvium. It was consequently in this rubbish or alluvial soil that the settlers of the United States in the Carolinas and Georgia made some tolerably profitable diggings. In a tract several hundred miles long, extending from N.N.E. to S.S.W., which is in fact a southern parallel of the great Apalachian chain, native gold was found here and there in alluvial deposits, whilst the rocky strata of talcose and chloritic schists contained quartz veins more or less auriferous. The reader will find a lively and clear account of this gold region in Featherstonhaugh's *Excursion through the Slave States*, and in his *Canoe Voyage* (vol. ii. p. 350). The parts of this region occupied by the Cherokee Indians were formerly explored by the Spaniards under Ferdinand de Soto, traces of whose works remain. The details and results are precisely those of all other known gold tracts; and as few persons will care to know in what directions the veins run, how the ore is associated in some places with much iron-ore, and how in other places the native gold was very pure and little alloyed with silver, we must content ourselves by repeating that *no deep mines succeeded*—that even the greater portion of the alluvial and earthy deposits have already had their gold washed out of them by human industry—that many beauteous natural tracts, having been disfigured, and made for a time to resemble 'brick yards,' have resumed their allegiance to the plough—and that, whilst copper-ores are still a source of considerable profit, few indeed are there who ever allow themselves to be fascinated by visions of deep-seated gold; they have learned the lesson that even the noblest metal may be bought too dear. It was in this region that the first native gold-mint was established by that good assayer and honest man Bechler, a German emigrant from

from Baden, who coined in his own mint some million dollars worth, and his money was as current as that of the States government.

On the produce of the Brazils we cannot now dilate. That region has afforded, and does afford, a pretty steady produce, owing in part perhaps to the same phenomena which Humboldt thus notices in his account of the gold in Guiana:—‘*Je pense,*’ says the great traveller, ‘*d’après ce que j’ai observé dans cette partie de l’Amérique, que l’or comme l’étain est quelquefois disséminé d’une manière presque imperceptible dans la masse même des roches granitiques, sans qu’on puisse admettre qu’il y ait eut une ramification et un entrelacement de petits filons.*’—(*Voyages*, vol. ii. p. 238.) To this minute and general diffusion of gold allusion has already been made as having been observed by Hofmann and others in Siberia, and in the sequel we shall show that it is clearly separated from the question of enormous and sudden supplies of the ore which now occupies us. It is not to be denied that Brazil does offer examples of successful subterraneous gold mines; of which we owe our most exact details to the very graphic sketch of that region by an accomplished *botanist*, Mr. Gardner. At two of the establishments, managed by British agents, in the province of Minas Geraes, the veinstones have proved very remunerative here and there—though the ore is seldom continuous for long spaces.\* In the gold operations of Brazil, as in other regions, the loose detritus or rubbish has however afforded the chief supplies, and at many of these alluvial sites the ground has been dug over and over, till quite purged of its gold. Mr. Gardner has our best thanks for a clear account of the old schistone rocks in which the gold veins occur, and from his description of the associated limestones, grits, &c. (including the Itacolumite, or original matrix of the diamond), we have no doubt that if we were wafted to the spot we could speedily assign to them their respective modern geological names. But the fact which he mentions of the schists so penetrated by man (the Jacotinga of the natives) being *soft*, and consequently easily worked into, will serve to explain how that which may be a profitable occupation in limited tracts of Brazil—where slave labour abounds—would be utterly impracticable and valueless in another region, where the rocks are hard and intractable, and where freemen alone work at high wages. We therefore turn to the

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\* At two other mining grounds the expenditure had not been repaid. For further details of the Brazilian gold we must refer to Eschwege, &c. We hear that the successful miners of St. John del Rey, in the Brazils, derive great profit from a copious pyritous veinstone or bed,

other side of America; but before we rush after the speculators into the golden garden of Upper California, we beg to say a few words on the whole western side of that continent.

From south to north the great chain of the Andes is essentially composed of the same rocks—and all along, though *at intervals only*, the detritus on its flanks has proved more or less auriferous. The oldest rocks are gneiss and mica schist, flanked by chloritic, talcose, and argillaceous slates, in some of which Silurian fossils have been found. These last-mentioned are the hard strata which are chiefly traversed by those quartz veins that have been the great recipients of gold ore; whilst, with the exception of those points through which the true modern volcanos have burst forth, the central ridge has received its dominant outline in former epochs from linear eruptions of granite, quartziferous porphyries, greenstones, and other igneous rocks.

In Chili, as Don H. Pulini informs us, all the gold is procured from sands, detritus, and conglomerates, derived from the breaking up of quartzose slates which lie in the proximity of granitic and other intrusive rocks of the Cordillera. His description of the coarse débris in which the gold occurs might indeed serve for that of the Ural and Siberia. They constitute ancient platforms of rubbish at the foot of the high mountains, which resulted, as he says, from some geological operation that affected the whole country.\* Gold was doubtless washed out of this drift by the native inhabitants long before the Spaniards took possession of their soil—and it is still the *only* source from whence the metal is derived. In Peru the chief auriferous deposits are situated in that portion of the eastern Cordillera, between 12° and 16° south latitude, which forms a continuation of the Great Bolivian Cordillera. The most productive localities, according to Mr. Pentland, are in the province of Carabaya, in the deep tropical valleys on the eastern slopes of the slaty mountains, which are pierced by porphyritic and other eruptive rocks. Here again, with similar associations there are similar results, and gold is or was alone extracted from ancient drift or diluvium, except at those places where minute quantities have been separated from silver obtained by mining operations. The largest portion of South American gold (always excluding the supply from Brazil) is collected in Bolivia, and there also on the eastern declivity of the Cordillera, in the provinces of La Paz and Cochabamba. Here the ore has manifestly been derived from former powerful abrasion of the mountain tops and sides—that is, the grinding away of the upper portions of the quartz veins in the slaty rocks

\* See abstract of Pulini's work in the Mining Journal, April 19, 1845.

(between

(between  $14^{\circ}$  and  $18^{\circ}$  south latitude) which are in the immediate neighbourhood of Syenite and quartziferous porphyry. The most remarkable site is around the village of Tipuani, on a branch of the river Mapiri, which descends from the great snowy peak of Ancohuma (latitude  $15^{\circ} 51'$  south). From the 'lavaderos' or washings around this spot as much as 700 lbs. of gold have been collected in a year—all from a stratum of clay and fragments of slate covered in by a thick deposit of water-worn gravel. There are in Bolivia many other localities in which gold-washings occur, and notably the valley of Choque-apo, in which the capital La Paz is situated, and where the famous large 'pepita,' now in the Museum at Madrid, is said to have been found. It was obvious, however, to Mr. Pentland that a different mode of working must have been practised by the native Indians before the conquest;—thus he states that on the northern and steep declivity of the mountain Illimanni (latitude  $16^{\circ} 38'$  south), the giant of the Bolivian Cordillera, the face of the cliff, called La Gallofa, is literally honeycombed by innumerable small mining openings;—the practical comment being that, although it might suit Incas to employ thousands of poor Peruvian slaves to burrow into the hard rock, the work was afterwards found to be absolutely profitless as compared with washings. That grand operations of nature alone, which shatter the mountain top or sides, can best distribute gold for the use of man (which is our position), was strikingly exemplified in the seventeenth century near this very spot, when the lightning having struck the projecting point of a great quartz vein, and shivered the mountain side into fragments, spread out in the detritus a considerable local supply of gold, which all man's engineering capacity would never have enabled him to obtain except with enormous loss.

In the agglomeration of states which formed the Republic of Columbia, the great mass of gold collected in Choco, Antioquia, and Popayan, during the last hundred years, has been derived from diggings and washings. From all we can learn, throughout all these regions only one mine has been opened out in the solid porphyritic rock—which at the Vega de Supia contains auriferous pyrites. This mine was worked by an English company, and the scientific details are described by M. Boussingault, from whom we have ascertained that in the underground gold mines of New Grenada profit was only obtained so long as the pyritous matrix of the ore was *soft*—but downwards, where it became hard and intractable, the works were valueless. We are further entitled to say, from personal communication with this distinguished member of the French Academy of Sciences, that his opinion, founded on a residence in South America, is that in general gold cannot be extracted

extracted with advantage by man from its parent site, owing, as he believes, to its usual minute diffusion through large bodies of rock, which the grand forces of nature alone can sufficiently triturate.

CALIFORNIA, while under the nominal sway of the Mexicans, was held in admiration by naturalists from the glimpses they had had of its products, and principally through the eye and pen of Humboldt; but nothing was known of its metalliferous resources. The Horticultural Society of London sent their most zealous, and, alas! most unfortunate missionary, the zealous botanist Robert Douglas; and the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Derby had their rangers for plants and animals; but although these scientific envoys brought or sent back specimens which much enriched our flora and fauna, they had not an eye to the main chance, and saw no gold. They were blamed for this. It was even reported, after the first announcement of the Californian wealth, that the roots of some of the pines sent home to England were found to have small flakes of gold held together in the clotted earth still attached to them! But we must do our botanists the justice to say, that neither did a good American mineralogist, who followed them, discover the gold drift; and for the simple reason, that throughout the greater part of the country it is covered by much fine vegetable soil. Upon the old residents, however, some of the precious article must have occasionally obtruded itself, and there is little reason to doubt that the intelligent Jesuits were acquainted with the fact that gold existed in the coarse detritus of the plateaux which lie between the Sierra Nevada and the low country. Thus much we do know, that about thirty years ago, when the Right Hon. Edward Ellice was employing his active mind in the British territory to the north and west of the Rocky Mountains, one of the captains of his ships brought to him from California a splendid specimen of gold in quartz rock, which he still possesses, and which was recently exhibited to an audience at the Royal Institution. If Mr. Ellice had been as good a miner as Job, he would have known that such a lump of the dust of gold must have many companions; and as the Mexican government was at that period much in want of money, he might doubtless have obtained a cession in perpetuity of all Upper California for a loan which he could easily have furnished. In that case, independently of the saving of much diplomatic labour, and the writing of several articles in this Review, the English would have been the first to pass to the south of the River Columbia and take possession of the fine port of San Francisco; whilst the mining ground of the Sacramento would

would not only have rendered Mr. Ellice the richest individual in Europe, but given us a boundary which must have effectually barred all protocols about the Oregon.

The Jesuits well knew that, in every tract where gold had abounded, its extraction was accompanied with misery and demoralization to the Indian tribes, and with a signal diminution of the clerical influence over their minds. The pastoral condition of California before the Mexican revolution, when so many thousands of natives forming a mission were quietly governed by a single priest sitting under the shade of a noble tree, as contrasted with its present state, or with whatever we can as yet fancy of its futurity, is the best evidence of the wisdom of this famous Company in keeping their thumb upon the existence of the 'good thing.'

A rapid glance at the discoveries of the late adventurous geographers of the United States will introduce our readers to the gold region.

When in 1842 Major Fremont announced his first topographical surveys of the eastern bases of the Rocky Mountains, the whole of the vast region bounded on that side by the United States, on the north by the Columbia and its tributaries, and on the west by the coast ridges of California and the Pacific, was absolutely unknown to geographers. In other words, a space contained within about  $12^{\circ}$  to  $14^{\circ}$  of latitude, and  $17^{\circ}$  to  $18^{\circ}$  of longitude, was for the most part a *terra incognita*. In his first journey, Major Fremont traversed the ridges, chiefly limestones, and almost mole-like worked his way by 'cañons,' or natural tunnels and fissures, determining the height of the mountains which separate the drainage towards the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. He thus fairly bored into the 'great unknown,' which was to be the high road to California; and be all honour given to him for what he so did—though it should never be forgotten that our own accomplished countryman, Sir William Drummond Stewart of Grantully, was the first white man who explored the sources of the great Atlantic rivers in the Rocky Mountains. Fremont next invaded the eastern edges of what he afterwards determined to be a vast basin, and launched the first frail India-rubber canoe on one of its large salt lakes. From what is now known of its aspect, and from the few fossils collected in it, we apprehend that the chief portion of the basin between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, across which the settlers from the United States pass to California, is composed of secondary and tertiary rocks—those of the age of our chalk much abounding—in none of which will any gold be discovered.

In his next survey, Fremont having advanced so far to the west as to pass the Cascades where the Columbia traverses the mountains which form the northern extremity of the Sierra Nevada, boldly explored that chain southwards in the heart of the winter. The manner in which this was carried out by himself, his companions and followers, is perhaps about as bright an example of energy and perseverance as any upon record; and his results, including numerous astronomical observations, well entitled him to the gold Victoria medal of our Royal Geographical Society.\* After truly wonderful exertions amid the most wretched tribes of half-starving Indians, the party, necessarily divided for a time in traversing their last difficult and culminating ridge of the Sierra Nevada, descended from the region of snow and pines to plateaux of oaks, and happily debouched into the low country watered by the sources of the Sacramento, which was so soon to become a Dorado, and the property of the nation to which these few stragglers belonged! At that time not a word had been breathed of gold, and Mr. Sutter, the ex-officer of the Swiss guard of Charles X., was steadily employed in his New Helvetia upon the improvements of his farm. Fremont, being refreshed, pursued his journey along the low country by the western edge of the Sierra Nevada, and after triumphing over new, if not greater difficulties, owing to the savage nature of the people, he retraversed that chain in a more southern latitude, and regained his own territory—only however to re-explore the chief points in subsequent years, and to complete our acquaintance with their geography and topography.

The great expedition under Commodore Wilkes included a skilful mineralogist and geologist, Mr. Dana; and to him we are indebted, among other things, for a Geological Report on California. But neither when he was there was anything known of the rich auriferous deposits. We learnt, however, from him, that peaks of eruptive rocks were seen rising through slaty strata, and that in the valleys and ravines extending from the roots of these mountains there were large accumulations of gravel, shingle, and sand, through which flowed the affluents of the Sacramento. It was in one of these that—some time after Dana's visit—the cutting of a trench for a mill-race laid open a portion of the famous golden detritus, and thus an accumulation of extraordinary wealth was accidentally uncovered.

The population being scanty, the proportion of gold in the débris very great, and the extraction easy, it is not surprising

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\* The panorama lately opened in Piccadilly has, no doubt, extended the appreciation of Colonel Fremont's labours here.

that such a discovery should have soon attracted crowds of speculators, overpowered for a time all regular industry, and made the fortunes of some lucky adventurers who could command the most hands, or of those who still more wisely sent thither the commonest necessities of life to be bartered for lumps of native gold. But observe—the rocks of the Sierra Nevada, from which this golden detritus has been derived, and lodged in ravines or spread out in plateaux now traversed by the affluents of the Sacramento and St. Joaquin, are the same as those which range across our own north-western settlements beyond the Oregon, thence through Russian America, and which also, passing through Mexico, extend to the great Cordillera of Peru and Chili on the south. Now in all the southern part of this chain, we have already seen how sedulously the early settlers hunted for gold, and that they only hit upon it in certain limited patches or points. In their recent easy conquest of Upper Mexico the American army, to its honour be it said, had both naturalists and geographers in its ranks; and these laid down, as Fremont had done for other regions, the courses of the great Rio del Norte and the Colorado of California, both of which have their rise in the Rocky Mountains. Now, although New Mexico had been so long occupied by the Spaniards, and extensively ransacked in search of the precious metals, one locality only (Tuerto, on the Rio del Norte, between 30 and 40 miles south of Santa Fé) has been found to be auriferous. There, again, the American authorities tell us precisely the story which we have so often repeated: there, again, the metalliferous veins occur in the older-slaty rocks perforated by eruptive agency; there they had been worked by the Spaniards and new settlers to little or no profit in the solid rock; and there, in short, what alone had been found *worth the cost of labour*—amidst a most wretched and deteriorated population—was to profit by the operations by which nature has purged the gold of its impurities, and left it loose in heaps of gravel, shingle, and sand. Pursue your journey with the American explorers for a thousand long miles down the grand Rio del Norte, and, though the rocks are essentially the same, there is not one other locality where they are even said to contain gold. So, also, in the mountains which flank the course of the Gila, that noble tributary of the Colorado, gold is known to exist at one or two spots only:—and even such, we apprehend, will prove to be the case in large portions of the flanks of the other and unexplored parts of the Sierra Nevada of California.

The Mexican tracts of Sonora and Sinaloa,\* to the south of  
Lower

\* Although we have not included them in our rather long list of authorities, we ought to observe that the French works of M. Dupont on Mexico, and of

Lower California, have, we admit, furnished a notable quantity of alluvial gold, and will probably afford more when the work of Indians, who dig with pointed sticks only, is taken up by our own race. We are still very ignorant of the mineral resources of Lower California; but if the views of Lieutenant Buffam who resided there are to be confided in, the mountains of the lower province will prove as conspicuously rich in silver and copper as those of Upper California have been in gold. If this hypothesis prove correct, experience will announce (and probably ere a quarter of a century shall have elapsed) whether the steady and long-continued supply which characterizes the working of the baser metals, will not much more than counterbalance in real value the results of the diluvial golden torrent at which many good people are now so frightened. In referring to the little work of Mr. Buffam (one of the last of the flying sheets from the Dorado which we have seen) we have reason to think that he describes faithfully what he saw, and although, as geologists, we might sharply criticise his vision of the gold having been ejected from *volcanos*, we will merely say that the book may be read to advantage by those persons who will ponder upon the mishaps as well as upon the enticements offered to gold adventurers. Like all his associates this officer underwent much hard manual labour and privation at the diggings in order to fill his bag, and was at one moment so stricken down by an attack of scurvy, that but for the happy discovery of a few young, growing beans, accidentally scattered from the load of a passing mule, the gallant Lieutenant would have shared the fate of hundreds of his brother gold-hunters. It is quite obvious that as soon as all the 'placers' are occupied, and that the quantity of gold diminishes, the fresh comers from the old States will, in spite of all authority, 'foray southwards,' like our moss-troopers of old. In this case the portion of the Sierra Nevada which still pertains by treaty to Mexico, will soon belong *de facto* to marauders from the United States. We therefore commend Mr. Buffam for having honourably suggested to his government to purchase Lower California from Mexico, and thus to legalize an occupation which sooner or later is inevitable.

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M. Duflot de Mofras on the Oregon and the Californias, are among the most important contributions which have been made of late years to our acquaintance with the mines of North America and Mexico anterior to the discovery of the wealth of California. M. Duflot de Mofras has indeed given a clear account of the auriferous wealth of the alluvia of the provinces of Sonora and Sinaloa, and the consequent introduction of European goods. The maps of this author, published at the expense of the French Government, constitute valuable additions to our geographical knowledge. (Exploration du Territoire de l'Oregon, des Californies, &c., pendant les Années 1840, 1841, et 1842.)

Of the tract of Upper California which is *known* to be highly auriferous (in *patches* be it observed only), no accurate topographical description has yet been given. The best mineralogical account is that by the Rev. C. S. Lyman; but he begins with what we must call an astounding statement,—

‘That the gold region is a longitudinal strip or tract from 10 to 40 miles in width, lying about midway, or a little lower, between the base and summit of the range, and *extending in length a distance of many hundred miles*; active operations being already carried on through an extent of 400 or 500 miles at least.’

If Mr. Lyman had surveyed all this region himself, we should be the last to throw any doubt on his assertion, however sweeping; but he claims no such range of actual observation—he merely travelled through a district of about 100 miles in length—*i.e.* from lat.  $39^{\circ}$  north to lat.  $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . We must therefore protest against the inference that all these ‘many hundreds of miles’ are as richly auriferous as the tract which he really explored and ably describes. As well might we take the northernmost of the works on the eastern flank of the Ural beyond Petropavlosk, and the southernmost on the Tashlan, and say, that throughout a mountainous region having a width varying from  $2^{\circ}$  to  $3^{\circ}$  of longitude, and a length of  $9^{\circ}$  of latitude, gold was actively worked;—the truth being, that gold has only been found to be worth the cost of extraction at about ten very limited localities in that Uralian chain, 600 miles in length. In respect to California, we have yet seen no accounts of any notable produce of gold, except from the plateaux of ancient drift or diluvium through which the Rio de los Americanos, the Stanislaus, the Tuwalumnes, the Merced, the Mariposa, and King’s River flow—all of them tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. The spots or ‘*placers*’ which are highly auriferous are peculiarly distinguished, say Mr. Lyman and others, by a most copious distribution of detritus of quartz rock, in the fragments of which, and associated with which, the gold is usually found. Now this quartz is, as in other countries, nothing more than the broken-up veinstones that traverse the slaty rocks, which, resting in natural masses against mica schists and gneiss, are finally flanked by noble mountains of granite constituting the peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Justly conceiving this detritus to be the result of former grand *débâcles*—like those to which we have alluded as having produced our common gravel of Europe and the gold and mammoth *débris* of Siberia—Mr. Lyman seems to have been for a time puzzled to find the parent rock of all these heaps of quartz rubbish and their associated gold. It is true that he soon saw plenty of quartz veinstones ‘*in situ*,’ apparently rising up from the

the bowels of the earth and cutting through all the strata; but as he detected little or no gold in them, he could not exactly make up his mind that they had furnished the ore. It never occurred to him that if these veinstones happened to have been chiefly auriferous near their *upper parts*, they would not frequently present in their now exposed and abraded parts much of what he was in search of.

In the following year, however, more promising indications were detected in one or two localities, and the same author adds—

‘These veins are of course not worked yet, as it is more profitable to dig the wash-gold. . . . The working of the innumerable rich veins which undoubtedly will be opened in the mountains will constitute an immense and profitable mining business for centuries. I have no fear that the gold, as many may imagine, will be dug out in a year or two.’

We quite agree with Mr. Lyman, that the diggings are not likely to be exhausted in a year or two;—but as to the gold productiveness of the region for centuries, we beg to doubt. Meanwhile, we invite attention to his candid admission that gold-washing is much more profitable than mining; and also to a communication of the same writer to Professor Silliman’s excellent journal in October, 1849—where, after mentioning the grand prizes obtained by some in the Sacramento lottery, he honestly says,—

‘But for these fortunate diggers, there are thousands who scarce earn a dollar a day. From the best information I can get, industrious workers have not averaged more than eight or ten dollars a day—some estimate it much lower; multitudes do not pay expenses.

Even more moderate views have since been expressed in a letter from an experienced miner resident at the diggings to a gentleman of our acquaintance in this country. His anticipations are thus detailed:—

‘In 1848 the population consisted of about 15,000 souls at the mines; the average profits about 10 dollars per day—300 working days . . . . .		45 millions.
‘In 1849. Population about 40,000, whose earnings will average five dollars per day at 300 working days . . . . .		60 ”
‘In 1850. Population probably about 60,000; earning about four dollars per day . . . . .		72 ”
‘In 1851. Population probably about 100,000 souls; earnings probably averaging two dollars per day . . . . .		60 ”
‘In 1852. Population probably reduced to 50,000 souls, earning two dollars per day . . . . .		30 ”
‘In 1853 there will probably be straggling parties		working

working at the mines already worked before, not earning more than two dollars per day; the whole population being probably reduced to 30,000 souls . . . 18 millions.

'Lastly—the diggings will be exhausted by degrees, and fall into the same condition as the South American (gold) mines; although for eight years longer at least they will yield annually about six millions of dollars.' (See *Spectator*, April 6, 1850.)

Although we do not believe the exhaustion will be at all so rapid as this last writer had anticipated—and indeed more recent accounts have already overset some of his figures—we may here sustain our general inferences by referring to a very striking sketch of the life of a clever young rambler, who successively played the parts of soldier-volunteer, gold-hunter, and house-and-sign painter in Upper and Lower California, entitled the 'Personal Adventures' of W. R. Ryan. The account it gives us of the hardships the miner has to undergo, the fevers and agues which assail him, and the lottery he throws into, to say nothing of the hordes of gamblers and thieves he has to encounter before he pockets his first fragment of gold at a distant 'placer,' is most lively and amusing—and we hope it may do some good in checking the *gusto* with which so many have hitherto joined in the heart-stirring stave—

'Oh California!

That's the land for me!

I'm bound for the Sacramento

With the wash-bowl on my knee.'

His military career being over, and unable, like his gallant companions (of some of whom he dashes off strong likenesses), to obtain any portion of the 160 acres that had been promised to each volunteer at the outset, Mr. Ryan at length starts from Monterey for the 'diggings,' as one of an *United Company* of five persons, bound together by a code of excellent regulations. Long, however, before they reached the golden tract, the members of the firm found out their incompatibilities, and after a series of laughable mishaps the Company was dissolved at the Pueblo San José; only Mr. Ryan and one sturdy fellow (Halliday) from the States proceeding to face the hills together. In the higher regions, near 'Bob Livermore's' farm, the following parley took place between these two steady allies and a well-bearded, leather-coated citizen, armed to the teeth with rifle, pistols, and long knives, who was on his way from the Paradise to which they were advancing:—

'What luck have you had at the mines?' "Darned little; we made jist enough to pay our way along the road." "What chance

do

do you think we'll have?" "Well, I guess you'll have *chances* enough, but darned few sartainties. Unless you keep your eyes skinned and sleep without winking, they'll steal the very nose off your face." "How are they off for provender for the horses?" "There ain't a blade of grass in the whole darned country. If it warn't that this here tarnal critter of mine managed to live upon acorns and rotten-stone, I guess as how he'd a been a gonner some weeks ago. *But don't let this scar ye, strangers, for there's mountains of goold if you can only get at it.* Good night, my trumps, I wish you luck."—*Ryan*—i. p. 290.

The known 'placers' of the whole region are twelve or fourteen in number; but our friends only visited one—in a gorge of the Stanislaus torrent, a tributary of the San Joaquin. Here the pair exerted themselves to the utmost—stout Halliday earning on an average about eight dollars' worth per diem, and our less robust countryman about four or five; but a brief experience of awfully hard work under the hot sun, and then sleeping on cold, damp ground, throwing off powerful exhalations, sufficed to turn our two gold-hunters into traffickers. They were glad to sell their worn-out great-coats and arms for twenty times their value, and, having thus made a little purse, to bid a long adieu to the 'diggings,' which they considered fit only for 'niggers.'

Females are, it appears, so scarce in California, and in such demand, that Mr. Sydney Herbert will be a great benefactor if he will send one or two of his shiploads thither. Mr. Ryan has no doubt that thousands of young females who are earning a bare subsistence by their needle might be thus at once transplanted from poverty to comparative comfort. The very announcement at San Francisco that a certain Mrs. Farnham, a writer on prison discipline, was coming (unfortunately she never arrived) with a cargo of 'houris,' created more excitement than had ever been witnessed. The same author records, indeed, how one of the most successful of the speculators of the Sacramento mines was the wife of a stalwart *digger*, who by shirt-washing at twelve dollars a dozen made a much heavier bag than her hard-working husband by gold-washing. Another speculator, one Dr. Dan, an Irish gentleman, prospered by selling quinine to the sick at a hundred dollars the dose.

There can be no doubt that men of iron frames, and accustomed to hard labour, have, after a year or more of severe toil, amassed sums varying from four to eight thousand dollars—nor do we question that such will be the case as long as the superficial *diggins* are rich; but these are the rare birds who soar above all difficulties, whilst hundreds around them fail—and will continue to fail. We should observe, perhaps, that Mr.

Ryan's

Ryan's description of the 'diggins' might lead some readers to think that he and his associates in the Stanislaus gorge were at work upon the solid rock: but he is no geologist. Perhaps his own pencil is sufficient to counteract his less skilful pen—but in fact he means no more than what we knew from the few men of science who have visited the 'placers,' viz. that the chief heaps of gold are in deposits of clay and sand, generally descending into 'pockets' or holes, which penetrate far into chinks or cracks in the water-worn surface of the vertical slates: the whole covered by masses of coarse shingle and rubbish, sometimes of considerable thickness. For the rest, Mr. Ryan, strongly confirming our views by his statement that many spots are already 'dug out,' indulges in sanguine prophecies of what will happen when the present system of wild, disorderly, individual mining shall have been replaced by well-organized and disciplined bodies. If Mr. Ryan thinks these companies *in fore* are to rival Cræsus by labouring on the solid rocks, we beg to hesitate. We can have no sort of doubt that, if they should apply more skill and more quicksilver to the rich *drift*, much more gold might be extracted from it—the diffusion of spangles or flakes of gold being infinitely more abundant than in any tract with which we are acquainted.

We have already referred to Lieut. Buffam, whose sketches of life in the 'diggings' are precise, graphic, and pregnant with the same *moral*. But there is no end to the 'last works' on California. We have just received another entitled 'Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire,' by Mr. Bayard Taylor;—and it also is highly interesting as a record made upon the spot of what the author truly styles 'the marvellous and transitory condition of society in that region during 1849.' His description of the city of San Francisco as he first found it, with its canvas houses, which when lighted up were transparencies by night, as compared with the regularly constructed town which he saw there on returning in a few months from Monterey, is very striking. His lists of prices exceed all belief:—*e. g.* a gambling canvas tent 25 feet by 15 is stated to have been let for 40,000 dollars a-year! In respect, however, to mining settlers, he fairly gives us the foul as well as the fair weather side when he says, 'Numbers of men who had landed only a few months before in the fulness of hale and lusty manhood, were walking about nearly as shrunken and bloodless as the corpses they would soon become.'—(vol. i. p. 207.)

Mr. Taylor visits two or three of the 'placers,' first at the Mokelumne, near the new town of Stockton, and afterwards one of the most distant of the Sacramento sites called the 'Volcano Mines,'

Mines,' which, as he says, are near the craters of volcanoes long extinct. In these 'placers' the most gold had been found in the bottoms or sides of those narrow, abrupt transverse fissures, so frequent in the Sierra Nevada. Now, these cross-vents, or 'gulches,' of great depth were, as all geologists know, made at an anterior period, when the gold-veins were broken up, and when the ore, being forcibly separated, was lodged in the holes or 'pockets' produced by aqueous abrasion on the surface of the highly-inclined talc slates. A mistake naturally enough made by many persons is in supposing that the present rivers have distributed the chief masses of gold, when in fact they have no more separated these from the parent rock than they have by their own agency formed the profound chasms in which they now flow. At the same time, we can easily understand how in that torrential country the present streams descending from the Sierra Nevada re-aggregate large quantities of the smaller and finer gold-dust in bars or banks, where they empty themselves into the lower country.

As M. Adolph Erman anticipated from the character of the rocks in the coast range, gold has been discovered in it, both on the Trinita river about  $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  north of San Francisco, and near San Antonio, sixty miles south of it. But the amount of produce obtained at these new 'placers' is trifling; and in the mean time their wide isolation, near 300 miles distant from each other, sustains our assertion that it is in patches only, and often at very great intervals, that these gold alluvia will be met with. We may well preach attention to facts only when the American newspapers thus herald their announcement of these new *placers* in the coast range:—

'Discoveries have been made which almost induce us to believe that the whole country from San Diego to Cape Mendocino, from the Pacific to the topmost ridge of the Nevada (*i.e.* about 110,000 square miles), and Heaven knows how much farther, have been completely seasoned and spiced with the yellow grains!!'

The real truth in this matter is told by Burke, one of Mr. Ryan's most adventurous friends, who seems to have visited all the known localities in the Sierra Nevada and on its flanks, and who, when an allusion was made to the gold being found over an area of from five to eight hundred miles, contemptuously retorted,—

'All stuff! I know better than that, and so do thousands more by this time. *They forget how far they may go before they come to what we miners call a likely place.*'—*Ryan*, ii. p. 57.

If such be the state of things at the diggings in Upper California

ifornia (and we have fairly cited American as well as British authorities to show how wages are falling), we ask the most steadfast disciple of Adam Smith how the four to five millions are to be produced which are announced by certain statisticians as the probable future *annual* inundation?

We must crave to say a word more on the gold in the solid rocks of California; because, if we may have succeeded in explaining why people will not go on digging at a loss, after the plums have been taken out of the pudding, our readers may still retire to the fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada, and say, 'There at all events we are intrenched upon the gold itself—only see what is now formally and authoritatively said of this by the Hon. J. Butler King in a Report to Congress.' Well, let us see. Mr. King *estimates* that about forty millions of dollars' worth of gold have been extracted in the years 1848 and 1849. In respect to the rivers flowing into the San Joaquin, he says that, hitherto little resorted to, they are believed by such as have visited them to be richer than those of the Sacramento. But this is not yet an established point, and we wait to see the *returns* from the San Joaquin. Again, a reference of great interest is made to the veinstones of which Mr. Lyman spoke as having been recently found, and one of which is said to be four miles long.

'Adopting the hypothesis,' says Mr. King, 'that the gold found in the beds of these streams has been cut or worn from the veins in the quartz through which they have forced their way, and considering the fact that they are *all rich*, and are said to be nearly equally productive, we may form some idea of the vast amount of treasure remaining undisturbed in the veins which run through the masses of rock in various directions over a space of forty or fifty miles wide, and near 500 miles long. If we may be allowed to form a conjecture respecting the richness of these veins from the quantity of lump or coarse gold found in the dry diggings, where it appears to occupy nearly the same superficies it did originally in the rock, its specific gravity being sufficient to resist ordinary moving causes, we shall be led to an estimate almost beyond human calculation and belief.'

Mr. King (able public servant as he doubtless is) must forgive us when we dissent from his logic as applied to subterranean phenomena. If he can overthrow all the data we have already put before our readers, either as to the diminution of gold downwards in nearly all the parent veinstones which have been explored, or (which comes to the same thing in practice) its downward diffusion in such minute and separate threads in the hard rocks as to render its extraction well nigh, if not quite, ruinous—if he can make out that this Californian El Dorado does differ from others in these two respects, which he can only do by sinking deep  
shafts

shafts in these very hard schists and their harder quartz veins, we shall be quite ready to congratulate him upon an entirely new discovery! No bounds, it is true, can then be set to the effect produced by the disembowelling of these golden masses. The great pepites of the Czar of all the Russias, still by much the largest known (and all from alluvia), will sink into mere schoolboys' pebbles alongside of the huge geodes which may be then drawn forth from the very womb of mother earth, and the civilized world will, Midas-like, be changed by Californian gold.

Few need to be reminded that some of our German neighbours are of an imaginative 'idiosyncrasy;' but we must confess we were surprised to find our valued friend Dr. Nöggerath of Bonn, a steady character as well as a clever mineralogist, running counter to the American and Siberian analogies derived from the experience of his countrymen Humboldt and Rosé, and carried so far away as to adopt the boldest visions of Mr. Butler King. In one of a series of articles by him in the Gazette of Cologne it is said—(and we doubt not the accuracy of the statement)—that in some of the specimens sent to New York and Washington there were eleven ounces of gold in four pounds of rock:—that no specimen gave less than one dollar's worth to a pound of the rock:—and that the mean was from one and a half to two dollars' worth to every pound of quartz! In short, Professor Nöggerath makes up his mind that there is enough of this article to freight all the ships of the world for ages to come! But before our fundholders take fright, we recommend them to wait a few years. Let it first be shown that the famous auriferous quartz vein from which these enticing specimens were taken is really so rich in *all its parts*, and whether gold, after this fashion, be spread even all along its surface for the three or four miles of its course. Then what width is it? We believe a few feet only. Further, let us convince ourselves that these specimens sent to the Congress were not (like those brought to us in London from North Carolina) the tit bits selected by interested persons. But, after all, every miner knows full well that it is not by running *along the top* of the veinstone, as these first explorers have alone done, that the true *internal* wealth or condition of the rock is to be ascertained. On the contrary, though we may seem paradoxical, we should be disposed to say, the richer any vein of gold was at the surface the poorer it would probably prove below. At all events, however willing we might be, if thirty years younger, to take to the pick and spade, and try to gain a few thousand dollars in the diggings, we should, with our present knowledge, protest against employing any of our earnings in driving deep shafts after strings of gold in  
hard

hard quartz rock. Our intelligent kinsmen will not long burn their fingers by dipping into such profitless cauldrons; and as long as the great masses of auriferous mountains which *Providence has broken up for their use* are spread out before them, they know too much of them in their own previously established States to attach an over-importance to any of these gold-mines in the solid rock.

We are now inquiring whether California is to change the whole aspect of the civilized world, and *inter alia* to free our nation of 800,000,000*l.* of debt in a quiet and imperceptible manner, and we hold that such a result is utterly at variance with the great natural facts attested and established by history and science. Already, we do think, more than enough has been said to justify our inferences; but antagonistic voices may cry out that we have not spoken of a tithe of the places where some gold occurs, or has been known to exist. We reply, that such localities have been copiously dwelt upon elsewhere, and that we profess to treat only of the great features of the case. Those who wish to enter into all auriferous details must study the great authority Humboldt and many other writers;—but nowhere will they find more useful information than in the Essays by Adolph Erman—(the adventurous explorer of Siberia and Kamschatka)—which are included in our list. Utilizing his acquaintance with the auriferous tracts of Eastern Siberia, and finding precisely the same rocks on the coasts of California, he indicates how, under like conditions, like results follow. The general gold map of the world, which he has appended to his '*Geographisches Verbreitung*' is curious as marking not less than 77 tracts in which gold has been worked, or is known still to exist; and showing, in contradiction to the old received opinion, how vastly it predominates in the northern hemisphere. Even to this huge list of Erman's the names of many other places might be added, including one or two formerly auriferous in our own islands; but the important point for Englishmen now to consider is, the extent to which our own great Australian colonies are likely to become gold-bearing regions. The works of Count Strzelecki and others having made known the facts, that the chief or eastern ridge of that continent consists of palæozoic rocks, cut through by syenites, granites, and porphyries, and that quartzose rocks occasionally prevail in this long meridian chain, Sir Roderick Murchison announced, first to the Geographical Society here, and afterwards to the Geological Society of Cornwall, his belief that, wherever such 'constants' occurred, gold might be expected to be found. Colonel Helmersen suggested the same idea at St. Petersburg. Very shortly afterwards not only were several

several specimens of gold in fragments of quartz veins found in the Blue Mountains north of Sydney, but one of the British chaplains, himself a good geologist, in writing home recently, thus expresses himself: 'This colony is becoming a mining country as well as South Australia. Copper, lead, and gold are in considerable abundance in the schists and quartzites of the Cordilleras, (Blue Mountains, &c.) Vast numbers of the population are going to California, but some day I think we shall have to recall them.' Again, in the low ridges of hard, crystalline, ancient rocks north of Adelaide, beyond the tract where the copper ores are so very productive, Mr. Phillips, a Cornish miner, has discovered gold diffused pretty extensively in detritus; and as the Government at home have wisely resolved not to enforce the application of the English law of royalties, we have no doubt that any superabundant population there will soon bring to the test whether the gold which exists be worth mining or not. Doubtless, if gold be there in any great quantity, the small altitude of the hills north of Adelaide, and their moderate distance from the coast, are likely to render the work infinitely more profitable than when such explorations extend to the centres of great continents. Time alone can reveal to us what is to be the value of these auriferous Australian lands. Many of them, though remunerative in the first few years, may ultimately, like most of our former goldworks, vanish soon from the list of useful and profitable centres of mining; and few, if any, we apprehend, will ever be found (at least we have no accounts in modern times of any such wealthy auriferous gravel) to be as rich as the one locality in California which has produced so much excitement.

In admitting the extraordinary present wealth of the Californian tract, we must at the same time say that we think it is too richly sprinkled to promise any very long duration of its yield; for it is almost a law among miners, that ore too highly condensed in any given locality of lodes and veins, is in the long-run much less profitable than when broadly and widely diffused throughout a mass of rock; and thus it is quite upon the cards (for after all mining is gambling) that other regions whose gold is chiefly disseminated through mountain masses, may afford a supply for ages to come, long after the rich gravel troughs of California shall have been exhausted. In the present paucity of absolute acquaintance with local data we must not, however, underrate the importance of this discovery, nor attempt too rigorously to define the amount of gold to be derived from Upper California.

In our endeavour to explain the cause of this local profusion of Californian gold veins, we cannot refrain from pointing attention to the coincidence of a remarkable geographical feature with the mineral

mineral phenomena in question. All the great quantities of the ore have been derived, as has been stated, from some twelve or fourteen localities in that portion of the western flank of the Sierra Nevada which assumes a north-westerly direction, from that parallel to the meridian it had before followed, between  $37^{\circ} 30'$  and  $39^{\circ}$  N. latitude. By reference to the map of Fremont it will be seen, that the centre of this westward deflection is directly opposite to where the extremity of an east and west ridge, which traverses the great interior saliferous basin, impinges upon the Sierra Nevada, and is associated with the protuberance which *alone* has proved to be so eminently auriferous in all the long chain of mountains ranging from the eternal snows of Russian America to Mexico, Peru, and Chili! If we had space and time, we might offer a few geological reasons for thinking why this intersection of ridges may account for a great local development of ore, just as in mining practice the richest branches are often detected where lodes traverse each other.

In taking leave of California we may say, that if, as we suspect, she is destined to follow sooner or later in the wake of other countries once auriferous, her future fortunes, far from being depressed, will, we trust, be eventually placed on a much surer basis than the irregular and fitful supplies of the most precious metal. Instead of crowding together in the few gorges watered by the affluents of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, or on the plateaux below them, where the gold has abounded, the vigorous immigrants from the old States will unquestionably derive in the end from a virgin soil, so rich in many parts, a much more steady and durable wealth. As large as Italy, and occupying nearly the same latitude in the other hemisphere, the maritime region of Upper California is blessed with a climate equal if not superior to that of the Mediterranean. More lofty than the Apennines (geologically more venerable, and therefore as we have shown auriferous), her Sierra Nevada is fringed with forests of gigantic pines; her plateaux, now dug into by gold-hunters, sustain the most magnificent oaks, many of which are fast disappearing under the axe of the miner; whilst her fine rocky slopes and alluvial plains between the Sierra Nevada and the coast range (both now known to be metalliferous) are destined to furnish crops of wheat, grapes, and olives, such as never were to be dreamt of when the indolent Indians dawdled through life under the mild sway of the Missionaries.

We must now fly from California and its gold:—we have already to apologise for an excessive issue of our own paper. And yet withal the figures or *£.s.d.* of the case have scarcely been touched upon; for truly they are not the vocation of those  
who

who like ourselves only meddle with the raw material. The course which is run by a piece of gold, from the moment it is taken out of its native 'placer' to its final exit from the stage, might offer many interesting additions to the well-known Adventures of a Guinea. If Humboldt and Jacob approached to accuracy in giving us about two millions and a half sterling as the average annual supply from all other sources, before the additions made by Russia and California, we might be startled at our prospects—provided these two countries were for ever to furnish such supplies as are spoken of, or even such as have been ascertained. We have ventured to prophesy, and our predictions have to stand the test of time. But in settling the question of what is enough and what is too much, we find that the best political economists hold very unsettled opinions. The amount of gold in existence is *not known to anybody*. If, indeed, confidence is to be reposed in the work on the precious metals written by Mr. Jacob twenty years ago, we should be led to believe that the supply of gold was then in no way a compensation even for the exhaustion of the material in manufactures and by wear-and-tear. In this case (those data remaining uncontradicted) it must have been a great desideratum for the commercial world to discover new Dorados. Siberia and California have since let loose their golden floods; but it remains for some younger worthy to take up the mantle of our venerable friend Jacob, and show us by proofs and figures at what rate the present luxurious generation is annually consuming gold; and after referring to every drain which man now applies to the noble metal, he may end in persuading some of us, that after all we have not a greater quantity of it than is required for the positive uses of the *present day*—including, of course, its substitution for the vast issues of paper-money which characterised the period of Mr. Jacob's more active life. As such illustrations are much called for, they will, we hope, be furnished by that meritorious body, the Statistical Society of London.

After saying that a rise of prices in most articles will follow a great addition to the stock of precious metals, Mr. M'Culloch goes on thus:—

'Should eight or nine millions of pounds sterling of gold be henceforth annually added to the existing stock of the commercial world, a repetition of the effects consequent on the first discovery of the American mines will most likely be experienced.'—*Appendix to Commercial Dictionary*, article *Gold*.

The eminent statist has here sagaciously guarded himself by the words 'should,' 'henceforth,' and 'annually,' as to the native production—and even the future effect of such produce is coupled with

with a 'likely.' Now, denying as we do, that Europe in her present advanced state can be so affected by any sudden inundation of specie as she was in those times when a great sovereign had but a single pair of silk stockings, and a Scottish one borrowed a pair from one of his magnates, we must leave the solution of all such problems to others, and adhere to our own text as inscribed in the book of Nature. We therefore say, that if the general law respecting gold, *found to hold true* from the days of Job, has not been specially reversed in California, it follows that, as every trough or basin has its bottom, and that at a shallow depth, the best stuff must be dug out and washed from the rubbish in periods shorter or longer according to the amount of population employed in each digging. The words 'henceforth' and 'annually' cannot, therefore, be statistically applied to such troughs or basins. For example, if worked by a scanty Spanish or Indian population, Upper California might supply a million sterling per annum for many a year; but, with tens of thousands of active Jonathans thrown into it, that country may be cleared of all its superficial gold in a few years—and this even though the annual supply may never exceed the four or five millions sterling which are *modestly* talked about. England is the great gold-consuming country—and not more than three or four millions have, as far as we can learn, found their way to our shores in the last two years.

Yet, however we may decline to enter into the arcana of figures, there is one general observation connected with the statistical branch of this inquiry which in parting we must take leave to make. So long as Europe shall be agitated as she has been during the last two or three years by democracy and socialism, so long will many persons who have the 'wherewithal' provide themselves with well-filled purses to meet the days of proscription and exile. To what extent distrust and panic operate in abstracting the precious metals from circulation, was but too well known and felt in Germany, France, and Italy\* at that recent period when the perpetual shifting of the scenes of the political drama furnished an amiable friend with his Woburn Epilogue:—

'Old names go down like mighty ships at sea,  
And the wild waves scarce answer where they be;  
Great Powers, like Misses in a play, elope:  
Who's that upon the dickey?—It's the Pope!'

\* We had occasion in a recent article to give some details of the disappearance of all coin and precious metals in the richest cities and provinces of revolution-ridden Italy. In the Austrian dominions on this side the Alps, even at this moment (Aug. 1850) no gold nor silver whatever is to be seen! Hardly one specimen even of copper! The small circulation is still, as it was last year, paper—the note for 3 kreutzers being further divisible into four bits!

Thanks to the steady front presented to a Chartist mob by our upper and middle classes, an English poet could thus spout 'at home at ease' for a pleasant Christmas party in a ducal saloon. But even in this hitherto favoured land, to which money flows in from all sides as to the securest haven, it is a most remarkable fact, that *in each of the years 1848 and 1849 about forty thousand guineas, half-guineas, and seven-shilling pieces—golden coin suppressed during the last two reigns, and therefore unknown to our juvenile readers—were brought to the Mint to be melted!* Passing by therefore the loss, exhaustion, and wear and tear of gold, which will explain the disappearance of so much bullion, we beg a little attention to this one feature of hoarding. If that plan has been acted upon already even *here*, we venture to prophesy that, should the Continental disturbances be renewed and extend themselves to our firesides, not all the heaps of Siberia and *gulches* of California will more than replace the gold which will be secreted; and a considerable proportion of which will for ever disappear, owing to the secrecy observed by the hoarders in their operations. As a lesson therefore, more useful to the multitude than any they will learn at the 'diggins,' we recommend economists to prepare an estimate, to be distributed in a penny's worth of type, to show at one view how much specie is withdrawn from circulation on each occasion of social and political disturbance—and thus try to settle the debtor and creditor account with those Utopians of the Peace Society who, to arrive at their millennium, have boasted that they will destroy mighty empires with as much ease as they 'crumple up pieces of paper' before credulous Cockneys.

ART. V.—*A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.* By William Mure of Caldwell. Vols. I.—III. 8vo. 1850.

THESE are the opening volumes of a work which, if completed on the same scale of fulness, and without any defalcation in breadth of research, independence of thought, and vigour of style, will establish its author in the first rank of literary historians. There exists no book in any language that can fairly claim the same title; nor even if K. O. Müller had lived to finish his excellent one, would it have supplied the blank which we may hope to see filled up by Colonel Mure: for firstly, he had not ventured on anything like the Colonel's minuteness of detail and freedom of illustration; secondly, he was a mere scholar, and a mere untravelled German scholar—profoundly read in learned authorities and academical controversies, but betraying continually the want of that knowledge of life and affairs which is so peculiarly

peculiarly required in the expositor of Greek literature:—and moreover hampered by indistinctness of conception as to the actual physical features of Greece;—this latter deficiency being so much felt by himself that he declined to pursue his work without having personally explored the country—in which effort he met his early and lamented death. In all these points his successor has a conspicuous advantage over him. To every appliance of English and also of German education, the Member for Renfrewshire has added abundant experience and observation of man, society, and business. Our readers are no strangers to his *Travels in Greece*;\* or probably to the many critical essays in English and in foreign journals which have sustained the impression that book made. Both *Travels* and *Essays* may be considered as the preparations and prælusions of this *History*—which, its preface tells us, has been the chief occupation of his mind during twenty years. We are willing to hope that he has already performed the heaviest part of his labour. A man of his sense would hardly have begun the composition of such a work, certainly not have given any instalment of it to the public, before he had deliberately reviewed the whole compass of his subject and materials, and seen clearly in his mind's eye the scope and interdependence of its multifarious sections. After the reading and noting which such a survey and the subsequent step imply, the mere writing may cost comparatively little to a practised pen. We understand that some more volumes may be expected after no considerable interval, and old as we are, speculate on handling the last of what must needs be a long series.

These three goodly 8vos. bring us down only to the age of Pisistratus;—that is, they are occupied almost exclusively, after some preliminary chapters on philology, with the history of the Epic and early Lyric poetry of Greece. The work of Müller, so well translated by Mr. George Cornewall Lewis,† advances many stages beyond this point; and for that, among other reasons, we shall defer any attempt to compare and balance the two writers, until at least one more *livraison* of the latter is on our desk. On the present occasion, indeed, we mean to confine ourselves within narrow limits, and to keep before us principally what critics now-a-days are apt to regard as a humble and trivial function. For we adhere to our old-fashioned notion that, when a man of rich endowments makes his first appearance, or offers the first specimen of what seems destined to be the main monument of his literary energy—but more especially when his book is of the graver class—it is the primary duty of reviewers to think not of themselves but of their author; to put the rein on indulgence in

\* See *Q. Rev.*, vol. lxx. p. 129.

† *Library of Useful Knowledge*, 1847.

any sort of display except the display of his qualities; to aim, in short, with a single heart at the encouragement of his zeal by awakening the curiosity and sympathy of his and their public. This by no means forbids the indication of any real or supposed error or defect of a pervading sort; on the contrary, at least in the case of the commencing portion of a bulky book, that seems a duty of commensurate obligation. But it excludes all chance of formal, original, or would-be-original, disquisition on the part of the journalist; and we suspect that even at present, when the case is really one of solid and serious claims, our friends are far from being displeased with a recurrence to the primitive notion of *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*.

Those, however, of our habitual readers who have attended to our statement of the period embraced in these volumes, will very easily comprehend what difficulty we should have had in adopting a more ambitious plan. They must be at once aware that the Colonel's chief theme is *Homer*—and will recollect that even within these few years we have devoted several entire articles to what must, of course, constitute very leading topics in his treatment of that vast theme. It is a true comfort to us that we have found our views on these questions in harmony, generally speaking, with the results of this historian's protracted study and deliberate analysis of the poems themselves—an analysis more keen and searching, as well as liberal and genial, than they, or we might, perhaps, say than any uninspired writings of antiquity ever before underwent. In some respects he has gone farther than we had previously ventured to do—in some few he halts behind the conclusions with which we have now satisfied ourselves;—and he appears to have made slender progress in one great branch of learning without which we are convinced the task which he has so much advanced cannot be perfected. But we are sure we have already said enough to justify to our readers the choice which we have avowed. We shall, in a word, endeavour to illustrate the design and method of Colonel Mure's chapters on the Homeric controversy—chapters which, if published as a distinct treatise, should have been quite sufficient to command general admiration and gratitude.

In this controversy our countrymen have taken a considerable part—and on both sides of it; but the cleverest of them that occupies a prominent place among the heretics, Mr. Payne Knight, had something diseased in his mind from the beginning, and was exactly the man to adopt eagerly and defend ingeniously a theory which ran counter to the old traditions and common sense of the world. In fact, the doctrine revived and developed by Wolf as to Homer, was an offset from the determined warfare against the

Bible

Bible which throughout the last century occupied so many of the liveliest intellects in Europe. Homer has been not unjustly called, by Wolf himself, the Bible of Greece; and it would be easy to show in how many ways the Antichristian conspiracy might have hoped to see its proper object forwarded by the collateral—however in many cases undesigned—co-operation of those who essayed to shake everything that had been for thousands of years accepted as to the origin, construction, and authority of the literary monument which approached nearest in claim of antiquity to the Hebrew Scriptures, and had exerted an influence only inferior to theirs on the religious belief of nations, besides directing and governing, far more than any other writings whatever, the general sentiment and taste of the cultivated world. In such a movement it was no wonder that a few leisurely and eccentric Englishmen engaged; but it was one especially suited to the marking propensities of the Germans—who have always leisure for everything in the line of reading and writing, and with whom eccentricity has long been the standard substitute for genius. Accordingly they worked each after his fashion for nearly fifty years with most pertinacious alacrity—one cutting and slashing—another pruning and paring—score upon score mumbling and nibbling—until at length there was little more left of what Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Varro, or Virgil understood by *Homer*, than there is of what we and our readers still venerate as *the Book*, for the disciples of the illustrious sect which had Voltaire for its patriarch, and has at present that eminent *Professor of Divinity*, Dr. Strauss, for its hierophant in chief. The attacks were conducted upon the very same principles—and it would be curious enough to exhibit in detail the precise parallels between the methods of working out these principles, the results announced, the overawing effect produced for the moment, the subsequent reaction of a scepticism against the sceptics, and the ultimate success of awakened reflection, honest investigation, and candid judgment in disentangling the whole vast web of sophistry, and restoring things, in the general opinion of the sane community of Christendom, to very nearly the *status quo ante bellum*.

In the Homeric department Colonel Mure—notwithstanding his neglect of some very valuable resources—will, we have no sort of doubt, be held to have practically ended the strife and erected the Conservative trophy on a rescued field. For the upper classes of educated men, in this country at least, we are willing to believe that the other and graver debate may be said to have arrived sooner at a salutary termination; but in that case the discussion took a far wider range—reaching to, if not below, that immense mass of active minds which have been stimulated and set in motion

motion by the rapid extension of a shallow, superficial, half-learning, the parent of upsetting conceit and worst enemy of all reverence. Accordingly, works long since tried and found wanting by those having time and capacity for thorough inquiry, are still circulating—nay, we fear are daily extending their vogue and influence—among some of the most important classes of society—all that immense territory in our mental map which may be intelligibly described as the dominion of the Mechanics' Institute. We saw a few weeks ago in one of the newspapers a letter from a clergyman (we think of Birmingham) declining to attend some meeting of the sort recently so common, on the ground that he considered it unwise for Christians to be parading and exacerbating their internal differences, while their united efforts would not be too much to repel the common foe; and Mr. Henry Drummond, who never writes or speaks without putting his views into a memorable shape, expressed the same opinion in his late pamphlet on the Gorham question, by saying that the controversies of our day between or within churches and sects, are of no more consequence than it was in what street of Jerusalem a particular Jew amused himself with counting his shekels when Titus was thundering at the gates. We earnestly wish, therefore, that the literary industry of our clerks could be diverted into another channel. At present it is at once sad and ludicrous to see how many reverend gentlemen, holding no exalted or ultra-responsible position in the Church, nor recognised as of any special weight out of their own immediate circles, consider themselves called upon to step forward on whatever knotty question has been stirred as to the interpretation of this law or that canon; while not one attempt has been made to encounter the Strauss poison by an antidote suited for its greediest imbibers. We have to thank some of their order—especially the Dean of St. Paul's\*—for able exposures of those noxious fallacies; but we have met with none such that were not addressed to readers on their own intellectual level, or at least capable of entering into the discussion with the average resources of academical training and professional acquirement. It is the grand merit of Colonel Mure, as we hope in part to exemplify, that he has brought the Homeric infidels to a sort of ordeal within the scope—not merely of recluse devotees of antique lore, but—of all who are likely to feel any interest in the result of the critical experiment. In the other case it would be necessary to keep a still wider circle in view, and of course to employ a style con-

\* See his *History of Christianity*, vol. i., 1840. There is an English version of Strauss in 3 vols. 8vo., evidently done by an accomplished scholar, the misapplication of whose skill is deeply to be regretted; but the great evil is the, we believe, enormous circulation among the artisan classes in our great towns, both English and Scotch, of meaner translations, executed after the French, in sixpenny numbers.

siderably different—but the main method of his tactic is precisely what should be followed—and the man who shall gird his loins for that adventure will be blessed by millions when Allies and Gorham are as dead as Ditton and Whiston.

Besides the innate predilection among the Teutonic doctors for anything odd and startling in the way of theory—no unnatural consequence of their usual mode of existence in small dull towns, affording little of wholesome contrast to the placid monotony of desk and pipe—they have another grand characteristic—if indeed it should not rather be ranked as a constituent feature of the aforesaid general disposition—which vigorously promoted their Wolfomania, and revealed itself to a truly amazing degree in every stage of the complaint;—namely, want of taste—a real blindness to beauties of conception and execution which interfered with their Q.E.D., and, if at all appreciated, must have held out the strongest admonition that it never could be demonstrated. On this head we may observe that they have furnished almost all contemporary nations with sufficient warning, by what they have benevolently and industriously done towards the illustration of modern literatures not their own. Far be it from us and from our friends to deny or extenuate the worth of some of their labours in such directions. In several instances, where native pride had fallen asleep over possessions of solid worth, their cosmopolitan enthusiasm revealed the treasure; and, above all, lazy Spain has been put to shame irretrievable by their digging up of her buried gems. But even there the attraction with them was not the brightness of the jewel, but the depth of its interment; and if they have not received due thanks for its restoration, the indolent beneficiaries have at least the apology that equal gratitude was demanded for the most trivial gewgaw disencrusted from the same rubbish. The principle was, that whatever had been forgotten deserved to be remembered; to be obscure was to be precious. Every condemnatory judgment of the past was *à priori* entitled to a repeal. But we need not look beyond our own case. Heartily acknowledging, as we have always done, the help derived to our literary antiquaries from the exertions of William Schlegel, and a few others whose minds had soared above the foggy atmosphere about them—who were often of use from bringing fresh eyes to an object that had remained unscrutinized only because it was at our elbow, and who not seldom, by the announcement of an ingenious error, pointed the way to a clearer general vindication of imperilled orthodoxy;—we cannot but see what a small space that one eminent writer and his few meritorious pupils occupy in the vast library of German criticism on English Literature—more especially the literature of our theatre;

theatre; nor can we affect to speak otherwise than with sheer disgust of the rest of that huge conglomeration. It leaves no doubt on our mind that, if the Cyclic poets had come down, the Germans would have proved in a hundred tomes that Lesches and Euegammon were infinitely superior to Homer, and had been set on the shelf by the universal voice of Athens and all Greece—not to mention Alexandria or learned Rome—merely because the wise men of old, from Greek being their mother tongue, or as familiar to them as French is to a modern English gentleman, were necessarily incapable of studying such authors and deciding such questions in fashion comparable to the *Senatus Academicus* of Tübingen or Breslau.

They certainly consider that as the safe canon with respect to our own affairs. First of all, they never see—we really doubt if any even of their better men except Schlegel and Goëthe (who never went leisurely into the subject) had the least glimpse of—the immense gulf that intervenes between Shakspeare and those whom it has been too common to speak of as the other great dramatists of the Elizabethan period. One makes every allowance for the purblind ecstasies of professed black-letter moles and grubs at home or abroad; but what are we to say, when we find persons enjoying the reputation in their own country not only of universal critics but of original poets, who painfully translate, edit, and comment upon ‘the Fore-school of Shakspeare’—that is, the limping poetasters that wrote plays before Shakspeare produced his masterpieces, and from whom he occasionally borrowed the thread of a story or the dim and tremulous outline of a character; and gravely proceed, from first to last, on the notion that these worthies have been comparatively neglected here, not because they are poetasters but because Shakspeare is with us a blind, bigoted, intolerant superstition?—In like manner, when they grapple with the great bard himself, the mark nine times out of ten is either to saddle him with some play which he had nothing to do with, or at most, in his capacity of Globe proprietor, had gone over pen in hand, touching up the dialogue here and there, and perhaps sticking in some vivid speech or scene of his own *ad captandum*; or else it is to prove that what his benighted countrymen have voted a blot is one of his sublimest beauties; to elucidate the profound philosophy lurking under what Warburton and Johnson took for a mere pun; or how completely all English readers, for two hundred and fifty years, have mistaken one of his really simplest and most elementary characters; that men had always read him, in fact, straightforward, or from left to right, or at best *boustrophedon*—never in the real authentic way—that is upside down—until salvation flashed on the world from some farthing candle at Heidelberg. For example, one luminous professor

professor makes it clear as mud that 'Arden of Feversham' was penned wholly by Shakspeare, and ranks with his very first masterpieces; to wit, not Macbeth or Othello, but Titus Andronicus, or 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' or the 'Two Noble Kinsmen.' Another establishes in 150 pages of text, with foot-notes as long but not so light as Bayle's, that the same poet never could have created both a Lear and a Falstaff. Another delivers as the result of a not less laborious investigation, that we are wholly wrong about Dolly Tearsheet, whose genuine affection for Sir John ought to cover a multitude of early indiscretions, and who was uttering the deepest emotion of a true heart when she declared that she would never dress herself handsome again till her little tidy boar-pig came back from the wars. Then there is a whole school who consider it as a capital blunder to take Shakspeare's dramas for the best of his performances, but fight justly among themselves as to whether that character belongs righteously to his Sonnets or his Venus and Adonis; but we think the Sonneteers are now the topping sect—though what half the Sonnets are about, hardly two are agreed. Such is the art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers—exhibited with equal success in the Homeric and the Shakspearian departments, and which—for so divine a system can never die—will, two or three centuries hence, no question, whitewash the author of Childe Harold from that odious imputation of having written Don Juan—which was really the work of a licentious humorist named Southey, who had the impudence to dedicate it to himself by way of blind; as also that the witty, jocular letters ascribed to Byron (the melancholy Achilles of the resuscitated Achaia) were all manufactured for the furtherance of Whig doctrines by his executor and biographer Lord Hobhouse (for Moore is a myth, and there is no more truth in the burning of the autobiography than in the fall of Jericho);—will also inquire and decide who wrote the Waverley Novels?—did Scott exist?—had he any share in them?—were Hogg and Scott dialectical forms of the same name?—was *shepherd* Gaelic for *sheriff*?—why it was that the Georgian and Victorian grammarians failed to see the superiority of Caleb Balderstone to the Master of Ravenswood?—finally, what Tyrant of New York or Emperor of Botany Bay it was that made certain barristers of seven years' standing overhaul the antiquated fragments of folk's lore touching the wars of the Pretender—(evidently the same with those of the two roses)—and reduce them into a series—of which, however, the flaws and falsifications will never endure anything like an artistic dissection.

Much of the same happy discrimination is to be admired in their estimates of British authors generally—dead or living. Ossian has stood his ground: they are not to be gulled with the

vulgar

vulgar romances about Macpherson ; the originals were examined and approved by Sir John Sinclair and published *in extenso* by the Highland Society. Ossian is infinitely the greatest as well as oldest of our insular bards—he can never be too much studied, whether for mythology, history, manners, or metres. Richardson, too, flourishes ; he, not Fielding, is the real ‘life-painter’ of George II.’s time. Blackmore is not without friends. Hervey (not Sporus, but the Mediator) is in great feather. There are two charms which never fail—dulness and finery ; choose between drab and pink—but with either you are sure of immortality. Creep or walk on stilts. If you dance, let it be on a barn-floor or a tight rope—if you fiddle, play on one string or with your toes. Nature vibrates between truism and conceit—these are the legitimate alphabet—the rest intrusive—not real Cadmus. If any gifted son of any Muse be vilipended at home, whether on pretence of platitudes or of affectations, let him be of good cheer—few prophets are honoured in their own land. If Germany should by any miraculous infelicity overlook him, America will not ; but commonly the critical sentiment of these grand arbiters will be in unison. Look at any Leipzig catalogue, and consider what sort of English books are most translated. The only thing you may be confident of is, that, if you see one author worried among half a dozen rival *oversetters*, you had never heard of him in England. And so in the other high appeal-court of Parnassus—when Sir Charles Lyell last arrived at Boston, he found all the town agog about some Professor’s course of lectures (we think the name was Professor Peabody) on the poetry of Miss Eliza Cook—the Sappho or Corinna, we believe, of the ‘London Weekly Dispatch.’ We cannot doubt that she has also been illustrated by Frescoists of Düsseldorf.

Where from original malformation or inveterate habit the mind’s eye can see but one side of a question, the odds are that in any given case it will select the wrong one ; but we must confess that even now we reflect with wonder on the universal acquiescence of Germany in the hypothesis, or rather hypotheses, of Wolf. Wolf was himself a man of splendid talents, and we forgive everything to a daring intellect by degrees so excited from eternal brooding over a theory virtually of its own framing as to become blind to its most pervading weaknesses. That a man should have felt the excellence of the Homeric poetry so keenly as many pages in his prolegomena and lectures show him to have done\*—and yet should have perceived no radical obstacle

to

\* We are sorry to say that we have never been able to lay our hand upon Wolf’s specimen of a translation of Homer, which remains buried in some old magazine, and which,

to a theory which assumes the existence in or about the same age of at least two men—but really of an indefinite number—each capable of creating poetry of that standard; nay, that he should have thought it less probable that there once lived a genius capable of conceiving and executing both the ‘Iliad’ and the ‘Odyssey’ substantially as we have them, than that there ever was, since time began, a second man who could have produced any one of the supreme passages in either of those works—this is, no doubt, sufficiently startling. But that so many cold, uninventive, painstaking heads should, after much pondering, have embraced deliberately the same hallucination, is a marvel by itself. A school of Odyssean invention!—of Iliadic inspiration!—hereditary firms and partnerships for the manufacture of first-rate, since unapproachable, to the eye of all preceding ages one and totally unique poetry! Did it never occur to ask how it came to pass that there was no other even alleged instance (for the Shakspeare theories were as yet unborn) of a true poet of the highest order whose works had been counterfeited with even the slightest success? Is it so light and easy a matter to achieve in any human art what cannot be at once distinguished from the original exemplar—for some one must set the key—of unsurpassable mastery? Did it never occur that, given such an exemplar, and given to boot the second man that could counterfeit it effectually, he would be the last of all men to try? He would be withheld by reverent admiration as well as by just pride. If he were such a *lusus naturæ* as with such a pitch of intellect to have none of these feelings, he would certainly make up by sharpness of interested calculation, and foresee clearly that, whatever he might do, he could never carry off the praise of praises:—*Imitatores servum pecus*. Did ever a Raphael propose to himself as the object of his ambition to produce a picture that might be taken for a Michael Angelo? If he did, it could only be for a sportive experiment—and he could hardly succeed even in that—for where the divine inspiration burns within, it will betray itself. Scott amused himself with an imitation of Crabbe—it is as clever as James Smith’s—but is that all? When Crabbe read it, the honest bard smiled and sighed. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘this man has caught my trick—he can do all that I can do, but he

which, according to our informants, proves even more strikingly his feeling of the poet. It must also have escaped Colonel Mure, or he would have somewhere alluded to it. In this *tour de force*, we are told, Wolf not only renders line for line and word for word, which Voss aims at, but he gives foot for foot—dactyle for dactyle, spondee for spondee, and above all cæsura for cæsura—things Voss never dreamt of attempting—and yet in life, spirit, and poetry is conspicuously above his able and industrious rival. The booksellers urged him to proceed—he answered he would give them Iliad and Odyssey complete, and the *Batrachomyomachia* too—if they would pay him a ducat per line—which shut their mouths of course. Wolf was no lover of hard work any more than David Hume.

can do something more.' Fancy Byron setting himself seriously to a novel that should pass for Scott's—or Schiller to a continuation of the Faust. Are these the fond dreams to fix a man who is conscious of the powers to frame a Manfred or a Wallenstein? The difficulty is to find a first-rate man—find him, and it will cost us no anxious spasm to allow him the credit of all that was ever ascribed to him by any one that understood and duly valued any one specimen whatever of his first-rateness. Somebody made the 24th book of the Iliad;—many of these illustrious doctors pronounce that book the otiose appendix of some after-comer—they demonstrate that the true action of the poem terminates before the book opens—that when the extinction of the wrath of Achilles against Agamemnon has been proclaimed by the reappearance of the hero in his new panoply, and its effect consummated in the slaughter of Hector, the sole bulwark of Troy, the game has been played out—the plot is completed—and it is quite impossible that the artist who contrived the plot should have tagged to it a long epilogue of superfluous details—especially this monstrous *Omega* all occupied with so frivolous a superfluity as the fate of the mere body of the late crown prince of Ilion. This is their decision; but at the same time their master, Wolf, at all events would be most ready to admit that the 24th book is in itself a piece of poetry unsurpassed (if equalled) by any portion of what he and they are so good as to consider the authentic fabric of the Iliad—or—we beg Mr. Lachmann's pardon—of the *Achilleis*—for the ancients no more knew the name of the work than the names of its authors. Now, our scepticism indulges in a different vein of speculation. Give us the man that could do that 24th book—and it puzzles us to conceive how or why such a man should busy himself with a factitious tailpiece of mollification to the work of the other man who had depicted the wrath *ab ovo*—but not less upon what principle it should have been doubted that the man who did make the 24th book was more likely than any other man who ever lived to have made also the 6th, the 9th, the 18th—the whole of the Iliad. If we discovered to-morrow in a corner of the British Museum a yellow MS. containing one scene equal to the finest in Hamlet or the Tempest as respects poetical power, but in a style widely different—would you, admiring it with the merited enthusiasm, regard it as after all no proof that the writer could have designed and penned a play of which it might worthily make part?—or, if the style also were to all appearance quite Shakspearian, would the constitution of your mind and the course of your critical habits and experience land you in a bewildering hesitation whether it were more likely that there had been

been two Shakespeares in the world, or that a fragment of the old original William had somehow fallen aside and been happily disinterred by Sir H. Ellis?

It is only—or all but only—with Wolf himself that our gallant Colonel has to do battle on the heretical theory in chief, without the preliminary aggravation of avowed heterodoxy as respects the most noted gems of Homeric handiwork—the specific passages in either epic that had immemorially passed current as of purest ray serene, priceless, and elsewhere unmatched. Wolf's erudite disciples, if they can be said to have agreed on any thing besides the great general articles of misbelief, seem to have instinctively concurred in an antipathy to these time-hallowed miracles of thought and word. Whenever what they call *the action* comes to what they consider a halt—that is, whenever the Poet is tempted to relieve his pictures of war and tumult by some exquisite glimpse of domestic tenderness, or—heated by a self-kindled flame of which those doctors have no more notion than Cheselden's patient had of scarlet—expands into some delicious commemoration of old personal reminiscence or dear dream of romantic tradition—it is *luce clarius* that this is a patch. The antique manufacturing company knew their business too well to have winked at such interferences with the rubrical continuity of the patent web—they were stuck on by the sciologists who sent in their accounts for travelling expenses, attendance at consultations, copies made, and *sundries*, to the treasury of Pisistratus. In this way they put out of court for ever, on the motion of Counsellor Hermann, or Lachmann or some other of his understrappers, whatever has signally familiarized and brought home to us the most masculine of Homer's characters; whatever has made us sympathise with the flesh and blood and be merciful to the frailties of others; whatever in short has made them living types of human nature and the despair of all the poets of 3000 years—save one. Apply the same sort of process to that one:—but let us be merciful—apply it only to the most learned, adroit, and artistical (in the doctors' own sense of that last word) among Homer's or Shakespeare's successors. What fortunate riddances now in the case of Virgil!—how many of his crack paragraphs are manifest *panni*!—think of fathering on such an expert as that such a gross interpolation as the purposeless episode of Euryalus, or such a transparent clumsiness as a piece of flattery about Marcellus! Such superfœtations will not bear a touch of the scalpel. Or take Milton:—what a swoop of his pretty eaglets! What a world of stuffed in abortive excrescences about Pagan mythology, mediæval romance, blindness of an ex-Latin secretary of Oliver Cromwell—evil days of the Cabal—and Lely's bebies! Imagine the gravest of

of Christian poets mixing up Eve and Proserpine, the fall of the Angels with discharges of artillery—Galaphron and his city of Albracca—Charlemagne and all his chivalry at Fontarabia. So treated, no doubt, poets may be shorn of their most troublesome beams, and reduced by safe manipulation within the comprehension of the critical lens.

We select a few detached passages from the masterly chapter in which Colonel Mure prepares us for the extreme minuteness of his analysis.

‘The internal evidence of the poems is now universally admitted to be the only source from which any clear light can be expected on their history; yet there is no branch of the whole Homeric question which has been so greatly neglected. Neither ingenuity nor subtlety has here, indeed, been spared by the supporters of the sceptical doctrine. Their attempts to prove too much may even have contributed at times to strengthen the case of their opponents. The complete mutilation, not merely of the entire poems, but of their separate limbs, paragraphs, and verses, which would ensue, were effect given to those commentaries, would prove as incompatible with the existence of a fugitive ballad as of a finished epopee. They also tend, by their own discrepancy, to defeat each other. The flaw or blemish where one critic discovers plain evidence of patchwork, is passed over unheeded by another; while the text admitted by the first as a genuine fruit of the primitive heroic minstrelsy, is discarded by the second as the spurious offspring of a tasteless imitator. By the supporters of the old opinion, on the other hand, the arguments from this source, by far the most conclusive at their disposal, have been turned to comparatively slender account. The objections founded on the real or imputed discordances of the action have indeed been skilfully combated—but no attempt has been made to place the whole question on that higher ground of principle which it is capable of occupying.

‘It may be laid down as a general rule, in all questions as to the genuine character of a great literary work, that the evidence supplied by similarity of style is stronger on the one side, than that derived from a corresponding amount of anomaly on the other. The same poet can as little be expected to maintain unvarying consistency and propriety, as the same man uninterrupted health of body or serenity of mind. It must further be remembered that original genius is proverbially eccentric and capricious, and that these characteristics are more especially apt to find place in the compositions of a poet unshackled by the critical refinements of civilised ages. The same freedom of fancy which raises him to the highest regions of the sublime will at times lead him into defects at which an ordinary versifier of the present day might be entitled to cavil. Very different is the value of the affirmative evidence, resulting from a large amount of correspondence, in any such case. Writers of ordinary capacity, whose style is formed on the prevailing taste of the day, may frequently present so great a general resemblance, as to render it difficult to decide, upon internal grounds, to whom, among those

those of a given period, a production is to be ascribed: but any such pervading identity between any two or more different minds, in respect to all the higher excellences, as well as the more delicate characteristics, of poetical genius, as it would be necessary to assume on the basis of the modern Homeric theory, were a phenomenon unexampled in historical times, nor consequently admissible, on hypothetical grounds, in the darker periods of art. Throughout the two poems the same deep knowledge of human nature is displayed, in identically the same forms, not merely in the delineation of those more prominent passions or feelings which may sometimes be vigorously apprehended even by inferior artists, but in the penetrating power with which the single great master dives into the recesses of the heart, plucks forth its hidden treasures, and embodies them in living forms before our eyes. Throughout, the same spirit and originality in the conception of his characters are combined with the same constancy in sustaining them; the same vivid impression of the varied phenomena of nature, with the same graphic powers of description, perspicuity of narrative, and harmony of numbers.'—vol. i. p. 225.

Besides the assumed miracle that the excellences thus copiously spread over the Homeric epics were within the reach of a troop of bards living in one and the same period of one and the same nation, Colonel Mure well observes—

'With this improbability would be combined the little less marvellous circumstance, *that these transcendantly gifted minstrels, amid the variety of materials which tradition placed at their disposal, should have conspired in selecting the Troic series of adventures, or even two limited portions of it, while the crowd of second-rate poets were equally unanimous in preferring different subjects, or different portions of the same.\** To the above coincidences need scarcely be added, as regards the more popular form of the modern theory, the still more marvellous coincidence, *that these poems, after several centuries of circulation in their separate capacity, should have been found to constitute the parts of two vast integral epopees, each following out a continuous train of events through numerous complicated vicissitudes: that one part should have suggested itself as a beginning, another as a middle, a third as an end; that the rest should have afforded appropriate episodes; and that each should have been interspersed with mutual references to the incidents destined by the presiding genius of Parnassus to go before and follow after.*

'It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of

\* Arctinus, the next most celebrated poet of the school, took up, in his *Æthiopis*, the series of adventures before Troy, precisely at the stage in which the *Iliad* ceases, and carried them on to the death of Ajax. The Lesser *Iliad* continued the interrupted tale to the fall of the city, which catastrophe was also treated by Arctinus in a work entitled the *Destruction of Troy*. The author of the *Cypria* treated the previous subject from the birth of Helen, and brought it down to the exact epoch at which the *Iliad* commences. The *Nosti* filled up the interval between *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

the Iliad and Odyssey, must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of imitative art, this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature, in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity, is the highest and rarest attribute of genius; and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this, among his many great qualities, which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor, with the single exception perhaps of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and sexes. *Still more peculiar to himself than their variety is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author.* Each describes himself spontaneously, when brought on the scene; just as the automata of Vulcan in the Odyssey, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles is next to impossible. Still less credible is it, that the different parts of the Iliad, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering, according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is, perhaps, even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is still less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages, than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. *Two poets of the Elizabethan age might, without any concert, have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V.; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth, the Falstaffs, Pistols, Bardolphs, Quickleys, were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the Iliad and Odyssey are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.*—vol. i. p. 233.

After expatiating with singular force and liveliness on the more general marks of unity in either epopee—and the perfect skill with which the one avoids to repeat anything detailed in the other, while there is no collision or contradiction, but an easy and entire harmony, with countless wealth of mutual illustration—Colonel Mure invites us to consider the curious evidence of consistent plan in the whole of each work which is presented by the individual structure of its chief integral parts. Of this singularly acute disquisition, however, we can afford but a scanty specimen:—

‘The first book of the Iliad, in addition to prophecies and allusions

sions to future occurrences, too emphatic to have been introduced without the intention of following them out to their fulfilment, contains, in the multiplicity and variety of its incidents, unequivocal proof of the opening scene of a long drama. Within these 600 verses are condensed materials sufficient in number and importance to have furnished several books each of equal length with the first, according to the mode in which Homer is accustomed to work up his subject when fairly embarked on it. As the events succeed each other, so the scene shifts with a rapidity unexampled elsewhere. The arrival of Chryses in the camp, his address to the assembled host, the refusal of his request by Agamemnon, and the acknowledgment of its justice by the troops, his departure and prayer to his patron deity, the descent of the god from Olympus, the ten days' ravages of his weapons, and the funeral rites of the victims, are dispatched in less than fifty lines. The altercation between the chiefs, as the basis of the whole poem, is treated more at length. But even here the orations are far from copious. Nestor himself is comparatively brief. Then follow in rapid succession the shipment of the maiden for her home, the purification of the host, the delivery of Briseïs by Achilles to Agamemnon's heralds, the dialogue between Achilles and his mother, with his retrospective account of the sack of Thebes and capture of the prisoner whose ransom involved such fatal consequences. A change of scene transports us to Chrysa, where are described the delivery of the damsel to her father, with the sacrifice and banquet in honour of Apollo. Another change brings us back to Achilles; and a third conveys us to Olympus, where we have the promised interview between Thetis and Jove, with other scenes illustrative of the part taken by the different deities in the affairs of earth. In proportion to the number and importance of the events, the period of time occupied by this canto, upwards of three weeks, is more than double that allotted to the whole succeeding twenty-two books. *In this accumulation of incidents may be traced, not so much any deliberate artifice, as the spontaneous anxiety of a mind pregnant with a great subject, to secure, by laying down at the outset a broad foundation of facts, a wide field for subsequent enlargement; and to rivet the attention of his reader by launching him at once on the full stream of the narrative.*—*ibid.*, p. 253.

But the style of this book affords evidences not less remarkable of its being an introductory one. The extraordinary abundance of facts leaves no room for the poet's usual richness of ornamental detail. His language is alike comprehensive and concise; of the elegant accessories of his art he is nowhere else so sparing. For example:

‘Throughout the Iliad a favourite class of figurative embellishment is the *Simile*; and it is one which the fervour of the poet's imagination has at times led him to accumulate to a defective excess. The whole number of such figures in the poem is about 190, giving an average of about six for every 500 lines. The greatest proportion is in the description of battles—the part of the text which chiefly suggested and required

some such relief to an otherwise monotonous recurrence of similar incidents. The sixteenth book, comprising 867 lines, has 20 similes; the seventeenth, 761 lines, has 19; the second, containing 877 lines, has 10. The smallest proportion observable in any one of the subsequent books gives one for 250 lines. *In the first book*, consisting of 611 lines, *there occurs not one*. This peculiarity explains itself as naturally by the number and importance of the historical incidents in Alpha, as the accumulation of purely illustrative matter, in the other books above cited, by the opposite character of their contents.

‘That the part containing, next to the first canto, the fewest embellishments of this class should happen to be the concluding one, though a curious, is no fortuitous coincidence. It forms part of a general and, as bearing on the present subject, important analogy between the two books. *As in Alpha we trace, in the number and rapid succession of events, the opening; so in Omega a like peculiarity indicates the winding up of a long narrative, and the anxiety of the poet to abridge the concluding details, after disposing of the main heads of action.* The indignities inflicted on Hector’s corpse; the council of the gods; the mission of Iris to Thetis, of Thetis to Achilles; the interview between the goddess and her son; the mission of Iris to Priam; his journey, interview with Achilles, return with the body of Hector, and the subsequent preparation and performance of the funeral rites, comprise a mass of incidents equal in number, if not in importance, to those contained in the first act of the poem. They also, it happens, occupy an exactly equal period of time, about twenty-two or twenty-three days. These coincidences certainly offer a strong argument, not only of systematic design in the structure of the poem, but of that spontaneous harmony which marks the operations of the same genius under similar circumstances.

‘*Another indication of an opening canto is a certain descriptive introduction, on their first appearance on the scene, of several of the less distinguished actors—a courtesy of which there is no example in other portions of the Iliad.* The heroes of more universal renown, Achilles, Agamemnon, Ulysses, are indeed brought at once on the stage without any ceremony of announcement: but the other two chief performers in the first book, Nestor and Calchas, personages whose notoriety depended probably in a great measure on the Iliad, are each ushered in with a particular notice of their persons and qualities. There could be no reason for this more pointed personal description of these individuals in this canto than in any other, unless it were intended for the commencement of a series.’—*ibid.*, p. 261.

The critic pursues this line of examination as to the construction of parts, in respect of both the poems; and the effect at its close is thoroughly overwhelming. We must hasten, however, to illustrate the equal skill brought to bear on a matter of still greater interest; nor do we think we could give a happier instance of the Colonel’s analysis of the Homeric *characters*, as supporting the old faith that he who drew such characters might well plan an Iliad, than what is said as to Paris and Helen, the guilty pair on whose fortunes the poem fundamentally hinges:—

‘Paris

Paris and Helen are the beau and the belle, the man of fashion and the woman of pleasure, of the heroic age. Such characters are essentially unpoetical in more civilised periods. No two can here be more in harmony with the genius of the poem, or with each other. Both are unprincipled votaries of sensual enjoyment; both self-willed and petulant, but not devoid of amiable and generous feeling. Both are distinguished for personal graces and accomplishments, and the consequent importance they attach to elegance of attire and other means of turning those advantages to account. In both, this combination of attributes has been portrayed with a graphic precision, the more remarkable, considering the limited appearance of each on the scene. The general conduct of Paris exhibits that mixture of conflicting qualities, of bravery and effeminacy, petulance and good-humour, self-conceit and submissive respect for the superior worth of others, so common, as the experience of every man of the world can testify, in persons of similar tastes and habits. It is obviously not the effect of accident, that, in the opening scene of the first battle, this gallant adventurer, the primary cause of the whole mischief, appears as the prominent figure, strutting with all the airs of a national champion in front of the Trojan lines. No sooner, however, does he observe Menelaus advancing to engage him, than, conscience-smitten and crest-fallen, he retreats into the ranks; but, the moment after, stung by the reproof of Hector, he proposes, and manfully sustains, a single combat with his rival. The ensuing altercation in the chamber of Helen, and the mode in which by mutual consent it is brought to a close, are equally characteristic. After lounging the greater part of the day in her apartments, he is found by Hector engaged in burnishing his armour; and, when again roused to activity by his brother's reproof, he issues to the battle with an ostentatious gaiety, illustrated by one of the finest similes in the *Iliad*—that of the horse emancipated from the stall and prancing across the plain to the river. The more rational side of his character is exhibited chiefly in his interviews with Hector, whose martial superiority commands his profound respect. He submits in silence to the most cutting reproofs of his noble brother, and cheerfully obeys all his suggestions. It is true, on the other hand, that Hector's remonstrances are directed solely at his want of energy in the field. They never touch on his amorous indulgence, or the duty of reparation for his crime. The proposal of Antenor, to the latter effect, is received in a very different spirit, with the petulant effrontery of the spoiled child and pampered man of pleasure.

Helen is the female counterpart of Paris. Daughter of an illustrious royal house, the most beautiful princess of her age, she is wedded in extreme youth to a husband who, however worthy of her choice, seems not to have engaged her affections. She becomes, consequently, an easy victim of the fascinating adventurer destined by the goddess of love as her future partner. Helen, as frequently happens with frail women—a natural result perhaps of the same susceptibility in which their failings originate—is distinguished by tenderness of heart and kindly disposition. Traces of better principle seem also to lurk under the general levity of her habits. Though a faithful consort to Paris,

who on his part is no way deficient in the duties of husband or lover, she still entertains a fond remembrance of her days of youthful innocence. She looks back at times with remorse and regret, almost with longing desire, to her native land, her deserted child, and the home of her fathers; and is as ready to acknowledge and condemn her own faults as to appreciate the opposite virtues of others. The finer touches with which her portrait is worked up are all of the more delicate dramatic description. In the emotion she displays at the invitation of Æneas to go forth to the ramparts and witness the preparation for the duel between her past and present husband; in her dignified advance to the admiring old senators; in her grief and self-reproach at the distant view of her countrymen and former friends; in her petulant argument with her patron goddess after the defeat of Paris; in the taunts thrown out against his cowardice, coupled with returning fondness for his person; in her frank acknowledgment to Hector of the common failings of herself and lover; and in her affectionate lamentation for the fate of her noble brother-in-law, mingled with selfish tears for her own distresses, are exhibited to the life all the finer features of that mixed female character, which, while we pity and condemn, we are constrained to love and admire.—*ibid.*, pp. 355-361.

The Helen, thus exquisitely painted in the Iliad as the paramour of Paris, reappears in the Odyssey as the restored and reconciled wife of Menelaus—but still exactly the same lady, with such slight tints of variety as would be naturally suggested to the *one creator* by lapse of time and change of position. Our Colonel (*nuper idoneus*) is likely to understand such a *development* as this rather better than most meerschaumed professors. He knowingly and gracefully says:—

‘Although described as still beautiful, her person and manners are shaded by a veil of matronly gravity, to be expected after an interval of ten years, and under such altered circumstances. She is distinguished by the same elegance and courtesy, and the same voluptuous habits. She enters the hall of the Spartan palace with a pomp of female luxury never assigned by Homer to any other heroine—preceded by three waiting-maids, one bearing her throne, another soft rugs or cushions, a third her richly stored silver work-basket. In the course of the dialogue, there appears the same mixture as formerly of self-reproach and easy indifference in her allusions to her past conduct; while the longing after her first husband and native land, which in the Iliad also occasionally came over her mind, is here described by herself as having, towards the close of the war, so grown upon her, as to render her as false to the cause of the Trojans as she had formerly been to the bed of Menelaus. A curious trait of primitive luxury, which the poet, with a fine adaptation to her character and habits—obviously therefore not without some moral signification—has attributed to her, is the use of a drug calculated to banish thought, and promote oblivion of past, or indifference to present subjects of vexation. This drug was a present from the queen of Egypt, whose court she had recently

recently visited with her husband. The view of some commentators, that it was opium, used in the East as they suppose from time immemorial, as at this day for the same purpose, is certainly not devoid of probability.'—vol. i. p. 436.

From the admirable dissections of individual characters, with which a very large space is occupied, we may pass to the author's not less elaborate and not less beautiful argument for the unity of the Poet drawn from his peculiar treatment of the more powerful passions and affections as common to man in the aggregate. And first let us turn to the section on *sympathy* :—

'Whoever has known grief must have experienced how readily our own distresses find vent in the tears we shed for those of others; how often, in what appears at the moment but the effect of commiseration, we are influenced as much or more by a selfish as a purely compassionate impulse. Let any one cast his eyes over an audience intent on an eloquent funeral oration, and observe down whose cheeks the tears flow most copiously. Will it be found in every case that the persons so affected are those most remarkable for the tenderness of their hearts? Will it not rather appear that they are such as have themselves smarted most recently and severely under affliction? It is therefore their own sorrow, rather than that of the bereaved widow or orphan, which so deeply affects them. But, although this excess of sympathy may be selfish, it is not without its moral value. Every impulse which softens the heart towards distress is in itself amiable. As a general rule, those who have suffered most themselves most readily feel for the misfortunes of their neighbours; and, were it possible, in any such case as that above supposed, to analyse the component elements of grief, it would probably be found that, even deducting those of a purely selfish nature, such as remained would be greater on the part of the afflicted than of the lighthearted portion of the audience. Nowhere does the moral ingredient of Homer's poetry assume more marked features of individuality, than in his deep sense and beautiful treatment of this delicate affection. A striking example is in the scene in the quarters of Achilles, after the death of Patroclus (II. xix.), where the chorus of captive females respond to the lament of Briseïs :—

ὦς ἔφατο κλαίονσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες,  
Πάτροκλον πρόφασιν, σφῶν δ' αὐτῶν κήδε' ἐκάστη.

The simple conciseness of the expression, as compared with the fulness of the idea conveyed, renders this one of the most exquisite touches of its kind in either poem.'

Col. Mure's note on Πάτροκλον πρόφασιν is not to be omitted. He says :

'It may be proper to caution the less experienced scholar against taking this phrase in the sense of *pretext*, which it familiarly bears in later Greek prose. It must here be understood in its simpler primary import of *apparent cause* or *motive*, which elsewhere attaches to it with Homer. Heyne's notion that the females, selfishly absorbed in their

own

own sorrows, were indifferent to the death of their benefactor, is a proof, among many, of the deficiency of the faculty of taste, which disqualified that learned commentator, like so many others of his nation, for a competent critic of any such work as the *Iliad*.'—vol. ii. p. 34.

The perhaps grandest example of all is thus eloquently treated:—

‘In the supplication of Priam to Achilles, everything depended on a first impression. The suddenness and boldness of the intrusion, the vindictive bitterness of the Myrmidon chief against everything Trojan, and his fierce impetuosity of temper, imperatively required that the commencement of the old man’s address should be so conceived as to work at once on his generous sympathies. One less deeply read in the book of nature might have made Priam open his suit with a touching picture of his domestic woe, or a flattering appeal to the generosity of the Greek champion and the fulness of the vengeance already exacted. Homer’s Priam directs the attack on a far more vulnerable quarter. He tells Achilles, simply and abruptly, to “remember his own father, standing, like the wretched parent who knelt before him, on the brink of the grave; oppressed perhaps like him by some foreign invader; and lamenting, if not the death, the absence at least in a distant land, of his darling son, the hope and support of his declining years.” This argument is kept in view from first to last. The heart of Achilles melts before it like wax beneath a burning sun, and a burst of sympathetic emotion at the close completes the triumph of the royal suppliant’s eloquence:—

μνησai πατρός σοῖο, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ’ Ἀχιλλεῦ !  
 τηλίκον ὥσπερ ἐγὼν, ὀλοφ’ ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ. . . . .  
 ὧς φάτο· τῷ δ’ ἄρα πατρός ὑφ’ ἡμερον ὥρσε γόοιο·  
 τὼ δὲ μνησαμένω, ὁ μὲν Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνιοι,  
 κλαῖ’ ἀδινὰ, προπάραιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλλῆος ἔλυσσείς,  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς κλαίεν ἐὼν πατέρ’, ἄλλοτε δ’ αὖτε  
 Πάτροκλον· τῶν δὲ στοναχὴ κατὰ δώματ’ ὀρώρει.’—vol. ii. p. 37.

Among other instances, Colonel Mure dwells on the previous picture of family mourning in the Trojan palace—the Lament of Patroclus (*Iliad* xix.)—and the emotion of Pisistratus in the 4th Odyssey when Menelaus mourns over the disasters of Ulysses. Others will occur to every Homeric student. But even more entirely peculiar to Homer is his treatment of Grief itself—of which the affection above noticed is a modification; and here nothing is more peculiar than his habitual viewing of the indulgence of sorrow as an enjoyment. To him alone of poets could Aristotle have pointed as alive to the truth, which once stated every heart recognises, that καὶ ἐν τοῖς πένθεσι καὶ θρήνοις ἐπιγίγνεται τις ἡδονή. (*Rhet. I. xi.*) The delight which he takes in this image is exclusively his, and not less so his method of adorning it. Sometimes grief is described as simply a pleasure. Thus Penelope (*Od. xix.*):—

αὐτὰρ

αὐτὰρ ἔμοι καὶ πένθος ἀμέτρητον πόρε δαίμων,  
ἥματα μὲν γὰρ τέρπομ' ὀδυρομένη γοῶσα.

And so Achilles in his interview with Priam (*Il.* xxiv.):—

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥα γόοιο τετάρπετο διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς.

'The following passages of each poem, the one from the interview of Achilles with the ghost of Patroclus, the other from that between Ulysses and the shade of his mother, supply a curious example of the poet's happy tact of varying the letter of substantially the same expression, to suit the variety of the case:—

ἀλλά μοι ἄσπον στήθι—μίνυνθά περ ἀμφιβαλόντε  
ἀλλήλους, ὀλοῦτο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο.—*Il.* xxiii. 97.

ὄφρα καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο, φίλας περὶ χεῖρε βαλόντε,  
ἀμφοτέρω κρνεροῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο.—*Od.* xi. 211.

The parallel extends to the whole neighbouring texts. Sometimes, the full indulgence of sorrow, like that of any other pleasurable sensation, is described as producing satiety; as in the account by Menelaus of his habitual state of feeling towards his departed companions in arms:—

ἄλλοτε μὲν τε γόφ φρένα τέρπομαι, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
παύομαι· αἰψηρὸς δὲ κόρος κρνεροῖο γόοιο.—*Od.* iv. 102.'

Colonel Mure remarks how interestingly the spirit of these and an infinity of parallel passages is modified by the varied power of the principal term γόος:—

'Sometimes this word expresses the simple affection of grief, sometimes its indulgence, sometimes any species of tender emotion producing the same outward effect. The phrase may in such cases be well rendered by the French term *attendrissement*, to which the English tongue has no equivalent. Among other examples may be cited the description of the scene where the Ithacan mariners, delivered from the degrading effects of Circe's enchantment, are restored to the society of their comrades:—

πᾶσιν δ' ἱμερόεις ἐπέδν γόος, ἀμφὶ δὲ δῶμα  
σμερδαλέον κανάχιζε, θεὰ δ' ἐλέαιρε καὶ αὐτή.—*Od.* x. 398.

What they really felt was joy, though tempered by the remembrance of their late calamity.'—ii. p. 40.

He adds in a note:—

'How little of commonplace there is in the spirit at least of these passages, whatever may be the case with their wording, cannot be better evinced than by the fact, that throughout the whole volume of Shakspeare, who is generally held to have probed every nook and cranny of human passion or feeling, no allusion can be found, in so far at least as the author's researches extend, to the pleasurable ingredient of sorrow, or to satiety in its indulgence, offering the remotest parallel to any one of the above copious series of examples.'

Another

Another nice shade of the emotion is the pleasure derived from the memory of bygone sorrows. This is finely embodied in the rustic eloquence of Eumæus when recounting his own early misadventures to his yet unrevealed master (*Od.* xv. 400):—

μετὰ γάρ τε καὶ ἄλγεσι τέρπεται ἀνὴρ,  
ὅστις δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πάθη, καὶ πόλλ' ἐπαληθῇ.

The grief of Achilles for Patroclus finds the very same vent:—

Πατρόκλον ποθέων ἀδροσῆτά τε καὶ μένος ἦψ',  
ἥδ' ὅποσα τολύπενσε σὺν αὐτῷ, καὶ πάθεν ἄλγεα.—*Il.* xxiv. 6.

Colonel Mure, as he had pointed in the former case to the remarkable silence of Shakspeare, takes care to quote here from *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'All these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.'

The vanity of human life must have been often in the contemplation of one so familiar with all the weaknesses of our nature; but the importance attached to the universally admitted truth, the prominence given to it throughout both the poems, and the variety of imagery with which it is set forth, may be fairly instanced as almost sufficient to guarantee unity of mind and unity of origin.

'The general rule, as it may be called, is concisely laid down in the following pair of strikingly parallel texts:—

οὐ μὲν γάρ τί πού ἐστιν οἰζυρώτερον ἀνδρός,  
πάντων, ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἐπὶ πνέει τε καὶ ἔρπει.—*Il.* xvii. 446.

οὐδὲν ἀκινδόντερον γαῖα τρέφει ἀνθρώποιον,  
πάντων, ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἐπὶ πνέει τε καὶ ἔρπει.—*Od.* xviii. 130.

Of things that breathe and creep upon the ground,  
No vainer thing than mortal man is found.

The latter passage is followed up by a moral commentary, distinguished by a terseness of expression and a depth of sentiment which would do honour to Aristotle or Bacon. It closes with two other equally remarkable lines, describing the absolute dependence on the Deity of every thought of his ephemeral creatures:—

τοῖος γὰρ νόος ἐστὶν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων,  
οἷον ἐπ' ἡμαρ ἄγρσι πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.

'The rule is beautifully illustrated by the comparison of successive generations of men to the annual changes of the leaf:—

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν· κ. τ. λ.—*Il.* vi. 146.

elegantly varied in the contemptuous language of Apollo:—

δειλῶν, οἱ φύλλοισιν ἰοικότες, ἄλλοτε μὲν τε  
ζαφλεγέες τελίθουσιν, ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδοντες,  
ἄλλοτε δὲ φθινύθουσιν ἀκήριοι.—*Il.* xxi. 464.

The poet especially delights in this figure of ephemeral humanity.

Hence,

Hence, the leaves of the forest and the flowers of the field are among his favourite similes for armies going forth to battle, where the fragile tenure of existence in the mighty multitude is so prominently brought into view :—

Λίην γὰρ φύλλοισιν ἰοκότες ἢ ψαμάθοισιν,  
ἔρχονται πεδίοιο.—*Il.* ii. 800.

ἦλθον ἔπειθ', ὅσα φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα γίγνεται ὥρη.—*Od.* ix. 51.

'The groups of maidens sitting at the loom, in the palace of Alcinoüs, are compared to aspen leaves; a figure singularly expressive, in the spirit of the episode, both of the levity of the company and the briskness of their movements :—

αἱ δ' ἱστοὺς ὑφώσι καὶ ἡλάκατα στρωφῶσιν,  
ἤμεναι, ὅλᾳ τε φύλλα μακεδνῆς αἰγείριοι.—*Od.* vii. 105.'

Here the Colonel adds one of those excellent notes for which we are indebted to his travelled experiences :—

'This image, like many others in Homer, can be rightly appreciated by those alone who are familiar with the existing manners of Southern Europe. In modern Italy, as in ancient Greece, weaving is performed by young women, frequently collected in large halls fitted up for the purpose. Whoever may happen to visit one of these establishments will recognize, in the busy flitting of the shuttles, and the appearance and gestures of the lively and often wanton crew who handle them, a counterpart of the scene here described by the poet.'—vol. ii. p. 45.

The comparison of the fall of young Euphorbus to a fair olive plant, suddenly uprooted by a storm, suggests another note of the same class :—

'The somewhat similar comparison of the fall of Simoïsïus to that of a poplar tree shows the antiquity of the practice, still common in Southern Europe, of trimming up the stem of that tree to within a few feet of the top, which, left untouched, presents the appearance of a bushy tuft. The resemblance between this tuft and the plummy helmet of the warrior here forms the main point of the figure :—

πέσεν, αἰγείρος ὥς,  
ἥ ῥά τ' ἐν εἰαμενῇ ἔλεος μεγάλοιο πεφύκει,  
λέλη' ἀτὰρ τέ οἱ ὄζοι ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῃ πεφύασιν.—*Il.* iv. 482.'

In one important point of arrangement our author departs utterly from the rule of his predecessors in this debate. With them the first branch of the discussion is that which refers to the early transmission of 'Homer;' and, however they might differ in minor points, they generally concurred in asserting that at the period when his main elements came into existence—and during a long course of time (usually many centuries) afterwards—the practice of writing was unknown to the Greeks. How much of their theories as to the final construction and actual shape of the two epics depended upon these preliminary assumptions,

tions, we need not waste words in recounting. It was argued on the other side with no weakness of logic or poverty of illustration that, even granting their postulate, since they also unanimously admitted the fact that the recitation of epic minstrelsies was the immemorial practice of the Greeks and most cherished accompaniment of all festal assemblages, as expressly exemplified in various details of both these works themselves, there was nothing absurd in the supposition that a class of men who had this recitation for their sole calling should have carried the power of memory to an extent wholly unknown among modern nations. Instead of beginning with this inquiry, Colonel Mure defers it (with all its appendages) till after he has not only completed his unrivalled sifting of the Homeric miracles, but his whole conspectus of Greek literature down to the Pisistratic epoch; and his arrangement seems as judicious as new. For, whatever else may be disputed, the transmission of a vast mass of *non-Homeric* composition from the same or not much recenter days is allowed:—it is also allowed that a large portion of this was poetry in the same metre, adopting diligently the other technical forms of ‘Homer,’ and devoted exclusively to the celebration of incidents connected in one way or another with the same tradition of a great primitive collision between the frontier powers of Europe and Asia on the shores of the Hellespont: and thirdly, it is allowed that this other and much more extensive body of heroic hexameters was pronounced by the unanimous consent of antiquity to be immeasurably inferior to the Homeric standard:—whence the final disappearance of it:—all that we actually know of it now being from critics and commentators of the Alexandrian epoch, who have handed down notices of the topics embraced by those *cyclic* bards, with a few scattered lines of their composition. Now the difficulty of accounting for the oral preservation during ages or centuries of such monumental poetry as the Homeric may be in men’s eyes smaller or greater: but the difficulty as to the inferior matter assumed to have been saved through the same barbaric hazards for the ultimate consideration of ‘cultivated times’ is in fact a difficulty of a wholly different class. Suppose it possible for Milton to have survived such perils—on what principle can you give your faith in the case of some dozen subsequent weavers of ‘Miltonic verse?’ The *rhapsodists* who kept the old leviathan afloat were a strenuous order of enthusiasts—their calling must have been a prosperous one—well might they dispense with any patronage but that of the public. Picture an English Demodocus progressing cheerily from Assize town to Cathedral city, and sure everywhere of the place of honour at magisterial or canonical banquet, because he could cheer

cheer the company over their potations with a *fytte* of poet Pye. The Colonel, therefore, after working out his demonstration, from internal evidence, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are works of one and the same master of human nature and poetical art—and then skilfully condensing all our extant information as to his primitive competitors or successors—is prepared to look at the question as to the Hellenic antiquity of writing from a more commanding point of view; and we doubt if any portion of his work will be considered more creditable to him than the closing chapters of the 3rd volume which are strictly occupied with this wider survey of that question. These chapters, however, are in themselves a compact and pregnant, but not a short treatise; and we must again decline any attempt to epitomize him.

Among points of external evidence overlooked or systematically evaded by his victims, is the belief of all those Greeks who are admitted to have been familiar with the use of the pen, that the art and practice of writing were derived to them from a period far beyond distinct tradition—that there was no trace of their origin except in the universal faith that they came from the East;—of which indeed there could be no question, as the forms and names of their letters, the very word *alphabet*, were fatal to any other theory; with which we may join the equally universal creed that the introducer was *Cadmus*—that is—as read by the light of Hebrew or Arabic—*Man of the East*; not the name evidently of an individual, but one of the same scope with *Norman* or *Goth*—and connected accordingly with legends of the foundation of hundreds of towns along all the Mediterranean shores—as clearly marking the extreme antiquity of everything ascribed to the said *Cadmus*. Further, the notion that, because the custom of reciting Homer was immemorial and universal, therefore the Poet himself dictated and recited, but could not and did not write his verses, never occurred to any Greek. The absence of copies that could be referred to any thing like his date, was not more perplexing to them than is to us the non-existence of a single MS. of any Roman classic to which any one ascribes anything like a classical date. What are we to say as to ‘ancient’ MSS. of our Bible—even of our New Testament? Parchment was always liable to the manipulations of the palimpsest—paper was always frail. If we are told—as we are by a score of Germans—that Homer could not have used pen and ink *because*, long after Homer’s day, Solon carved his laws on wooden cylinders—we reply that Augustus, and even Augustulus, engraved his edicts and tariffs on marble slabs or brass tablets. If the illustrissimi remind us that in such older Greek inscriptions as have been preserved for our inspection the characters

characters are mostly rude and clumsy, indicating any thing but the ease of familiarity in their shape and arrangement, Colonel Mure may answer that, the older an English tombstone or coin is, the uglier and more unspellable is its legend—whereas, the older our English MSS. are, they are the more admirable in point of calligraphy: declining subsequently from age to age, until the handwriting of Elizabeth's golden æra was, as a general rule, as hard as hieroglyphic—and assuredly, if the autograph of Shakespeare's Autobiography were to turn up among Lord Ellesmere's papers, out of all her Majesty's thirty millions of European lieges there are not thirty men who could read off a page of it to-morrow.

Joseph Scaliger asserted that the Romans never had a cursive handwriting. Some doubted—but on the whole such continued to be the creed of the learned down to our own time. Behold—some fourteen or fifteen years ago the Austrians set about improving the channel of the Danube to suit it for steam-boats, and the first point was to reopen Trajan's towing-path, which often became a gallery cut out of the cliff, and all but obliterated by the accidents of war and weather. One day in hewing at this gallery the workmen revealed the mouth of a cavern, probably natural but widened by Roman skill, and which had seventeen centuries ago been the head-quarters of a clerk of the works, or contracting engineer. In this subterraneous office were found the original day-books of Trajan's servant—namely, specimens—the first that modern eye ever saw—of the familiar Roman tables—boards of wood with hinges, inclosing each set two or four pages of quarrymen's names and calculations of wages inscribed *on wax*; and lo! the names were not only not in capitals, but they were in running hand, actually identical with our own; though Trajan's clerk had been no elegant penman—and accordingly the Vienna doctors have ever since (except when occupied with sedition) been at daggers drawn among themselves about the decyphering of the great Emperor's masons and *navvies*. The moral is *modesty*. We are not done with discoveries. Not a fifth part of Pompeii has as yet been dispastrd—probably not a twentieth of Herculaneum. If ever Nicolas gets to Constantinople we expect revelations enow. The tradition of some vast deposit of ancient literature among the vaults of the Seraglio is coeval with the fall of the city. Mahomet II. was as unlikely as any prince then or since to approve of destroying the private library of the Palæologi.

But to return to Colonel Mure. It is said—if 'Homer' had any knowledge of writing, he would have alluded to it in his poems—but he does not. The Colonel denies both positions. Homer throughout assumes that the personages and events

events he is celebrating belonged to an age far removed from his own—an age of heroes immediately sprung from the Gods, enjoying heavenly intercourse and aid such as men οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶναι never dreamt of—in the words of Æschylus, Θεῶν ἀρχιστρωποὶ, Δῖος ἐγγυς—with powers and passions all on a like exalted scale. Might he not have been as familiar with the use of pen and ink as the excellent poet of Moses and Son, and yet, as an archæologist, have taken up views which forbade him to represent Prince Paris as exchanging *billets-doux* with the young Queen of Sparta, or make Pallas Athene inspire Ulysses with a quirk for a protocol? But is it true that there is nothing in ‘Homer’ inconsistent *absolutely* with the notion that he was unacquainted with the practice of writing? Colonel Mure thinks otherwise—and our readers will be entertained as well as instructed with his copious arguments on that head. We think it might almost have been sufficient to point to the shield of Achilles. To say nothing of all the thousand other tokens of the advanced state of the cognate arts of embroidery and carving—is it possible that that wonder of engraving and embossing should have been described by a man who lived and died where writing was not in practice? But there is more than this branch of evidence. The Colonel takes up the *vezata questio* of Bellerophon in a style that does him special credit, as a critic both of sense and of terms. The *baleful signs* which that fugitive carried to King Iobates conveyed, whatever they were, a very intricate story;—they indicated the seduction of a particular lady by a particular gentleman—to wit, the bearer—and ended with requesting the remote monarch to put the bearer to death in requital of misconduct full of disparagement to the domestic honour alike of the sender and the receiver of the document. How could all this be told in a portable picture—a neat pocket-book of ‘dissolving views’? Who ever heard of a system of hieroglyphics among the old Greeks? Could such a system ever have existed among such a race, and died out without leaving any traces even in tradition? Colonel Mure’s analysis of the words of the narrative seems to us as conclusive as dexterous—but for it we have not room. We shall notice by and by a parallel section, in which he seems to us equally triumphant. We attach, however, even greater importance to another topic of wider scope—on which he has brought together a large body of scattered particulars, but neither, as we humbly think, has exhausted the materials at his command in the library of the classics, nor still less those supplied by Holy Writ; and it may be well to advert to this before producing a second specimen of the Colonel’s acuteness in respect of the *express* mention of writing in Homer.

Homer in both poems, but especially in the *Odyssey*, indicates

cates frequent intercourse on the part of his Greeks of the heroic age with Egypt—and still more with Phœnicians. We need not recall the numerous references to the various manufactures of Sidon—the honeymoon voyage of Paris and Helen, &c., in the Iliad;—in one place of the Odyssey a Phœnician ship is described as lying for a whole year off a port in the Greek Archipelago, engaged in unintermitting traffic with the natives, and at length departing when the whole cargo had been sold and a fresh one taken on board. How did the supercargo keep his accounts? We ask—how did Hiram and Solomon keep theirs when the wood of Lebanon and the Tyrian artisans were alike at the service of the rising Temple? Will any one venture to question that the inhabitants of Palestine were familiar with scribes before the Israelitish Empire reached its highest splendour? Yes—the *Captain is a bold man*—

‘The authorities, sacred or profane, on this point are too numerous and familiar to require citation. Yet Wolf does not hesitate to deny, even to the Phœnicians, any other mechanism for recording facts in Homer’s time than that of Memory and the Muses. The Tyrian and Sidonian merchant-princes who corresponded with Solomon are supposed by him to have employed in their voyages a poetical supercargo, or living log-book, on the tablets of whose memory were engraved invoice, bill of lading, freight, stowage, tonnage, custom-house and harbour dues, contracts, debts good and bad, and all the other transactions of a first-rate Sidonian house of business! His further illustration of the dealings of the Phœnician traders by those of the barrow-women in the Leipzig market-place, is in good keeping with his general argument.’—vol. iii. p. 488.

The Greeks were not a heavy people in any time. Before the ‘Homeric’ day they had the Phœnician alphabet—that is hardly questioned. Supposing them to have for a certain period used their Cadmean letters only for carving on wood or metal, would they be slow to imitate Egyptians or Phœnicians in the use of them on parchment or other still more handy material, which no Greek could ever have ‘transacted business’ in Egypt or on board any Tyrian vessel without seeing in constant request? These considerations are well stated by Colonel Mure; but there is a cognate one as to which he says very little—so little that we cannot suppose him to have weighed its value. He does not omit observing how familiar the idea of being carried away into slavery by Phœnician mariners was to the adventurous Greeks of the Odyssey—so frequently represented as detailing such youthful incidents when restored in after life to their native shores; and he must, we should think, have drawn, though he does not express, the inference that persons who had gone through such experience could not but have brought back with them some command

command of the Phœnician language. If such occurrences were common, the consequences could not have been trivial. But there is another side to the story of which, though 'Homer' affords no evidence, the Bible furnishes not a little, and abundance more may be gathered from the Greek authors of later generations. It is a prominent article in every catalogue of sins for which the Hebrew Prophets arraign Tyre and Sidon, that a flourishing branch of their trade was the selling of Hebrew youths and maidens to the remoter nations of heathendom; Joel expressly mentions Greece as a principal mart of this Phœnician slave-trade (chap. iii. p. vi.); and it is clear from numberless passages in the Greek literature of advancing ages that as long as Tyre was Tyre she continued to supply the luxurious inhabitants of Greek cities with beautiful women—many of them no doubt previously imported from the regions that to this day mainly feed the Odalisque markets of Constantinople and Cairo—but not a few also of the native blood of Palestine, and of these in all probability a certain proportion always Jewish. Now from all that we know of Greek habits, the handsome females thus introduced, continually alluded to as distinguished for musical and other entertaining accomplishments, acquired very great influence with their masters. They were their real domestic companions—the chosen society of men of the most lively and inquisitive temperament. They must, of course, have had their own way very much in the primary education of the children they bore to those protectors. Can we suppose that they themselves forgot all the lore of their own early Asiatic years? or that they could converse with their lords or bring up their children without communicating something of that in both quarters—largely in the second at all events?

Not to dwell on the case of actual daughters of Sion,—must not any young woman trained in Phœnicia for the calling of the Greek Hetaïra have carried with her, even in the earlier times of this trade, a familiar knowledge not only of writing as an art and practice, but of a written literature of no slight consequence? Of the proper literature of the Phœnicians, it is true, we have no remains—and we have, in consequence of the barbarous jealousy of Rome, but a few scanty traces of the Carthaginian; that there was, however, an extensive body of literature among the Carthaginians we know from the Roman historians themselves who announce its wilful destruction—the very jealousy it had provoked is sufficient proof of its importance and influence; and how can we conceive of such a literature among the colonists of Tyre, unless as preceded by and most probably borrowing its tone and spirit from the literature of the parent state? And what, in many of its most important and influential departments, must

must the literature of the Phœnician cities have been? What was likely to be the character of their oldest books—their poetry and their chronicles? Can we consider the geographical, ethnological, political, and economical relations of Judæa and Phœnicia, two nations so close to each other, so constantly mixing, the one habitually supplying the other with the staff of life, the other repaying her with every article of ultramarine produce as well as with all the more finished specimens of manufacture in every kind—and entertain a doubt that they had their literature also very much in common—were well acquainted, at all events, with each other's literary masterpieces? From the proper names that have been handed down to us—to say nothing of a few inscriptions and the dark fragments in Plautus—it is hardly possible to suppose that either the Phœnician or the Carthaginian dialect was farther from the Hebrew than Dutch from German, or Portuguese from Spanish. How easily any man who possesses one of these modern tongues can become master of its co-relative, is matter of notoriety; in the case of the Peninsula, our readers have been reminded by a preceding article in how very large a proportion the literature of the one territorial division was actually produced by natives of the other. No reader needs to be reminded how perpetually the struggle between the Hebrew faith and the idolatrous heresies of their neighbours was renewed—how many of the most illustrious of the chosen race lapsed occasionally into the practices of heathendom. Could such rivalry of religious systems go on among two such peoples, so intimately intermixed, and yet either remain ignorant of whatever marked the other's intellectual cultivation? We have not space for farther developing this wide subject at present—(it would involve a world of minute criticism on the Greek tragedians and philosophers)—but—merely stating our conviction that the Phœnicians were in every age well acquainted with the master-works of Hebrew genius—and our hardly feebler induction that from a very remote period the Greek mind received glimpses of that same genius to which the self-worshipping exclusive conceit of later Hellenism permitted no grateful allusion, and which have accordingly been ignored, all but universally, by the imitative prejudice of modern scholars—we wish upon this occasion to rest simply on what we must consider an undeniable result; namely, that, if we believe what history, sacred and profane, tells us as to the early intercourse between Greeks and Phœnicians, and what the Bible tells us as to its own history, it follows that long before any date ever ascribed to 'Homer'—even at a date at least as early as Herodotus or any thoughtful Greek among his classical followers ever ascribed to the siege of Troy—there existed a rich body of written composition, comprising specimens both of prose narrative and of lyrical effusion, with at least one of the loftiest

loftiest poetry in an almost strictly dramatic shape; that this literature must have been familiar to a nation with which Greece had continual connexion; and that these facts can by no stretch of casuistry be reconciled with the grand hypothesis of the practice of writing being foreign to that æra of Greek existence when the achievements of Achilles and the adventures of Ulysses were embalmed in the Homeric hexameter.

We can hardly think that we have been digressing; but, to say no more for the present of Judæa, it is thus that Colonel Mure sums the matter up as to the Phœnicians:—

‘It may safely be asserted that in every age and country an advanced state of commerce and navigation requires a certain amount of literary culture. Alphabetic writing may not, perhaps, be indispensable. Its place might in some degree be supplied by less commodious methods; although no instance can be adduced of any nation dependent on those methods alone having been distinguished for zeal or success in commercial pursuits. Most consistently, then, are the Phœnicians, the first people on record as really distinguished by a spirit of mercantile enterprise, reported to have been also the *inventors* of the alphabet. Whatever deference may be due to the letter of the tradition, its spirit, as intimating the first complete adaptation of the art to practical purposes, is conclusive. The poet’s own descriptions evince, that, long before his time, Phœnician commerce had attained a high degree of that prosperity so much celebrated both in authentic history and in poetical fable. It cannot be doubted that Homer in particular owed much of his knowledge of maritime geography, real or fabulous, to his intercourse with these enterprising navigators. Apart, therefore, from his opportunities at home, it were scarcely credible that a man of his genius, associating with a people who habitually wrote, should have remained himself illiterate. As to writing-material, the art of manufacturing parchment, the acquirement of which art from the Phœnicians by the Greeks was matter of remote tradition in the time of Herodotus, when Phœnician commerce was on the decline, must have been in its most flourishing state in Phœnicia itself in the days of Homer. Opportunities could not be wanting to a poet of Smyrna or Chios for procuring the means of permanent preservation for his compositions. Nor, assuredly, would a poet such as Homer have failed to turn those opportunities to their full account.’—vol. iii. p. 488.

But it is time to quote Colonel Mure’s second argument for the express mention of written documents in Homer—which we alluded to in connexion with the often debated *σηματα λυγρεα* of Bellerophon.

In both poems—two passages of the *Iliad* and three of the *Odyssey* being of prominent importance—we read of the destinies of a hero as *lying on the knees of the gods*—θεῶν ἐπὶ γούνασι κεῖται. Now—

‘The Greeks, in every age, were in the habit of writing and reading with their books or papers resting on their knees. In various classical texts, comprising what is perhaps the earliest technical allusion to the habits of the literary profession, this custom is specified in terms almost identical with those employed by Homer:—

εἶνεκ' αἰοιδῆς

ἦν νέον ἐν δέλτοισιν ἑμοῖς ἐπὶ γούνασι θῆκα.—*Batrachom.* 2.

Still more immediately in point is a passage of the Republic of Plato, where the philosopher, in alluding to the judgment of mortals after death, describes Lachesis as holding on her knees the written reports of their past lives and future destinies—προφήτην λαβόντα ἐκ τῶν τῆς Λαχέσεως γονάτων κλήρους τε καὶ βίων παραδείγματα. Add to this the ancient proverb where Jupiter is described as consulting, literally, looking down into, his parchment roll of Fate.

ὁ Ζεὺς κατέϊδε χρόνιος εἰς τὰς διφθέρας.’

Our author, after several other quotations, says—

‘The evidence of such a series of parallel texts would be held incontrovertible, regarding the sense of this primitive adage, in any case where no preconceived theories obstructed the free exercise of critical judgment.’

We cannot afford any extracts from the laborious and skilful sections in which the Colonel has tilted with cavillers as to specific cases, real or alleged, of self-contradiction in ‘Homer.’ That there are some instances where the charge is just, will never be disputed—*aliquando bonus dormitat*;—and the true defence will never be so well expressed as in that fine passage of Longinus—who of all ancient critics was most apt to sympathise with the workings of the poetic mind:—παροράματα δι’ ἀμελείαν εἰκη που, καὶ ὡς ἐτύχεν, ὑπο μεγαλοφυΐας ἀνεπιστάτως ἀνηνεγμένα. The number has been greatly reduced by this new practitioner—and Lachmann in particular, who had been docked pretty tightly by ourselves, has now been shorn to the quick. Upon this roll that hero’s destinies lie very legible. In the same direction, however, we believe much remains to be done—we are even presumptuous enough to think that not a few counts, which Mure acquiesces in as not to be redargued, might, upon a still closer sifting, be found to range themselves with the mass that he has abolished. But, not to dwell on that point, we must observe that in our opinion he betrays an undue anxiety as to the whole of this branch of the vindication. The inference is that, according to his judgment, if a certain considerable number of such self-contradictions could be proved against the Poems, we, as Unitarians, should lose an important outwork, but our belief that the Poems were not only composed by one man, but by him written, would be shaken in its very citadel. Hence, apparently,

apparently, the earnest diligence with which he now exhibits—as he had done before in some very clever ‘articles’—instances of similar or even worse lapses by eminent artists who flourished in far subsequent ages. As he rests with special satisfaction on the slips in this kind of Virgil and Milton, we are obliged to remind him that the *Æneid* was never finished for publication, and that *Paradise Lost* was dictated. But as respects the question of writing, we suspect he is as wrong in his theoretical conclusion as in the choice of his artistical culprits. Those who deny that *Homer* wrote, hold that he meditated his lays, published by chanting them, and continued all his life to entertain an endless succession of companies with their recitation. Now we say that when an author of ‘cultivated times’ has written his poem, or had it written out for him, and knows that copies of it are in the hands of the public, he naturally (especially if he has not struck work in invention, but has new creations to occupy him) dismisses from his mind all concern about the details of that which has been fairly sent forth to prove its fortunes. If he be a very great man, it is not likely that the reperusal of his own old productions will be a favourite amusement of his idler hours; but at any rate, if he does deal in such entertainment, it will probably be only a canto or scene that he will indulge himself with at one time. Thus he may live for twenty years without ever being led to pause upon a discrepancy between this canto and that. Whereas, if it be his calling and profession to recite his poetry, it is almost impossible that he should not, when that poetry tells a story, recite it usually in the order of the story, or so doing, in no one course of repetition find his attention directed to a glaring discordance between two parts of his narrative. In short, had all the allegations of discrepancy that ever were made as to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, stood the Colonel’s cross-questioning as triumphantly as, with few exceptions, they have pitifully failed to do so—the inference drawn by us would have been precisely the converse of that apprehended by Colonel Mure: *à fortiori*, we should have said, the man who committed such a heap of blunders, must also have committed them to writing—otherwise he must have by and bye detected and corrected them.

In closing this very inadequate paper, let us once more remind our readers that we had but lately (especially in an article on Grote in vol. 78, and another on Lachmann in vol. 81) gone largely into the same subject. For confining ourselves to that one subject—however surpassing its interest—we should apologise to Colonel Mure, if we did not cherish the hope of soon meeting him again, and then finding opportunity to retrace, in connexion with the Athenian drama, his criticism on the early lyric poetry

of Greece and biographical sketches of its chief authors. For the present it must suffice to say that in that and in every other department of his investigation, as far as hitherto advanced, the student will recognise the same unwearied diligence, the same comprehensive scholarship, sound sagacity, and manly style of which we have afforded not scanty specimens from his chapters on *Homer*.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Reports and Evidence on Water-Supply*, 1821, 1828, 1834, 1840.  
 2. *Reports and Evidence on the Health of Towns*, 1842 and 1845.  
 3. *Report of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission*, 1847.  
 4. *Report of the General Board of Health on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis*, 1850.  
 5. *Remarks on the Water-Supply of the Metropolis*. By Sir W. Clay, Bart., M.P.  
 6. *Report on the Air and Water of Towns*. By Robert Angus Smith, Ph. D.  
 7. *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the City of London for the years 1848-9*. By John Simon, F.R.S., Medical Officer of Health for the City, and one of the Surgical Staff of St. Thomas's Hospital.  
 8. *On the Absorptive Power of Soils*. By J. Thomas Way, Consulting Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

‘*Tales sunt aquæ quales sunt terræ per quas fluunt.*’—PLINY.

IT is as true of Sanitary improvement as of human progress in all other kinds, that its successive steps are not fortuitous but determinate; each real advance, however apparently independent, being in fact but the logical extension of improvements already achieved; and those enterprises proving constantly the most opportune and successful, which are planned with the closest regard to historical antecedents. We shall therefore make no apology for prefacing our remarks on the existing defects, and proposed ameliorations, of our metropolitan water-service, by a brief recapitulation of the principal incidents which have marked its historical development. These incidents fall under five chronological divisions, constituting a series of clearly defined epochs, which have grown out of each other in regular progression, like the acts of a well-ordered drama.

The first or primitive Water-epoch includes the whole lapse of centuries preceding 1235. During this period no artificial arrangements were employed in the metropolis for the collection or distribution

tion of water, which the Londoners fetched, like simple villagers, with pitcher and pail from the neighbouring streams; contentedly dipping up each day the day's supplies from the same natural sources at which, in still ruder times, their painted progenitors had dipped before them, or 'stooped with hollowed hand to drink.' During the second period, which dates from the completion of the Tyburn conduit in 1235, Art was first employed to utilise the gifts or to correct the local deficiencies of Nature, by storing in tanks the waters of adjacent springs, or bringing through conduits ampler currents from afar. During the third period, inaugurated by Peter Morrys in 1580, these conduits were extended to the very houses of the citizens by branching ducts, through which the downward-flowing river-water was made to force itself up by tidal wheels and pumps; so as to sketch out for the first time a true circulating Water-system, with its central heart, its arteries, and its capillary ramifications. During the fourth period, dating from 1782, our water-service (concurrently with all the main branches of industrial art) was gradually transformed by the invention of the steam-engine; which impelled the circulating fluid with so potent a pulsation through its subterranean veins, that the wood of which these were made proved inadequate to sustain the increased hydraulic pressure, and was superseded by the introduction of cast-iron. During the fifth period, which dates from the establishment of the first London filter-bed in 1829, and which would seem to be still in its infancy, the attention of engineers and chemists has been more and more strongly directed to the artificial purification of the water—previously supplied in its crude state, with whatever impregnations it had brought up from the bowels of the earth or swept down from the hill-sides into the rivers.

With the three last periods of this gradual evolution the history of the London Water Companies comes naturally to be interwoven. Originating in the unconditional delegation to Peter Morrys of water-rights and privileges, previously exercised by the municipal authorities for the collective behoof of the citizens; and confirmed by the subsequent abandonment to Hugh Myddelton and his partners of still more extensive powers; the irresponsible monopoly, under whose oppression we suffer to this day, acquired gradually its anomalous privilege to exercise for private gain an indefeasible function of the state; to bestow or withhold, as to the monopolists might seem most profitable, this primal necessary of life; to distribute it of such noisome impurity, and at such exorbitant price, as might satisfy their unscrupulous cupidity; to squander, in a greedy struggle for lucrative territory, sums that should have been laid out in piping the poorer districts of the town;

town; to combine, for the retrieval of these losses, in a close confederacy against the public; and, in the strength of this unjustifiable league, to keep London, which should be the industrial exemplar of the world, lagging constantly behind the wants and knowledge of the age in respect of the quantity, quality, and cost of its water.

On this double history of an Art and a Monopoly, supervenes, towards its close, the history of an Idea. Transported mainly by one man's persistent energy from the domain of speculative science to the region of practical administration, and embodied in the pregnant formula of the Preventibility of Disease, this Idea, during the last twenty years, has gradually formed for itself a party, and taken firm roothold on public opinion; assailing successively all the strongholds of urban filth and squalor; and at last attacking, in their turn, the inveterate abuses of the water trade. In the 'Preliminary Inquiries Act' of 1846, the principle of subordinating local prejudice and peculation to the sanitary interests of society at large, was for the first time distinctly affirmed: in the 'Water Clauses Consolidation Act' of 1847, the curb of a stringent sanitary surveillance was applied directly to the water trade: and in the Health Act of the following year, passed under the pressure of impending pestilence, the master-principle of Sanitary Consolidation was finally embodied in our English law. This new administrative ordinance, providing as it does for the harmonious co-adaptation, under unitary governance, of drainage, water-supply, paving, and other connected sanitary services, evidently cuts the very ground from under our water-merchants' feet, and renders henceforth untenable a monopoly which its grinding pressure had long ago rendered intolerable.

Turning now from the history of the past to the wants of the present and the difficult problems of the future—we propose to inquire what improvements modern science entitles us to expect in the hydraulic service of London; from what sources Nature will furnish us with water, and by what processes Art may improve it. On the present occasion we shall confine our attention chiefly to the vexed questions of quality and source; reserving for future elucidation some collateral branches of the inquiry,—administrative, fiscal, and engineering. If we can succeed in determining what good water is, and whence it may be procured in sufficient abundance for our supply, the subordinate questions of its management and distribution, of its applications industrial and sanitary, and of the apportionment of its cost among the population, will admit of a comparatively easy solution.

Absolutely pure water, fresh drawn from the chemist's still, or  
formed

formed from its elements by burning a gallon of hydrogen gas in half a gallon of oxygen, seems as simple and inert a substance as one can well conceive,—devoid as it is of colour, taste, and smell. Yet in the whole range of material substances there is perhaps not one whose transformations are more surprisingly Protean, or whose relations are more extensive and intricate. A solid body, stone-hard, falls from the sky and breaks your window. You pick it up, and find it a dense angular crystal; which, while you examine it in the palm of your hand, changes to a transparent fluid; which again, dwindling gradually as you gaze at it, becomes invisible, and vanishes into thin air. If the weather be frosty, the vanished substance soon reappears in dew-drops, softly deposited on the cold window—which just before its momentum had power to break; and these drops, while you watch them, suddenly shoot into delicate ramifications, and resume their previous crystalline solidity.

Nor is the hailstone less soluble in earth than in air. Placed under a bell-glass with thrice its weight of lime, it gradually melts and disappears; and there remain four parts, instead of three, of perfectly dry earth under the glass. Of a plaster of Paris statue weighing 5 lbs., more than 1 lb. is solidified water. Even the iridescent opal is but a mass of flint and water, combined in the proportion of 9 grains of the earthy ingredient to 1 of the fluid. Of an acre of clay land a foot deep, weighing about 1200 tons, at least 400 tons are water; and, even of the great mountain chains with which the globe is ribbed, many millions of tons are water solidified in earth.

Water, indeed, exists around us to an extent and under conditions which escape the notice of cursory observers. When the dyer buys of the drysalter 100 lbs. each of alum, carbonate of soda, and soap, he obtains, in exchange for his money, no less than 45 lbs. of water in the first lot, 64 lbs. in the second, and a variable quantity, sometimes amounting to  $73\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., in the third. Even the transparent air we breathe contains in ordinary weather about 5 grains of water diffused through each cubic foot of its bulk, and this rarefied water no more *wets* the air than the solidified water *wets* the lime or opal in which it is absorbed.

But while water is thus capable of incorporating itself with earth and air, and of assuming alternately their respective conditions, it can on the other hand, in its turn, dissolve both air and earth; giving to invisible gases its own palpable form, and liquefying, without chemically changing, the densest constituents of the crust of the globe.

Thus 100 pints of water, at common temperature and pressure, will dissolve  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pint of nitrogen gas, and nearly 4 pints of oxygen; while of the mixture of these two gases (four measures of the first

to

to one of the second) which forms the bulk of our respirable air, water takes up an intermediate quantity. The gases which are exhaled into the atmosphere by animal and vegetable decomposition are soluble in still larger proportions: 100 pints of water will absorb  $12\frac{1}{2}$  pints of carburetted hydrogen (common coal gas), no less than 100 pints (its own bulk) of sulphuretted hydrogen (drain gas), and the same quantity of carbonic acid gas (fixed air, familiar to us in soda-water); while of ammonia (the pungent gas emitted by spirits of hartshorn) water can dissolve no less than 670 times its own volume. Of this absorptive power of water for gases we have a practical example in the frequent contamination of London water by the coal gas, which leaks from the gas-pipes into the soil, and is sucked into the water-pipes by the vacuum which the water creates in its recession towards the mains when turned off. This pollution (which is one of the evils of the intermittent supply) takes place to a great extent in certain streets, where the ground is so saturated with escaped gas that the fire-plug boxes if covered over at night collect enough to take fire the next morning. So abundantly is this gas drawn into the service-pipes that it has frequently been known to ignite at the water-taps; to the consternation of those who, coming with their pitchers, have seen fire issue where water was wont to flow. Drain air and grave-yard gas must in some situations be pumped by this vacuum process into the pipes and contribute to pollute the water.

As for the solvent power of water on solids, the phenomenon is as familiar to us as it is profoundly marvellous. Every one has seen salt vanish in water; the particles, just now opaque and fixed, strangely acquiring mobility and translucence. Every one, however, is not aware how extensive the range of this power of water is. The glass we drink from seems insoluble; yet Lavoisier found that glass retorts used in distilling water lost weight, the water at the same time acquiring an equivalent impregnation of the elements (flint and alkali) of glass. This erosive action of water and the gases it contains on glass, takes place also, though more slowly, at the ordinary temperature of the air; and its results become apparent in the lapse of time. The old stained glass windows at Westminster Abbey are honeycombed on the outside by the rain, and in many parts nearly eaten through. Communion quickens the effect: if a common drinking-tumbler be pounded and moistened, enough of the powder will be dissolved to give the water a powerful reaction on turmeric paper. Pure flint, which, as opal, we have seen solidifying water, may in its turn, be converted by combination with water into a transparent tremulous jelly—or even, in minuter portions, be taken up as clear aqueous

aqueous solution of flint. Thus granite rock, of which silicates, such as *form glass*, are a main ingredient, is gradually disintegrated by water; and the hot springs of Iceland bring up from the deep Plutonic strata so much siliceous matter in solution that objects dipped in them become coated with a flinty deposit. We shall be prepared to find a vast range of substances soluble in a menstruum which can thus master even glass and granite. Some salts, indeed, are actually soluble in the water which is contained in their own crystals. If, for example, you take the 100 lbs. of carbonate of soda above referred to, and separate the 36 lbs. of dry salt from the 64 lbs. of contained water, you may, at pleasure, alternately solidify the water in the salt and liquefy the salt in the water; the former result occurring if you mix the two substances *cool*, the latter if you mix them *warm*. Lime, on the other hand, which can solidify a fourth of its weight of water, requires 656 parts of water for its solution; and chalk (carbonate of lime) is quite insoluble, though an extra dose of its acid ingredient converts chalk into *bicarbonate* and makes it soluble. This is true of the corresponding salts formed by carbonic acid with lead and iron; and we shall presently see, in how direct a way these curious facts bear on the practical question of water-supply.

The insalubrity of earthy, alkaline, and metallic salts in water used as beverage, is strenuously asserted and denied by authorities of equal eminence. Some physiologists contend that as lime, magnesia, iron, and the alkalies, in combination with carbonic, sulphuric, phosphoric, and other acids, are essential constituents of the animal body, their presence in water is not only harmless, but positively beneficial, and their elimination from our beverage would, in particular, according to these writers, deprive our bones of the material necessary to their growth. In opposition to this view, the cogent fact is alleged that the citizens of Aberdeen, who drink the purest water in Great Britain, have also fully-developed bones; whence it is inferred that the earthy and alkaline salts supplied to us in our solid food furnish the organism with a due proportion of mineral constituents. This position is still more indisputably established by the fact that the ejected residue of the solid food contains a large proportion of superfluous mineral salts; whence it follows that the earths, alkalies, &c., taken in impure water are at all events *redundant* aliment: and daily repeated excess in any kind, however small, cannot (as Dr. R. D. Thompson, of Glasgow, judiciously remarks) be beneficial, but may be injurious. Dr. Thompson, indeed, maintains\* that the habitual use of water impregnated (like that of the Thames) with chalk and

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\* Report on Well-water in Glasgow, pp. 16, 17.

plaster of Paris promotes the occurrence of calculous disorders, especially amongst populations whose excreting powers are impaired by sedentary habits, by confined air, and by the various depressing influences incident to a city life. To the objection that only the outer coats of calculous concretions are earthy, the nucleus being usually a salt of lithic or oxalic acid, the advocates of pure water reply that, though the earthy matter be not itself the central nucleus of stone, its presence may contribute to determine the original acid deposit; that, however the stone may be first formed, it certainly *grows* by accretion of the lime and magnesia supplied to it through the kidneys; that patients recovering from stone have been observed to relapse rapidly on changing from pure to earthy water; and that horses compelled to drink hard water (which they abhor) get staring coats, and fall into bad condition.

On the whole, the weight of scientific evidence seems in favour of the salubrity of water free from earth; towards which, at all events, the instinct of mankind manifestly inclines. Pure springs, such as some of the Malvern springs, and the Jackwood spring near Tunbridge, are always eagerly resorted to by the neighbours; and their waters are often sent for, even from considerable distances. The taste, no doubt, may be vitiated in time; and the Londoner may learn to prefer earthy water, as the tavern-haunter comes to like fiery wines; or as the pauper, living amidst stench and filth, becomes at last content with squalor. Hence, as Sir W. Clay remarks, the metropolitan water-consumers are far more solicitous concerning the cost than the quality of their supplies—a statement confirmed by Dr. Angus Smith, who says that some East London water, obtained from a cistern in Whitechapel, and containing 16 grains of earthy matter per gallon, was ‘admired’ as soft and excellent water by the consumers, who considered ‘the inquiry unnecessary and absurd.’\* But visitors to London from pure-water districts—such as the granitic formations in Scotland and the slate strata of North Wales—are struck with the hard quality of our water, which to their more sensitive palate has a positively distasteful flavour. As for the inferiority of soft water, in point of freshness and sapidity, to the hard water drawn from springs and wells, this difference depends, as Angus Smith has experimentally proved, not on any pleasantness of savour inherent in the earthy salts, but on the superior coolness and more abundant aëration of newly-drawn spring water. Distilled water, cooled to 45° Fahr., and aërated with carbonic acid, becomes brisk and

\* Report on the Air and Water of Towns, addressed to the Metropolitan Sanitary Commissioners, p. 11.

refreshing;

refreshing; while spring water, warmed to 65° Fahr., and deprived of its carbonic acid, is rendered mawkish and vapid. Alexander knew this; who, at the siege of Petra, had thirty pits filled with snow to cool his water: and this also Mahomet knew, who describes, as one of the principal tortures of the damned, a quenchless thirst, with nothing to slake it but *warm*, filthy water. The subterranean tanks of Madrid, and the colossal cisterns of Constantinople, protected from the sunshine by groined coverings (rivaling, for extent and beauty, our finest cathedral roofs), argue the acquaintance of their ancient constructors with the value of *coolness* in water, and put to shame our London reservoirs—exposed, as they are, not only to the solar heat and light, with all the growths which they encourage, but also to the impure exhalations of two millions of people, and to the filthy droppings of the London air.

But whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the palatability of hard or earthy water, its inferiority for detergent, culinary, and manufacturing purposes is admitted on all hands. Lime and magnesia in water spoil alkaline soaps, by combining with the fatty acids which give them their lubricity, and so reducing them to the state of insoluble earth-soaps, which appear as gritty 'curds'—unpleasant to the skin in the bath, and injurious to linen in the wash-tub. The tannin of tea (its astringent part) is thrown down by the lime of hard water as a tannate, along with colouring, extractive, and aromatic matter; so that of the tea infused in spring water of average hardness, at least one-third is wasted. Hard water, used for boiling meat and vegetables, extracts their juices less thoroughly than soft, and (according to M. Soyer) toughens their fibres, shrivelling greens and peas, giving spinach and asparagus a yellow tinge, and seriously impairing the flavour of Julienne soup. Hard water is equally prejudicial, for like reasons, in many manufactures. The tannin of oak bark, like that of tea, is precipitated from its solution by lime, to the great injury of leather. The valuable juices of the dyer's woods,\* of the brewer's

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\* In some exceptional cases hard water is advantageous to the dyer. The brilliancy of the scarlets produced by the dyers of Masulipatam, for example, is due to the hardness of their water—the chalk in which precipitates the brown extract of the madder they use, leaving the scarlet pure. But hard water far more frequently precipitates the valuable than the valueless or injurious ingredients of the dye: so that in this, as in other cases, the exception corroborates the rule. The excellence of the beer brewed at Burton, where the water is four times as hard as that of the Thames, has been advanced by some defenders of hard water in disproof of its alleged unsuitability for brewing. This argument, however, appears to be incomplete. Good beer *may*, no doubt, like good tea, be made with hard water; but the question is whether, in both cases, more material is not required with hard water than with soft, to produce an infusion of equal strength. Experience concurs with theory to favour this view; seeing that wherever (as at Stockport) two qualities of water, one hard, the other soft,

brewer's malt and hops, and of the apothecary's drugs, are, like those of meat and vegetables, less readily yielded to hard water than to soft; and, as the extra dose of carbonic acid, by which chalk is upheld in water, is driven off by heat, steam-engine boilers, in which hard water is used, become rapidly encrusted with an earthy deposit, which hinders the transmission of heat to the water; and thus not only occasions waste of fuel, but exposes the over-heated iron to burn and burst.

The only set-off alleged in favour of hardness against all these evils, is that it tends to protect water from being contaminated by the iron and lead of the pipes through which it is ordinarily conveyed. The oxide of lead, though taken up in small quantities by pure water, is excluded from solution by the presence of the hardening salts, for which the water has a greater affinity. Again, the carbonates of iron and lead are deprived by the chalk in hard water of that extra dose of carbonic acid which, as we have already explained, is necessary to their solution. This protective power is, however, limited by the quantity of carbonic acid with which chalk can combine. Any casual excess of free gas (such as for instance might, under some circumstances, result from the decay of a few leaves falling into a cistern) would render an equivalent portion of carbonate of iron or lead soluble, even in hard water. That lead is often taken up, either in solution or suspension, by hard water stored in house cisterns, can scarcely be doubted, when we reflect that these cisterns frequently *wear into holes*. By what but the contained water can the lead which thus disappears be eroded? and by what issue but through the taps that lead to our kettles and our throats can the poisonous metal pass off? Dr. Smith says, 'I have found lead in water by no means very soft or pure'; and of the obscure dyspeptic and paralytic diseases common in towns, a proportion may depend on the unsuspected impregnation of cistern water by lead. An illness prevalent some years ago at Norwood was discovered by Professor Daniell to be occasioned by the saturnine impregnation of water conveyed in leaden pipes; and a similar fact occurred more recently at Clapham, where the water of the Manor-house spring was distributed through a large leaden pipe, which, chemically considered, was but an elongated cistern. The substitution of hydraulic pressure for the old mode of *drawing* pipes has increased of late years the danger of poisonous impregnation, by permitting the use of an inferior metal, mixed with refuse solder, &c., and liable to the accelerated corrosion determined in all mixed metals by galvanic action. These consi-

soft, are supplied, the latter is preferred as well by brewers and druggists as by tea-makers and washerwomen.

derations

derations dispose us, on the whole, rather to disapprove lead as a pernicious material for pipes and cisterns, than to commend lime as a protective impregnation of water.\*

Thus much, at present, of the relations of water to inorganic solids and gases. Of organic bodies, whether vegetable or animal, water is also a large constituent during life, and a powerful solvent after death. Potatoes, for example, contain 75 per cent. (by weight) and turnips no less than 90 per cent., of water;—which explains, by the way, the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep for drink. A beef-steak strongly pressed between blotting-paper yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame (bones included) only about one-fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen); the rest is water. If a man weighing 10 stone were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  stone of water would run out, and only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  stone of dry residue would remain.† A man is therefore, chemically speaking, 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through  $5\frac{1}{2}$  pailfuls of water. Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that ‘the living organism is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water’; and Dalton, by a series of experiments tried in his own person, found that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water. Thus amply does science confirm the popular saying that water is the ‘first necessary of life.’

Nor of life only. Of death, considered as the final predominance of chemical over vital forces, water is also the indispensable minister; taking, as it does, an active part in the processes of fermentation, putrefaction, and decay—through which organized bodies pass in their gradual relapse to the inorganic condition. These changes deserve our particular attention; for they go on in our ordinary rivers; and at a certain degree of activity they turn water into a deadly poison.

This poison is of the nature of sausage poison. German sausages are formed of blood, brains, liver, bacon, milk, flour, and bread, thrust with salt and spice into a bladder or intestine, then

\* The solution of iron and lead by pipe-water is greatly promoted by the intermittent system of distribution, which exposes the pipes to the oxydising action of air and water by turns. It appears from the experience of Aberdeen and other towns, to which soft water is delivered at constant pressure through pipes of iron and lead, that such conduits, if *always full*, are less corroded, even by pure water, than are the same pipes, when *often empty*, by water containing a protective earthy impregnation. While, therefore, it is as desirable as it is certainly feasible to adopt earthenware instead of iron and lead as a material for water-pipes (a measure already successfully adopted at Fayment, Besançon, Berne, and several other continental towns), there is no sufficient reason for the alarm expressed by the opponents of soft water, that its delivery at *constant pressure*, through our existing pipes, would expose us to more danger of metallic poison than we already incur from the *intermittent* distribution of our present hard supply.

† Lehrbuch der Chemie von J. Jacob Berzelius, B. iv., Abth. I., pp. 6-7.

boiled,

boiled, and finally smoked. When this last drying process is not efficiently performed, the sausages ferment; they grow soft, and slightly pale in the middle; and in this state they occasion in the bodies of those who eat them a series of remarkable changes, followed by death. The blood and the muscles of a sausage-poisoned man gradually waste; as also do all the other organs and tissues susceptible of putrefaction. The patient suffers a horrible sensation of *drying up*; his saliva becomes viscous; his frame shrinks to the condition of a mummy; he then dies; and his corpse, which is stiff as if frozen, contains only fat, tendons, bones, and a few other substances incapable of putrefying in the ordinary conditions of the body.\*

This poisonous power of fermenting sausages is conceived to depend on two circumstances: first, that the atoms of the organic matter of which they consist are in a state of chemical movement or transposition; and secondly, that these moving molecules can impart their motion to the elements of any analogous compounds with which they may be brought in contact. Just as yeast, which is gluten in a state of change, can by mere contact with a saccharine solution induce the transformation of the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, and just as putrefying brain or flesh will in like manner, by simple contact, cause solutions of organic matter to ferment—just so may these decomposing sausages bring about in the blood and tissues of those who eat them a state of dissolution analogous to their own.†

Now, when fermenting organic matter, instead of being concentrated in a sausage, is diffused through water in the proportion of 5 or 10 grains to the gallon (70,000 grains), its action on the blood, though modified by dilution, remains apparently the same in kind. Fourteen years ago the putrescent residuum of a starch-factory at Nottingham was suffered to contaminate a brook containing fish and frogs, and resorted to by cattle for drink. The fish and frogs disappeared from the water, and the cattle suffered a series of symptoms analogous to those above described as caused by sausage

\* Consult Liebig's Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology, p. 383 *et seq.*

† Several of these fermenting processes—that of yeast for example—are accompanied by the rapid and abundant development of a fungoid cellular growth; to whose agency, indeed, rather than to the play of chemical affinities, Mitscherlich and his school attribute the chemical changes in which fermentation results. The followers of Liebig, on the other hand, regard this fungoid development merely as a *concomitant* of fermentation; the yeast plant, according to them, not determining the chemical action, but only finding therein its appropriate nidus and nutrition. Both theories are adequate to connect and explain the principal facts of fermentation; but neither is yet established to the exclusion of the other by demonstrative proof—in the absence of which we prefer Liebig's view, both as being the simpler of the two, and as supported by preponderating evidence.

poison. Their muscles, their blood, and all the more putrefiable tissues of their bodies wasted; their coats became rough and staring; their yield of milk fell off rapidly; a bloody purging ensued; and they died in a state of extreme emaciation. After 24 cows and 9 calves had thus miserably perished, the contamination of the water was stopped by an action at law; upon which the fish and frogs soon began to reappear, and the mortality among the cattle ceased. In this case the vegetable albumen and gluten ejected from the starch-works in a state of chemical change may be conceived to have excited a similar transposition of molecules in the solid and fluid constituents of the bodies of the cattle; and the ensuing disorder may be regarded partly as the direct result of this decomposing influence, partly as the reaction of the vital force tending to subdue and expel it. In this fermentation, as in that of the ill-dried sausages, the water plays a double part: that of a solvent, permitting free movement to the fermenting particles, and that of an oxygen-carrier, yielding the element essential to complete decay.\* The solvent power of water for organic matter, and the fermentability of the dissolved organic matter itself, vary with temperature. At 32° Fahr. water takes up scarcely a trace of organic matter; at 40° it begins to take up, in ten or twelve hours, a grain or two per gallon—which, however, at this temperature has no deleterious property. An aqueous solution of organic matter, so long as its own fermentation is stopped or impeded by a certain degree of cold, is as incapable of exciting fever or diarrhœa as a sound apple or an untainted steak. As the temperature rises towards 60° the solvent power of the water increases, while, at the same time, a quick rate of fermentation becomes possible; and with every advance of the thermometer towards the highest summer temperature both processes receive a fresh impulse. Dr. Ronalds and Mr. Eyre found that water, which at 67° Fahr. took up in forty-eight hours 8·9 grains per gallon of organic matter from peat, took up in the same time 14·6 grains, when the temperature was raised to 84°. Forchhammer has ascertained, by a series of analyses repeated weekly throughout an entire year, that in the water used for supplying Copenhagen organic matter is most abundant in summer, and almost entirely disappears when the

\* In fermentation, the molecules of a body are merely transposed, and recombined in simpler groups; in decay, oxygen is absorbed, precisely as in combustion. Liebig, indeed, calls decay *eremacausis*, which means *slow combustion*. Fermentation takes the name of putrefaction when a part of the gaseous resultants evolved have a disagreeable smell. Thus sugar is said to *ferment*, because the only resultants are alcohol and carbonic acid gas; but flesh is said to *putrefy*, because its sulphur and phosphorus are evolved in combination with hydrogen, as stinking gases. Fermentation and putrefaction fall therefore under the same chemical definition: decay is a further step in the series of changes by which organic relapse into inorganic compounds.

water freezes. Accurate *summer* analyses of the Thames water are still wanting, though it is stated on good authority that during the late pestilence the mortality showed a tendency to increase whenever the temperature of the Thames rose above 60° Fahr. Indeed, the causes which promote fermentation have been usually observed to increase also the virulence of febrile epidemics. On the other hand, organic matter becomes innocuous so soon as fermentation ceases; whether its stoppage depend on the transposition of the elements being completed, or on the addition of a substance (such as alcohol), or of a force (such as boiling-heat), capable of arresting the process. Poisonous sausages are restored by boiling, or by immersion in alcohol, to the condition of wholesome food. Tainted water, thoroughly boiled, cannot produce diarrhœa. The same stream may yield a beverage comparatively wholesome in winter, but choleraic during the hot season. An influx of organic refuse at a given point may affect the salubrity of a stream for several miles of its course; but beyond this, the perfect oxidation of the foreign matter may restore the water to its previous purity. Foul water taken to sea in casks suffers an offensive putrefaction, during which it is deleterious, but after which it remains clear and wholesome, provided that no more fermentable matter be introduced. This is why, in some tropical countries, water 'old in tank' enjoys the same sort of esteem which we have for wine 'old in bottle.' The iron cisterns of the Victory still contain a portion of the water with which they were filled ten years ago; and this water is perfectly fresh and clear. Water itself, indeed, is not liable to fermentation, or decay, or putrescence; its quality, when pure, is not impaired by stagnancy; it would sleep unchanged for a thousand years, and be neither better nor worse for keeping. From closed jars, buried during seventeen centuries at Pompeii, the air has been taken by chemists, who have found it identical, atom for atom, with the free air we breathe—nor would it be otherwise with water. Of this truth old Epigenes seems to have had a vague inkling when he avouched, as Pliny tells us, that 'water seven times putrefied and as often purified again is subject no more unto putrefaction.'

It is not, however, to be supposed that water imbued with organic matter, even when fermenting, is *always* deleterious, nor *equally* so to all persons. The resistance opposed by the living organism to noxious influences of this kind varies in different individuals, and its intensity is often strangely disproportioned to the apparent weakness of the frame. Some individuals, seemingly feeble, have partaken with impunity of sausages by which others of robust aspect have been destroyed. A slice of mouldy

Stilton

Stilton cheese contains as much decaying organic matter as many gallons of the foulest Thames water; and though every now and then old cheese runs into a peculiar fermentation, by which whole families are poisoned, yet cheese decaying at its ordinary rate, and by its ordinary process, is to average constitutions innocuous. So it would seem to be with fermenting matter diffused through water. On this subject much still remains to be learned. The possible transformations of organic bodies are manifold, and of these some appear to be capable, others incapable, of inducing similar changes in the living system. There are facts and analogies tending to show that a peculiar state of activity may enable infinitesimal quantities of matter powerfully to affect the senses and the health. We eat animalcules by millions in the bloom of a plum; we also inhale them by millions (as Ehrenberg has shown) at every breath; and they neither affect our senses nor do us appreciable harm. Yet there is an animalcule which haunts cascades, sticking by its tail to the rocks or stones over which the water rushes, and which, when put into a phial with above a million times its weight of water, infects the whole mass with a putrid odour so strong as to be offensive at several yards distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water be changed so often.\* Again, *Urbs Vetus*, in Etruria, was during the last century nearly depopulated by a series of epidemics, which appeared to have their source in the fœtid emanations of a neighbouring pool used by the peasants for the steeping of their flax; and which ceased so soon as the flax-steeping was stopped by legal prohibition. Yet the quantity of matter exhaled in this and similar cases is so minute that all efforts to obtain an appreciable mass for analysis, by condensation on globes filled with ice, &c., have entirely failed. We know that musk can emit an intense odour for years without appreciable loss of weight; we know also that contagious diseases are as effectually communicated by a minute as by a copious inoculation; and that the matter on a lightly-clouded lancet suffices to propagate small-pox throughout a whole community. Indeed the very dilution of a poison is sometimes observed to increase its effect, by facilitating its diffusion through the system; while concentration, on the other hand, not unfrequently defeats its virulence, by exciting defensive reactions in the body. Thus, a large dose of arsenic, suddenly swallowed, excites a defensive contraction of the diaphragm, leading to its immediate ejection from the stomach; whereas the same quantity, diluted, and taken in successive doses, finds its way into the organism, of which it causes the gradual degeneration, and ultimate death. So, again,

\* For an account of experiments establishing this remarkable fact, see Mr. James Wilson's able article on Animalcules in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

the narcotic gas called carbonic acid or fixed air, excites, in its undiluted condition, a defensive spasm of the glottis, so sudden and violent as to render its inhalation impossible; but the same gas, as it occurs in crowded rooms, largely diluted with common air, passes the glottis freely; and its habitual respiration is one of the conditions of a variety of chronic disorders. The premature degradation of the townsman's body year by year is the result of minute impairments, occasioned by a multitude of noxious influences, severally inappreciable, and even collectively inadequate to produce violent and definite disease, but not on that account less fatal in their ulterior effects. When litmus paper is dipped in acid it turns red; and when a rosy child is dipped in town air it turns white. The first change is instantaneous, the second may take months or years to accomplish. This is owing to the extreme *diluteness* of the contamination of town air. The dilute impurities of even the clearest-looking Thames water, when introduced day after day into the blood, must produce a certain effect; and that effect, there can be little doubt, is of a more or less injurious kind.

We have, moreover, strong evidence that choleraic pestilence is connected with fermenting impurity in water. At Salford (to cite one instance) during the late epidemic, the inhabitants of a court were smitten in rapid succession so long as they persisted, in spite of the Inspector's earnest dissuasions, in drinking the water of a drain-infected well; and the plague was only stayed at last by the rude but effective expedient of taking off the handle from the pump. It should be remembered that water may contain organic matter in clear solution, and that a brown flocculent deposit will often fall, after a few days' standing, from water that at first looked bright and pure. The water of the Lee, at Cork, even when running apparently clear, occasioned violent dysentery among the troops in the barracks, as was proved by the subsidence of the disorder immediately on the water of the Lady's Well being used instead of that from the river, by the judicious advice of Mr. Bell. Known facts seem therefore, on the whole, to concur with analogous probabilities in indicating fermentable organic matter, whether suspended or dissolved, and whether in large or minute proportions, as one of the most dangerous impregnations to which water is subject; and though we can never be practically wrong in preferring lesser to greater degrees of organic feculence in water, we should commit a fatal error in relying, for its absolute salubrity, on anything short of absolute freedom from this kind of filth.

If now, advancing to a higher point of view, we note the properties and functions of water as it operates in the organism of plants  
and

and animals, and in the still wider laboratory of the world at large, we shall find it still the great solvent, the principal carrier of circulating substances and forces, and the universal medium of physical and vital transformations. The sap of plants is a solution of nutrient matters, saline and organic, in water, which distributes them so rapidly, that its upward course through the minute vessels (as observed by Lindley in the stipules of the *Ficus elastica*) looks like the rushing of a swift stream. A pailful of water suitably impregnated with salts is speedily sucked up by the root of a growing tree immersed in it; the salts are assimilated, as also is part of the water, the remainder being evaporated from the leaves. Food or poison may thus be artificially administered to plants; and timber is thus hardened in France, and even stained, while living, of divers brilliant hues. As for the evaporation from foliage, it is so abundant that a sunflower perspires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pint per diem, and a cabbage nearly as much; nay, it appears from valuable experiments recently published by Mr. Lawes of Rothamstead, that a wheat plant during the period of its growth (172 days) exhales about 100,000 grains of water; so that, taking the ultimate weight of the mature plant at 100 grains, and its mean weight at 50 grains, which is a full estimate, its mean daily transpiration actually exceeds ten times its own mean weight!\* At this rate, an acre of growing wheat (weighing at least two tons at maturity), should exhale on an average fully ten tons of water per diem. As however the average daily rainfall in this country is considerably under ten tons per acre, we must either suppose that the continuous water-supply afforded by Mr. Lawes to his trial-plants caused them to exhale more than they would have done under ordinary circumstances, or else that a part of the water evaporated by growing crops is restored to the soil by some absorptive process, independent of the mere rainfall. In any case, however, these valuable experiments justify us in attributing to living plants a pumping power far more rapid and considerable than they have heretofore been supposed to possess, and should dispose prudent engineers to allow largely for this vegetable transpiration in estimating how much of the rain-fall on cultivated land remains to feed rivers and springs, or admits of being artificially collected for use.

The blood of animals, like the sap of plants, is water holding in suspension or solution the materials of which the body is built up. This astonishing menstruum contains in intimate commixture the substance of all the tissues in every stage of their progress, from the condition of newly assimilated food, not living yet,

\* *Vide* Experimental Investigations on the Amount of Water given off by Plants during their Growth, by J. B. Lawes, in the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society of London, vol. v., part i., Jan. 1, 1850.

but ripening into life, to that of effete residua, hardly yet dead, though ready for extrusion; and so lightly is it balanced between chemical and vital forces, that its composition as it flows through organ after organ is modified by the peculiar activity of each; while, on the other hand, it reflects with equal susceptibility every impression which reaches the organism from without. It is thus that, by a gallon and a half of circulating water, warmth, suppleness, and nutriment are conveyed to every fibre of the frame, the vital transformations accomplished, and their residua fetched away for extrusion through appropriate channels. In this latter function water takes a more active part than is commonly supposed. Of 91 oz. of solid and fluid aliment taken during the day, Dalton found that  $48\frac{1}{2}$  were excreted in the fluid form;  $37\frac{1}{2}$  oz. (about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  pints) exhaled in vapour from the lungs and skin; and 5 oz. only ejected in the comparatively solid form. Even of this denser caput mortuum  $3\frac{3}{4}$  oz. were water, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an oz. matter soluble in water; leaving only 1 oz. as the total daily insoluble ejection of an adult man. These facts will be found to have an important bearing on the quantity of water required for the defecation of the metropolis.

Not less conspicuous is the part which water plays in that series of stupendous changes which may be called the life of the world. Its vast oceanic expanse, which covers nearly three-fourths of the entire superficies of the globe, and presents consequently an evaporating surface of 150 million square miles, is kept from stagnancy by the great tidal oscillation which daily follows the moon around the globe, and by those constant currents, arctic and equatorial, which mix the concentrated brine of the tropics with the cooler and diluter waters of the poles. Upon this ocean rests the liquid air—another mighty sea, having also its tidal oscillations, its currents, and its teeming inhabitants: and where these two seas touch, they interfuse. The water-ocean absorbs 2 per cent. by measure of air, and the aerial-ocean, in its turn, holds in suspension about 1 per cent. (by weight), or upwards of 1,000,000 cubic miles of water. This ambient water, which is expanded to nearly 80,000 times its fluid bulk (each cubic foot of air containing at ordinary temperature between five and six grains), constitutes what may be called our *Fresh-water ocean*. It steams up from the salt ocean below at the average rate of 16 tons per acre per day; \* and, as its mean bulk remains unchanged, the

\* Dalton found that a circular evaporating surface six inches in diameter yielded to dry calm air, at  $65^{\circ}$  Fah., 2.62 grains of vapour per minute, and 4.12 in a high wind. The former rate of the two is equal to rather more than 50 tons per acre per diem. Daniell's experiments gave a considerably lower evaporating rate: the  
approximative

the withdrawal of water by condensation from above necessarily equals its supply by evaporation from below.

The process by which the distillation, transport, condensation, and delivery of the ambient fresh water take place is very curious and beautiful. The air in ascending expands so rapidly that at three miles high\* each cubic foot occupies the space of two; and this expansion increases its capacity for heat, of which it can absorb and render latent an extra degree of Fahr. for every 350 feet of elevation, or  $14\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  per mile. Such is the amount of heat stolen by air, as it ascends, from intermingled vapour; which, along with its heat, loses a corresponding proportion of its elasticity; whose reduction, again, brings about an equivalent diminution in the amount of cohesive force counterpoised; so that, at every successive elevation, a number of aqueous molecules, previously held apart as steam, collapse into visible water. It is thus that the  $6\frac{1}{4}$  grains of vapour upheld in each foot of fully saturated air at  $60^{\circ}$  Fahr. dwindle to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  grains at  $40^{\circ}$ , and to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  grains at  $32^{\circ}$ ; the difference ( $2\frac{1}{4}$  grains in the first case, and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in the second) being the quantity that collapses into visible mist. This refrigeration may depend on the regular abstraction of heat by the air in ascending, or on the casual influence of cold currents coming from the north; so that fog or cloud may be found at any height, from the earth's surface to five miles high and upwards—though beyond this height the extreme cold leaves very little vapour at any time remaining to be condensed. It is doubtless by cool air-currents, occurring at successive elevations, that the successive layers of clouds are formed which we see rising one above the other. These clouds are the true sources of our rivers, of which it has been prettily observed that in this respect they resemble human life—seeming, like it, to spring from the earth, but having their real origin in heaven. The collapsed

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approximative average given in the text is computed on a presumed mean rainfall of 60 inches per annum over the entire globe. This mean evaporating rate is, however, much quickened in the tropics by the intense heat of that great central pump—the sun; which, indeed, would make the whole ocean boil violently, like a caldron, if the development of vapour were not checked by the weight of the superincumbent air, whose pressure (15 lbs. per square inch) equals that which would be exerted by a sheet of lead, three feet thick, spread over the sea's surface. The real efficacy of this check to oceanic ebullition appears from the common experiment of making water boil at ordinary temperatures, by relieving it from atmospheric pressure under the receiver of an air-pump.

\* Of the total weight of the air nearly half is contained in the lower 3 of the 48 miles which constitute its total depth, and nearly a fifth in the lowest mile. The weight and density of the ambient vapour diminish still more rapidly with the elevation, under the double influence of abated pressure and of abstracted heat. The weight and density of the sea in like manner increase with the superincumbent pressure in descending—the same quantity of water which would fill 20 cubic inches at the surface occupying only 19 at a depth of 1000 fathoms.

vapour

vapour would, however, fall back directly in a continuous drizzle, straight down to the ocean-surface from which it had been previously exhaled, but for the vesicular structure of clouds, which, when examined in the microscope, are found to be congeries of little bubbles, resembling soap-bubbles. These vesicles are in general extremely minute—though Saussure mentions passing through an alpine fog, in which they floated past him of the size of large peas. Of the play of forces which determine their formation no sufficient explanation has been given, nor even any satisfactory theory proposed; but their obvious and most important function is to keep many million tons of water continually suspended in the air above our heads. A large proportion of these bubble-clouds drift overland, partly impelled by the breezes, partly attracted by the projecting insular and continental masses, which jut up to an average height of nine hundred feet above the mean sea-level. Collapsing at last under the combined influence of thermometric, barometric, and electric perturbations, which have not yet been thoroughly analysed, these hollow water-spheres run together in compact drops, which the earth's attraction, tempered by the air's resistance, draws down in gentle showers to the ground. Thus are laid up during the winter on the Himalayahs, the Andes, the Alps, and the central African ranges, those vast snow-stores which, gradually melted by the summer heats, feed during the dry season the great water-courses of the globe—the Ganges, the Amazons, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Nile. Thus also the thirsty plains and valleys, and the porous subterranean strata, are moistened and refreshed by sun-distilled waters, still flowing down their slopes, or sinking slowly through them to the sea,—thence to be raised once more into the ambient ocean overhead.

In every part of this vast circuit, water is true to its character as a *vehicle*. The rising vapour carries up into the air the more volatile portions of the decaying organic matters with which the ocean teems. The organic matter thus raised furnishes myriads of atmospheric animalcules and fungi with the conditions of their existence; and these, perishing also by myriads, are washed down again by the falling rain, along with the soluble gases constantly poured into the air by the decay of terrestrial generations. Millions of tons of life-sustaining matter are thus, by the intervention of water, annually carried to and fro between the air above and the sea and the earth below.\* Nor are the torrents of pluvial water which descend from

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\* The volatility of organic matter, and the aptitude of watery vapour to serve as its vehicle, is shown by the difficulty of obtaining pure water, even by repeated distillation. So much organic matter comes over, indeed, with distilled vapour, that the first portions issuing from the still are thrown away. The increased fragrance of flower gardens

from the mountains, and the rivers which roll through the plains, less active vehicles of life, nor agents of less remarkable transformations. They teem with myriad generations, animal and vegetable, living and dead, and their waters by incessant abrasion bring down the mountain tops into the ocean-valleys. The Ganges carries to the Indian Ocean, according to Rennell, upwards of 100,000 cubic feet of dissolved or suspended earth per second. The Mississippi, since New Orleans was built, has advanced its delta several leagues into the sea by the deposition of soil washed down from the North American Savannas; the 'yellow Tyber' is coloured by the earth of the crumbling Apennines; and, if the Thames is fortunately free from the obstruction of a delta, it is not because its stream conveys no alluvial deposit, but because this deposit, as fast as it reaches the embouchure, is swept away by lateral ocean-currents. And while the rivers thus abrade the surface of the earth, the subterranean waters are as busy in dissolving and washing into the sea the substance of its buried strata. Every ton, for example, of the underground current, which may be seen at the bottom of the well in Dover Castle, flowing at a depth of 315 feet towards the sea, carries with it about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of lime into the British Channel; and it is doubtless this incessant erosion, subterranean as well as superficial, which surrounds islands and continents with a belt of water sensibly richer in lime (as Forchhammer has shown) than the deep sea beyond.

It might seem fanciful if, pursuing this chain of illustration, we were to describe a great city as a Social Organism, intermediate in magnitude and complexity between the organism of individual man, and the great kosmos, or collective organism of nature; and we therefore pass over the analogy, however striking, which assimilates the water-service of a modern town to the arterial and venous circulation of the human body, and to the mighty water-mechanism of the terraqueous globe. It falls more within our present scope to observe how the very virtues of water, as a disintegrant and solvent vehicle, expose it to extraneous impregnations, tending continually to increase in amount and diversity, from the moment of its first ascent in vapour out of the sea, to that of its final return, after washing the air and the earth, into

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gardens after rain, and the stronger smell of minerals (copper for instance) when breathed on and warmed, are familiar examples of the power of vapour to carry up organic and other effluvia into the air. Organic matter has been detected in rain and dew by Vogel, Angus Smith, and other able analysts; and Zimmermann has even distinguished by the name of *pyrrhin* (from *pyrrhos*, red) a peculiar form of atmospheric organic matter, which has the property of reddening solutions of silver. The quantity of the organic contamination is, of course, extremely minute; but it appears to have a remarkable instability of composition; whence, doubtless, the frequently observed aptitude (recorded by Pereira and others) of rain-water for putrefaction.

the

the great reservoir whence it came. For, indeed, as all our natural sources of supply, however apparently diverse, are in reality reducible to three, viz., rain-water, surface-water, and spring-water; or, in other words, the water of the heaven above, that of the earth beneath, and that of the strata under the earth; it follows that a comparative appreciation of these three general water-sources will involve the virtual classification and judgment of all particular water-schemes.

Thus, we shall readily infer the liability of crude rain-water to putrefaction, and its consequent unfitness for potable and culinary use, from what has been said of its activity in carrying up volatile organic matter from the sea, and in washing down microscopic corpses from the air.\* We shall also clearly perceive that surface-water, whether draining into lakes or rivers, must take up a percentage of all the soluble matters, organic and inorganic, which it meets with in its passage along the ground, and must consequently be liable not only to putrefaction, like rain, but also to more or less deleterious mineral impregnations. And we shall repudiate the common faith in crude spring-water, whether shallow or deep, as a trustworthy beverage, when we consider the soluble earthy and alkaline salts, the medicinal or even poisonous metallic oxides, and the nauseous carburetted and sulphuretted gases, which subterranean streams are liable to encounter as they slowly percolate to the sea.

It is here, however, to be noted that, as all these defects may on the one hand be greatly increased, so on the other they may be very much diminished, and in some cases totally obviated, by local circumstances. Rain-water, for example, falling through an atmosphere already well washed by previous showers, will be often comparatively pure, while rain descending through breezes loaded with sea-spray will be salt—and that which encounters the light dust wafted up by ascending currents from the land will even present a variety of earthy and alkaline impregnations, as Bergmann, Zimmermann, and Brande have shown by analysis. It appears, indeed, from facts recorded by Mr. Darwin and others, that dust-clouds capable of impregnating rain may be carried by the wind upwards of 1000 miles to sea; and the occasional descents of blood-coloured, green, and foetid black showers are examples of the contamination of rain by animalcular and fungoid swarms. Snow-falls thus coloured are common in the Alps, and coloured showers sometimes occur in these islands. Such an one fell, ink-black and putrid, on the 14th of April,

\* *Vide note, ante*, citing Vogel, Smith, Zimmermann, and Pereira on the organic matter in rain and dew.

1849, in Carlow, covering an area of 400 square miles, and coinciding very remarkably with a fresh outbreak of cholera.

Surface-water is still more liable to vary in quality with local circumstances. Surface-water flowing over primitive granite, like the stream of the Dee in Scotland, or basined in insoluble slate like the Bala lake in Wales, will often present only about 1000th per cent. of earthy or saline impregnation; while surface-water, flowing over ordinary alluvial deposits and soils of vegetable mould, must needs bring with it, in suspension or solution, samples of whatever impurities may lie in its river-ward track. Just so it is with subterranean waters. Some springs, like the Swinshaw spring near Manchester, gushing from the entrails of a comparatively insoluble rock, equal in point of purity the water of the granite-basined Dee; while other springs, meeting in their subterranean course with deposits of soluble salt, come forth, like that at Halle in Germany, loaded with nearly 100 times as much saline impurity as even the Thames or the Lea. Springs have, however, an advantage over rain and rivers, in escaping the artificial pollutions caused by the perversity of man. Dr. Angus Smith found the Manchester rain-water foul with soot and ash, and actually *harder than the surface-water of the neighbouring hills*. The Thames and the Lea contain, in flood times, a portion of all the guano, stable-dung, rotten sprats, and other top-dressings spread on the heavily-manured valleys through which they flow. Every shower discharges into the Henley Reach part of the contents of many hundred stagnant ditches; and it is even asserted that during the potato rot, the smell of the diseased vegetable was often perceptible in the river Lea;\* while into the Thames, as if to complete its pollution, we finally discharge the contents of all our London sewers.

We must bear in mind, however, that water, in the discharge of its function as a vehicle, is continually *setting down*, as well as *taking up*, extraneous matter; and that it is as ready to relinquish the chalk fetched up from an underground stratum, or the organic matter washed down from a manured hill-side, as it was greedy to gather these substances up. In its wide circuit from sea to air, from air to earth, from earth back again to sea, there is not a point at which these two operations, the one tending to purify, the other to contaminate water, are not simultaneously going on, though at some points the former and at others the latter is most active; and the gist of the water question, so far as the selection of the purest source is concerned, lies in determining that point

\* *Vide* Mr. Bowie's Report on the Cause of Cholera in Bermondsey; also his evidence respecting the quality of the Lea water, cited in the Report of the Board of Health on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis, page 84.

of the circuit where the polluting influences are at their minimum, and the purifying influences at their maximum of activity.

We have seen that rain-water, caught before it reaches the ground, is liable to become tainted by the putrefaction of organic matter washed down from the air; and yet the same water, if collected after falling on the rock, may be stored for any length of time without taint. This purification of water by contact with rock depends on a *surface action* tending to accelerate the oxidation of the organic matter, and its conversion into the innocuous resultants of decay—carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and water. This *surface action* of solid bodies deserves our close attention, because it lies at the very heart of the theory of filtration, upon which the purification of water mainly depends. We shall therefore make no apology for explaining it here, in the clearest and most compendious terms at our command.

If one finger be dipped into a cup of mercury, and another into a cup of water, the former will be found on withdrawal perfectly dry, the latter *wet*. If, however, a piece of silver be dipped into the mercury, it will appear on withdrawal *wetted*, i. e. *enfilmed* with adherent quicksilver, as the finger was enfilmed with adherent water. *Wetting*, in point of fact, takes place whenever the attraction of an immersed solid for the particles of the fluid into which it is dipped exceeds the attraction of those particles for each other; or, in scientific parlance, whenever the heterogeneous adhesion between the solid and the fluid exceeds the homogeneous cohesion between the particles of the fluid itself. Now a solid may be *wetted*, or adhesively enfilmed, not only with a fluid, but also with a gas. Thus, a mass of platinum, a pebble, a piece of charcoal, or a granite rock, may be *wetted* by the common air in which they exist; that is, they can by their surface-attraction for the gas overcome the mutual repulsion of its particles, and draw them together as a film on the surface. That this sort of aerial wetting really takes place we have experimental proofs in abundance. If, for example, oxygen and hydrogen gases be mixed in the proportion in which they unite to form water, they will be hindered from combining by their elasticity, and may be kept in mere mechanical mixture for an indefinite period; but if a plate of platinum be dipped into the mixture, chemical combination immediately begins, the gases gradually diminish in bulk, and water appears in their stead; the cause being that the metal attracts and condenses on its surface a film of particles which are no sooner thus drawn close together than they combine, and make room for fresh films to be successively attracted and combined in like manner. If, instead of the plate, a pulverulent precipitate of platinum, squeezed into a sort of sponge, be used, a greatly increased

increased surface-action will be obtained from a given weight of metal, because the gases will enter into the pores of the sponge and enfilm each separate dust-grain. A piece of such platinum-sponge will thus condense on its manifold interior surfaces many times its own bulk of oxygen or of atmospheric air; and if a jet of hydrogen be thrown upon it, the combination which ensues is so sudden, and the hydrogen, in quitting the gaseous form, gives out so much latent heat, that the platinum becomes red-hot, and the hydrogen takes fire. This phenomenon is familiar to us in the instantaneous-light apparatus commonly sold under the name of Döboreiner's Apparatus. Porous charcoal (especially that which is obtained by burning bones) possesses this gas-condensing power in a remarkable degree; rapidly deodorizing putrescent bodies by absorbing their offensive exhalations, and greedily sponging up (so to speak) the gases contained in water; whence the peculiar value of this animal charcoal in filtration.

Now, when rain-water containing dead animalcular or fungoid matter, which is eminently oxidizable, falls on a granite rock wetted or enfilmed with air, the adherent particles of oxygen are presented to the organic matter in a condensed form, freed from that elastic repulsion which is the great obstacle to chemical combination; and the carbon and hydrogen (of which the organic matter mainly consists) are rapidly converted into carbonic acid and water. If the rain be received on sand, *i. e.* on disintegrated instead of solid granite, this oxidizing surface-action will be increased precisely as it is increased by the substitution of pulverulent for solid platinum; and thus a stream of rain-water, flowing in a sandy channel, may be rapidly freed from its liability to putrescence.

But there is another sort of *wetting* still. Fluids themselves may be *wetted* like solids, by the adhesion of gases to their particles; and atmospheric air may stick to water just as it sticks to granite rock or sand. This sort of adhesion may be roughly shown by pouring water from one glass into another, when a mass of air-bubbles will be seen adherent to the descending stream, and carried down with it to the bottom of the glass. And if water thus aerated be placed, with some pebbles in it, under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, we shall have proof that the pebbles hold strongly, by surface-action, that portion of the dissolved air with which they are in contact; for it is on their surface that the air-bubbles (expanding to fill the vacuum above) are first seen to form; and there also they stick for some time before finally rising through the fluid.

All these sorts of wetting, or surface-action, take place in a shallow, pebbly brook; the water of which, spread as it is in a thin ribbon between the air above and the stones below and rolling over

over and over as it runs, exposes every portion of its mass alternately to aëration and surface-action; the oxygen absorbed by the first process being, by the second, condensed, and combined with the organic impurities. It is thus that the Dee, in Wales, though its upper stream is often darkened to the hue of tea by peaty impregnations, clears itself as it runs, and in the course of a few miles becomes colourless and bright. It is the more frequent repetition of this oxidizing process that keeps swift streams in general purer and more salubrious than slowly-creeping waters; and it is the absolute reversal of these conditions that occasions the pestiferous accumulations of slowly-putrefying matter in stagnant swamps and marshes. Marsh-water, *set in motion*, speedily ceases to generate the paludal poison. It was by draining the Roman swamps that the elder Tarquin freed Rome from the epidemics which, before his reign, periodically ravaged the city. Ague and dysentery have, since Sydenham's time, been extirpated from London by draining the river-side marshes that formerly extended from Lambeth to Woolwich; and the intermittent fevers which still infest the low eastern coasts of Britain, and ascend along the Essex shore of the Thames to the very gates of the Metropolis, may be eradicated by the same simple process whenever we choose to adopt it.

It is to the oxidizing power of *surface-action* that artificial sand-filtration mainly owes its chemical efficacy; and capillary attraction, which plays an important part—as we shall have hereafter to show—in the distribution of subterranean waters, is but this surface-adhesion called by another name, and considered in its mechanical, instead of its chemical, relations.

Those engineers and chemists, therefore, who have, before Parliamentary Committees, denied the chemical surface-action of sand, and who still maintain that filters are mere mechanical *strainers*, are bound to explain why filter-beds are not found to collect a quantity of filth equal to that which they remove from water; why, for example, the sand from the Chelsea water-works yielded to Dr. A. Smith less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of organic matter, after purifying several weeks' supply of the feculent Thames water. Sir W. Clay, who in his recent pamphlet reasserts the mechanical doctrine of filtration, notwithstanding Dr. A. Smith's experiments, should be prepared to explain the development of nitric acid from solutions of putrid yeast and ox flesh, when transmitted by that chemist through an ordinary house-filter, or kept standing by him over spongy platinum. The discoloration of ale, and of peat-water brown as tea, and the conversion of an aqueous solution of sulphuretted hydrogen into a solution of sulphuric acid and sulphates, by simple percolation through sand containing some alkaline and earthy bases, afford an equally cogent support to Dr. Smith's

Smith's view of filtration; which must therefore, we think, be held fairly established, until his ingenious experiments shall have been experimentally upset.

We need not dwell long on the well-known influence of gravitation in purifying turbid water, by drawing down the heavier particles as sediment, and causing the lighter ones to rise as scum. Between sediment below and scum above, the flood-swollen river after a time runs comparatively clear; being clouded only by those fine particles which, being of the same weight as the water itself, tend neither to fall nor rise. It is also gravitation that impels the downward-flowing current, and enables it to sweep scum and sediment to the sea. A current flowing half a foot per second will move fine sand along its channel; at a velocity of 1 foot per second, it will set fine gravel rolling; at 2 feet per second, pebbles an inch in diameter are carried on; while at a speed of 3 feet per second angular fragments equal to an egg in bulk are swept away. By this gravitating process it is that the Rhone, which comes down turbid from the Alps, changes to bright water in flowing through the Lake of Geneva; at the same time sweeping on the deposit, which would else fill up the lake itself. The value of this natural process, and the use of the lake as a reservoir of subsidence, is well shown by the contrast of the bright Rhone as it issues from the lake, with the turbid current of the Arve which joins it just beyond—shooting into its clear water a stream of dingy whitewash.

The development of minute *confervæ* and animalcules, and the growth of larger aquatic plants, and fish, have a mixed influence on water, tending on the one hand to purify it by removing the salts which those plants and animals assimilate, while, on the other hand, the organisms thus engendered pollute it by their presence while living, and by their *post mortem* dissolution. Just as in the tropical seas the coral insect withdraws from the salt water, and fixes in reefs of vast extent, many million tons of lime every year; just so, on a smaller scale, does the *gaillonella ferruginea* withdraw the iron from chalybeate water, and deposit it as a red peroxide (the bog-iron of marshes, the rusty stain on the banks of chalybeate streams); and just so do the loricated animalcules remove from siliceous waters the flint which forms their crust.

It is not impossible that advantage might be taken of vegetable and animal assimilation, suitably combined, for the artificial purification of water. A pair of swans have recently been employed at Glasgow to keep a large reservoir clear of aquatic weeds, which previously abounded in the water, and which these graceful functionaries clear away with a nimbleness that leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Warrington again has, for a year past, kept 12 gallons of water in a state of admirably balanced  
purity

purity by the action of two gold fish, six water-snails, and two or three specimens of the elegant aquatic plant known as *Valisneria spiralis*. Before the water-snails were introduced the decayed leaves of the *Valisneria* caused a growth of slimy mucus which made the water turbid, and threatened to destroy both plants and fish. But, under the improved arrangement, the slime, as fast as it is engendered, is consumed by the water-snails, which reproduce it in the shape of young snails, whose tender bodies again furnish a succulent food to the fish; while the *Valisneria* plants absorb the carbonic acid excreted by the respiration of their companions, fixing the carbon in their growing stems and luxuriant blossoms, and returning the oxygen (during sunshine in visible bubble-streams) for the respiration of the snails and the fish. The spectacle of perfect equilibrium thus simply maintained between animal, vegetable, and inorganic activity is certainly striking and beautiful; and experiment alone can determine how far such means may hereafter be made available on a larger scale for keeping tanked water clear and sweet. But in natural streams these aquatic scavengers, especially the microscopic tribes, do but give to existing impurities another, and often a more objectionable form; animalcular swarms being more odious to the sense than even the filth they clear away. Just as, in the Lymington Saltworks, the brine, at a certain point of its concentration, is observed to swarm with myriads of little branchiopods, called brine-worms, on whose appearance the solution, previously turbid, becomes clear and bright; just so in the Thames and New River, the green weeds, the eels, and the countless microscopic forms of life, tend, by the assimilation of feculent matter, to clarify the water which, by their presence and their excretions, they contribute also to infect. It is, indeed, the reciprocal intermixture and interference of natural processes, consequent on the very exuberance and multiplicity of the forces to which they are due, that chiefly calls for the corrective intervention of human art. The river is often dissolving one kind of sediment at the same moment that it is depositing another; the breeze, which yields its deodorizing oxygen, drops also on its surface myriads of infinitesimal spores—germs of the very taint which oxygen serves to neutralize; and living generations are less nimble to purify than their dead predecessors are to pollute it.

If now, quitting the surface water, we attend to that portion of the rainfall which percolates the pores and fissures of the earth, we shall find it in like manner exposed to purifying as well as to contaminating influences. Dust, soot, and other such mechanical impurities casually encountered by the rain in its descent, are strained out of it and left behind on the surface of the ground.

The

The organic matter washed down by rain is eliminated during its descent through the first few feet of soil, partly by the oxidizing surface-action already described, and partly by certain obscure chemical affinities which we shall presently explain. The rain also rapidly gives out, in its passage through the earth, the heat which it had absorbed during its evaporation from the sea; thus cooling itself to a refreshing temperature, while at the same time it carries down to the else cold and sunless subsoil a portion of the solar warmth.\*

The soil, however, improves and purifies percolating water, not merely by its cooling power and oxidizing surface-action, but also by the energetic chemical activity of some of its ingredients. Clay deprives the rain-water, by a chemical action not as yet thoroughly understood, of its organic impregnations, and will even deodorise it when putrid.† So strong, indeed, is this deodorising property of clay, that if water containing putrid urine, or the stinking residuum of steeped flax, be passed through a ten or twelve inch layer of ordinary loam, its offensive taste and colour are entirely removed, and it issues so bright and pure as to be actually drinkable. Even black sewage-water thus treated leaves the whole of its impurities behind in the soil, which it thus greatly enriches, and comes through in a pure and potable condition. The important bearing which this property of clay may have on the sewage as well as the water question need hardly be pointed out.

Nor are these the only powers of this commonplace yet curious substance, clay. If water abundantly contaminated with chalk (carbonate of lime) be made to trickle through a layer of clay, or of loam—which is a mixture of sand and clay—the lime of the chalk will be detained by the clay,‡ and the water will issue almost pure. If, again, a sample of ordinary spring-water, containing various salts of lime, magnesia, potash, soda, &c., be passed through clay or loam, the water on issuing will be found

\* Mr. Parkes states that the temperature of the subsoil is often raised from 52° or 53° to 60° and even 63° Fah., by merely facilitating the percolation of the rain.

† This property of clay, which is a silicate of alumina, probably depends, in part at least, on the same affinity for organic matter which renders alumina useful to the dyer as a mordant for fixing vegetable dyes on calico. But clay, when acting on water turbid with suspended organic matter, may clear it by mechanical coagulation, just as gelatine, or white of egg, clears turbid coffee. All soils possess, in a greater or less degree, the power of deodorizing organic impurities by absorbing their effluvia. Servants are accustomed to free knives from tenacious odours, as of onions, ham, &c., by plunging them into the soil. Venison is often buried, that it may remain sweet while mellowing; and the instinct of the dog and the fox leads them in like manner to bury the flesh which they desire to preserve for future use. Mr. Warrington found the stench of a pound of putrid meat entirely arrested by a covering of mould only 4 inches thick; and it is by the same property that the soil of churchyards, when not over crowded, absorbs the effluvia of human decay.

‡ Probably as a double silicate of alumina and lime,

free both from the acid and the bases of the carbonates (such as chalk), and free from the bases, earthy or alkaline, of the other salts, such as the sulphates, muriates, &c., but not free from their acids, which the clay has no power to separate, and which it therefore leaves in the water, combined with as much lime as is necessary for their neutralization.

These curious facts are due to the able researches of Professor Way, who is still engaged in tracing out their as yet obscure relations, and in investigating the action of various soils on the impurities contained in water. Of the importance of Mr. Way's experiments some idea may be formed when it is considered that he finds an ordinary loam-soil capable of absorbing about 1 per cent. by weight of potash, and similar proportions of other bases; so that, estimating the weight of such soil at about 100 tons per inch in depth per acre, each inch would arrest about a ton and a half of chalk. And, taking Thames water to contain on an average about 1 ton of chalk per million gallons, each foot in depth of an acre of loam-soil would soften 18,000,000 gallons of such water.

We shall have hereafter, in treating of artificial filtration, to dwell at more length on these most interesting researches, which are relevant in this place only as illustrating the fact that soils have a double play of affinities, tending on the one hand to contaminate, and on the other to purify, percolating water.

The relative salubrity of springs, therefore, like that of surface-streams, depends on the relative activity in each case of these opposed purifying and contaminating influences. When the rain falls on fertile soils, saturated with the soluble salts which form the food of plants, it greedily dissolves them and conveys them to the absorbent roots. When, on the contrary, rain falls on sterile moors or tracts of barren sand, it encounters no such counterpoise to the purifying surface-action of the soil; so that, after percolating ordinary moorlands to the depth of a few feet, water is in the purest state in which it is furnished us by nature. Such water is in fact strained, oxidized, and cooled by a natural process; it is freed from objectionable impregnations imbibed from the air, and not as yet polluted, in exchange, by impurities acquired from the earth.

An example of such soil and of rain-water thus purified exists on a hill-side near Farnham. A layer of siliceous sand, scantily covered with heath and peat, receives the rain, whose further descent is intercepted by a sheet of impermeable clay lying at a few feet below the surface. This water is collected in ordinary drain-pipes, by which it is conveyed in a perfectly pellucid state, quite free from organic impregnation, to a tank, whence it is distributed through service-pipes to the inhabitants of Farnham.

It

It is stated to contain but  $2\frac{1}{2}$  grains of hardening salts per imperial gallon (70,000 grains), and to be equal if not superior to the celebrated water of the Bala lake.

At every foot of its descent below this point of maximum purity the subterranean water is exposed to deterioration, while it has little chance of any further improvement. Each stratum presents it with substances for solution, or modifies, by some play of chemical affinity, ingredients already dissolved. Even the same stratum, if tapped at various points from its superficial outcrop to its greatest depth, yields water of different quality. Thus the shallow-spring water, which flows from the chalk hills formed by the outcrop of the London basin, is very highly charged with chalk, while the water yielded by the same chalk stratum under London, at a depth of 250 to 300 feet, contains very little chalk, but in its stead a large quantity of alkaline salts. The chemical conditions of these and other subterranean transformations of water are obscure and debateable. We shall have to discuss them hereafter in speaking of the Artesian-water project. The point on which we are at present anxious to fix attention is, that the circulating waters, in their devious course through sea and air and earth, arrive at their maximum degree of purity just after falling on the primitive rock (as at Aberdeen), or traversing its fissures (as at Swineshead), or percolating its sandy *débris* (as at Farnham).

Assuming, then, the purest water to be the best, and having due regard to economical considerations, we should indicate rock-basined rivers or springs, wherever they are sufficiently near and copious, as the most advantageous sources for the supply of towns. Next to these, in point of purity and cheapness, come the waters collected from sandy *gathering grounds*; and next, the subsoil drainage from well-selected loam or clay. Failing all these sources of supply, the water of the least polluted rivers or springs in the vicinity must be resorted to, and artificially purified—either by the surface action of porous filters, made with gravel, sand, and charcoal; or by chemical treatment, according to the methods of Clarke, Way, Cross, and others; or by artificial aëration, as suggested by Dr. Hale; or by a judicious combination of these processes.\*

Such,

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\* Dr. Clarke's process is designed to soften water, by precipitating from it, at a cheap rate, the dissolved bicarbonate of lime to which its hardness is mainly due. For this purpose he takes means to convert the soluble bicarbonate of lime into simple carbonate of lime, or chalk, which is insoluble. This transformation is effected by mixing with the water to be softened the exact quantity of lime requisite to take from the dissolved bicarbonate its extra dose of carbonic acid. Thus the added lime, as well as the bicarbonate already present in the water, are simultaneously converted into chalk—the former by gaining, the latter by losing, an equivalent of carbonic acid; and this chalk, in its gradual descent through the water, carries down also (by mechanical

Such, compendiously stated, are the general principles which should guide us in the choice of a water source for any town, in any part of the world. They are amply borne out by practical experience, and have already led the municipal authorities in many parts of this island—especially in Lancashire and Scotland—to abandon the old sources of supply, and to adopt in their stead the new system of *Gathering-grounds*. Edinburgh and Paisley, Bolton, Bury, and Stockport, are examples of towns already supplied wholly or partly on the gathering ground plan. Liverpool and Manchester have at this moment extensive gathering-grounds in preparation. On every acre of our sandy heaths fall annually from 2000 to 4000 tons of rain water, and about 500 tons of dew;\* of which, allowing largely for evaporation and waste, at least one-third may generally be collected for use. The average annual number of rain days in our climate is 152; and their distribution throughout the year leaves rainless intervals, against which it is necessary to provide by the construction of storage-reservoirs, adequate to contain, as a minimum, sixty days' supply; to which considerable addition should be made to meet the contingency of protracted drought, and to save the water of occasional floods.

nical coagulation) a considerable portion of any organic impurity which may happen to be in suspension. The chalk thus precipitated may be burnt to lime in the usual way; and this very lime may be employed for the purification of another mass of water. One cannot but admire the ingenuity of this chemical artifice (at first sight almost paradoxical), which frees water from lime in one form by the addition of lime in another; and which obliges the precipitated impurities of the first waters treated to throw down the dissolved impurities of succeeding masses. This process, to which the London Water Companies have obstinately refused a trial, has within the last few weeks been brought into operation on a large scale at the Mayfield print-works, Manchester, where, we are informed, its success has proved complete. Mr. Way's suggestion for softening and purifying water by filtration through loam or clay, though it has not yet been tried on a large scale, is based on sound experiments, and will in all probability lead to valuable practical results. Mr. Cross proposes to free water from certain of its organic impurities by the galvanic action of zinc and iron plates plunged into it; and his laboratory experiments have certainly been attended with a sufficient degree of success to deserve repetition on a large scale. Dr. Hales' plan was proposed more than half a century ago, and is described in Dr. Black's *Lectures*, vol. i., p. 297. It consists in blowing air through water in small streams, by means of an instrument resembling a bellows, fitted with a long tube, reaching to the bottom of the water, and ending in a perforated streamer, like the rose of a garden watering-pot. This process resembles in its effect the Chinese plan of aerating water by beating it with bamboos; and it is also analogous to Sir John Sinclair's method of impregnating water with air by a sort of churning machine. A mechanism resembling Dr. Hales', but worked by steam power, is employed to drive air through palm-oil, for the purpose of bleaching it (by oxydising its colouring organic matter), which it accomplishes very effectually: and there is no doubt that cisterned water, by like aerating agitation, would be freed from the evils of stagnancy, and assume the characters of running water.

\* The dew, caused, as it is, by the condensation by night of vapours raised from the earth during the day, must be reckoned, not as a direct addition to the rainfall, but as an abatement (and a very large one) of the loss caused by evaporation.

It is on the great extent and alleged costliness of these receptacles, and on the assumed liability of stored water to heating and vegetation, that the opponents of gathering-grounds rely for their principal objections to the system. It is found, however, in practice, that by taking advantage of the natural undulations of the ground, large reservoirs may generally be formed at comparatively small cost; and experience also shows that, though vegetation takes place in *shallow* reservoirs, it is obviated by *deep* storage, which preserves the mass of the water shaded and cool. By a storage depth of from 30 to 50 feet the gathering-ground water now distributed to part of Glasgow and Paisley, in lieu of the water formerly obtained from the river Clyde, is preserved during the season of drought in unimpaired freshness and purity, and its substitution for the old supplies is esteemed a great boon by the inhabitants. The bleachers declare that it saves them half their expenditure in soap; the tea-drinkers that it makes their tea go nearly twice as far—and the laundresses that it improves the colour, and diminishes the wear and tear of the linen they wash. In considering the question of *cost*, we shall find that these are elements which count, not for thousands merely, but actually for *millions* sterling, in the annual expenditure of urban populations.\*

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\* The washing bills of the metropolis, estimated at the low average of 1s. per head per week, amount to upwards of 5,000,000*l.* per annum. A working-man's calico shirt, costing 2s., and washed forty times, at 3*d.*, has five times its original value expended on it, in soap and laundry labour, before it is worn out: a like proportion holds in the costlier washing of more expensive articles. So far therefore as the home market is concerned, the *Washerwoman's interest* actually exceeds, in pecuniary magnitude, the gigantic *Cotton interest* itself. Of this washing expenditure nearly one-tenth, or half a million sterling, is laid out in soap and soda:—9600 tons and upwards of the former, with 3000 tons of the latter, at 45*l.* and 10*l.* per ton respectively, being used annually in London. From the experience of Glasgow and Bolton, where soft-water supplies have recently been introduced, it appears that our London outlay on soap and soda might be reduced at least one-half (*i. e.* 250,000*l.* per annum) by substituting a softer water for our present hard supplies: while a still greater saving would result from the diminished wear and tear of the linen itself during ablution, and the proportionately abated toil of the laundress. It is indeed alleged, in opposition to these views (which have been ably set forth by the Board of Health in their recent Report), that half an hour's boiling before use would soften the washerwoman's water, by precipitating a large proportion of the chalk; and that a halfpenny-worth of carbonate of soda, judiciously applied, would neutralize the hardness of 100 gallons of Thames or New River water. But these propositions, though true, leave the *practical* objection to hard water supplies untouched. For, in point of fact, the washerwomen do not soften their water by boiling it beforehand, nor do they nicely adjust the soda they throw in to the quantity of lime requiring neutralization. On the contrary, the boiling, as they conduct it, throws down the hardening chalk of the water as a gritty precipitate upon the linen washed; while the soda, used by them in excess to diminish their toil, still further deteriorates the fabric by its caustic alkaline property. In deciding social questions of this kind we must take men and things as we find them; considering not what might be, but what is; and protecting the population, so far as we are able, against the consequences of their own ignorance and neglect.

Nor is the Gathering-ground system, while thus sanctioned by modern theory and practice, less conformable with the indications of foregone experience. It is a logical step in that series of improvements by which the hydraulic engineer has progressively extended his control over water—removing it, at each successive advance, more and more from the operation of chance, *i. e.* from the casual influx of natural or artificial pollutions. The natural mud-banked streams were long ago replaced by artificial water-courses, lined with stone or brick; next, these were covered in, or replaced by earthen or metallic tubes; and then came Peter Morrys, who prolonged these tubes by ramifying ducts into our very houses. Evidently, a similar extension remains to be accomplished at the opposite end of the aqueduct; and ramifying feeders for gathering water come next in the order of sequence to ramifying ducts for its delivery. As aqueducts are artificial rivers, so, by the strictest parity, these feeders are artificial springs. Constructed at small cost of ordinary clay drain-pipes, laid in the usual manner three or four feet deep, they catch the filtered rain-water at its point of maximum purity, and convey it to its destination in channels equivalent for purity to the fissures of the granite rock. Thus the only remaining element of uncertainty—the random flow of water over or through the soil—is eliminated; and its whole course, from the ground on which it falls to the tap at which it is consumed, is brought under our direct control. Lands hitherto regarded as profitless wastes, when considered in this new light, spring into sudden value and significance as *water-farms*, adapted to afford us *drink*, by those very conditions of sterility which unfit them to produce us *food*. And, as the richest soil of Europe has for centuries been devoted to the production of beer and wine, so now our barren commons are found available for the supply of that still more inestimable benefit—pure, soft, and wholesome water.

Passing now from these general considerations to the particular case of London, and examining, in the light of the foregoing theory, the local conditions, hydrographic and geological, of the Metropolitan district, the first thing that strikes us is the existence of a range of sandy heaths and moors, stretching north and south from Bagshot to Haslemere, east and west from Farnham to Woking, and covering an area of about 100 square miles, which catch at least 2200 tons per acre per annum of water, for the most part analogous in quality to that already collected and used at Farnham. Lying, as they do, at a mean distance of thirty miles from London, within convenient aqueduct-reach, yet not so near as to be exposed to contamination by the metropolitan soot and ash, these moorlands seem, *primâ facie*, admirably adapted to supply

supply water on the new system to the metropolis. A large proportion of these moors, no doubt, are covered with peat, which in times of flood colours the surface-water. But the organic matter thus dissolved is entirely removed, along with that washed down from the air, by percolation through the sand beneath; so that when the brooks on the surface are coloured like tea, the sub-soil drain-streams run brilliantly clear. The peat, moreover, is stated to be so thin, that it might be easily and economically pared off; the value of the product reimbursing the cost of its removal, which would leave a gathering surface of bare sand, washed clean by the rainfall of ages. Some portions of these sands, it is true, have a dark colour, indicating the presence of iron; and the water at a few of these points is said to be slightly chalybeate. But these iron sands are reported to be of limited extent; at least 70 square miles of the district hitherto examined yielding water perfectly free from iron, and as soft as the water of the finest Lancashire gathering-grounds. So far therefore as the able investigations of the Board of Health (to which we owe much of our information on this subject) have hitherto gone, they promise London a water-supply from these new sources, in *quantity* abundantly sufficient for the wants of the population, domestic, sanitary, and industrial, and of *quality* superior to that enjoyed by any other metropolis in the world.

While, therefore, we reserve, till fuller information is before us, our final judgment on this important question, we do not hesitate to take the initiative in directing public attention to these *artificial spring grounds*, as likely to afford us a better supply than any of the sources hitherto proposed. Of these last-mentioned sources, our limits forbid us at present to speak at much length. They all, as we shall hereafter more fully explain, fall under one or other of two main divisions, viz., *river* sources and *spring* sources, each of which is further divisible into two sub-groups. Thus under the head of river schemes are included, 1, *Thames* schemes—for taking the Thames water at Twickenham, Teddington, Staines, Henley, Mapledurham, and various other points from Kew upwards; and, 2, *Thames-tributary* schemes—such as the Medway scheme,—Telford's Colne and Wandle scheme, &c. Under the head of spring schemes, in like manner, are comprised, 1, the *deep-spring* projects, such as that of Mr. Tabberner for raising water from the valley of the chalk basin under London; and, 2, the *shallow-spring* projects, such as that of Mr. Homersham, for pumping water from the outcrop of the London chalk at Watford. Apart from these schemes, yet connected with all of them as means of improving crude spring and river waters, stand the processes of

Messrs.

Messrs. Clarke, Cross, and Way, already referred to, and other purifying schemes, which we shall take an early occasion to pass in review. In the mean time we enter our protest, on behalf of the public, against the adoption, for our future metropolitan supply, of any water contaminated either with earthy salts (like that from Watford), or with alkaline salts (like the Artesian water), or with both mineral and organic impurities (like the water of the Thames and its tributaries), until experiments and trial-works, in conformity with the recommendations of the Board of Health, shall have determined the capabilities of the Surrey and Hampshire MOORS AS METROPOLITAN GATHERING-GROUNDS.

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ART. VII.—*Histoire du Gouvernement Provisoire.* Par M. Elias Regnault, ancien Chef du Cabinet du Ministre Provisoire de l'Intérieur. 8vo. Paris, 1850.

M. REGNAULT is one of the many persons attached to the two radical journals, the *National* and the *Réforme*, whom the February Revolution suddenly called from obscurity to a prominent official station; and it is natural that his view, both of the Revolution and of the Provisional Government—especially that section of it to which his friend and patron M. Ledru-Rollin belonged—should be highly favourable. 'Calumny,' he says, 'has long enough misrepresented the members of the Provisional Government:—it is time that truth and justice should be heard in their defence.' We will not deny that M. Regnault writes with more moderation and good sense than we have found in any of his party, nor that his statements have more of 'truth and justice' than we expected from a professed apologist of M. Ledru-Rollin; but we differ essentially from the conclusion that M. Regnault draws in favour of his heroes: for, though he *denies* several of the lower personal delinquencies imputed to those heroes, we cannot say that he quite *disproves* them—while he leaves their public character certainly no better than it was, and indeed gives us some fresh insight into the *dessous des cartes*, which confirms, and sometimes in a very remarkable way, the views of both the men and their motives which we had in former articles opened to our readers. The book is written in a lively and agreeable style, and has, as we are not surprised to hear, had very considerable success. We cannot, however, afford room for more than some of the personal and anecdotal traits verified by this *very* near observer and, on the whole, candid narrator.

He begins by an historical dissertation on the Reform Banquets—

quets—the rash and factious device of M. Odillon Barrot and the Dynastic Opposition to overturn the ministry of M. Guizot, but which ignited the republican mine that scattered to the elements not only the existing and the projected Ministries, but the Monarchy itself. M. Regnault is entitled to speak with confidence on this point, for he was, he tells us, ‘the Secretary of the Central Committee of Reformers’—that is, Revolutionists. This committee, of which the ostensible object was the direction of the elections for the department of Paris, assembled habitually at the house of Pagnerre, a bookseller, the usual publisher of the radical literature. This circumstance accounts for a fact that surprised all who were not acquainted with its obscure cause—that this bookseller became all at once so great a statesman as to be virtually a member of the Provisional Government, with the title of its Secretary—while M. Regnault himself became *Chef du Cabinet du Ministre de l’Intérieur*—a post which has no exact counterpart in our official hierarchy, but is somewhat like a confidential Under-secretary of state.

This electoral, or, in fact, revolutionary committee, greedily adopted the idea of the reform banquets, both as a bond of union with the Dynastic Opposition and as an engine to excite and agitate the populace during the prorogation of the Chambers.

‘They took *electoral reform* as a *watchword*, but abstained from stating their real objects, on the double policy of not alarming the timid and not discouraging the impatient.’—p. 21.

Here is another decisive proof that both the reform and the banquet questions—which Louis Philippe and M. Guizot have been so unjustly censured for not having conceded—were but a pretext. But M. Regnault adds a still more important circumstance—the Radicals who accepted this banquet project from MM. Odillon Barrot and Duvergier de Haurane (the latter an apostate from the Conservative party) *expressly warned them*

‘that they, the Radicals, would join them in pushing their proposed reform, but only as a *step* to ulterior and more radical measures; they gave them fair notice that, allies up to that point, they were prepared for much greater changes, which might not be acceptable to their Dynastic party. The coalition was proposed and accepted on these terms without restriction.’—p. 21.

We saw and said that MM. Barrot and Duvergier ought to have foreseen the ultimate danger of such a coalition, but we were not before aware that it had been thus precisely stated and stipulated for as the condition of alliance. This revelation may diminish our wonder at the shortsightedness of the Dynastic Opposition, but it increases in the same proportion our contempt of their political morals. To have been misled into this junction would

would have been a proof of passion and blindness, but to enter into it with a clear prospect of the ultimate object of the Radicals was a disgraceful conspiracy.

The first banquet of this unprincipled coalition was held at a suburban tavern, called the *Château Rouge*, on the 9th of July, 1847. A great number of the Opposition Deputies attended, and, with the journalists and the electors of their party, the company amounted to a thousand. M. Thiers did not attend: he explained his absence, says M. Regnault, by an ambiguous phrase—'My presence might be an embarrassment to some of the proposed speakers, and their speeches might be so to me.' We presume he was unwilling to appear to dissent from his friends of the Parliamentary Opposition, but still more afraid of directly encouraging what his sagacity must have seen was a revolutionary spirit. Ledru-Rollin refused to attend, because he apprehended that, although *the King's health was to be omitted*, some others might be given which he would not drink. This banquet was on the whole rather a failure, and chiefly from 'its undecided character'—that is, because it was not frankly republican. The journals of the Dynastic Opposition were alone cordial; the *National* was indifferent, the *Réforme* adverse, and the *Journal des Débats* told (as M. Regnault admits) the plain truth by saying that these pretended Dynastics were really the dupes and the tail of the Radical faction. (p. 22.)

The whole banquet scheme would, says M. Regnault, have probably failed but for the indiscreet susceptibility of the *Débats*, which noticed with great indignation the omission of the *King's health*. That observation afforded a fresh rallying point to the coalition—a new stimulus was given to banquets in which the King's health should *not* be drunk, and they were multiplied accordingly. M. Regnault, however, adds (p. 23)—

'These banquets were after all but a *pretext* for an agitation which, if the Ministers had disregarded them, might have had no consequences; but in that case the *ultimate objects would have been brought forward in some other form*. In fact, one could not believe, without consulting the original correspondence of the Central Committee [of which the author was secretary], how *superficial and factitious* was the agitation of these banquets. In short, after six months' advertisements, correspondence, meetings, harangues, and all kinds of provocatives, the total number of persons throughout the whole of France who took part in these banquets never amounted to 17,000; and towards the close of the year, *this device was so worn out and discredited*, that the Central Committee declined at first to sanction the *banquet of the 12th arrondissement* proposed for the 22nd of February'—

—the same banquet which they afterwards so zealously encouraged,

raged, when they found that through the folly of the Dynastic Opposition it might be made the signal or the excuse of a revolutionary explosion.

MM. Barrot and Co. saw their error too late, and would have stopped the movement if they could. They had even agreed with the Ministers on turning the whole question into a point of law, to be decided in the courts of justice: but their radical allies would not submit to their hesitations; and to defeat this pacific treaty and render the *forbearance of the Ministers impossible*—(*toute transaction impossible*)—M. Marrast, the editor of the *National* who had been charged with drawing up the *programme* of the feast, gave it the air and spirit of an incendiary proclamation, and on the morning of the 21st all Paris was astonished by the publication in the liberal papers of this

‘appeal to the people, which, with a tone of authority, called out the National Guards, assigning to each legion the place where it was to assemble, and inviting the young men of the University and schools to join the movement. This was an audacious defiance of the Monarchy—the manifesto of a Government still in embryo.’—p. 36.

At this bold step all the more moderate portion of the Opposition saw still more clearly the danger of their course, and would have drawn in. 185 deputies had voted on the address against the Ministers; 94 only adhered to the first project of the banquet, and the majority of these only on condition that M. Ledru-Rollin should not be present; and when the act of impeachment against the Ministers for forbidding the banquet came to be signed, they had dwindled down from 185 to 53—53 in a house of 459!

At 9 o'clock in the evening of the 21st of February there was a meeting of opposition deputies, journalists, and electors (M. Regnault himself, it seems, being present as a delegate of the Central Committee), at which M. Odillon Barrot proposed to adjourn the intended demonstration, which stood for next day, and to try the legal question as had been agreed upon, and he urged the impolicy of a violence that must lead to the effusion of blood. Lamartine and Duvergier de Haurane had already dissented from this pacific proposition, and now M. Marrast replied sharply to M. Barrot—

‘We understand the reluctance which every citizen ought to feel to shed blood; but whatever the opposition members may say or do to-day, they cannot escape from the *responsibility of a crisis that they themselves have created*. What! for seven months past you agitate the whole country—you parade your indignation against the Government from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet; and now, when all France is on foot at *your call*, when Paris is in violent commotion by *your agitation*, you affect, forsooth, to take no part in the events which

which you have prepared and announced for to-morrow; you pretend to transfer to the Ministry the responsibility of the emotions that *you* have excited! Who then has convoked the people to the public assemblage of to-morrow? who but you [the Parliamentary Opposition] and we [the émeutiers of the *National*]? Who has summoned the National Guard, the students, the whole population? who but you and we? Do you think you can arrest the impulse you have given by staying in your own houses? No—'tis too late. The people will neither know nor understand your scruples—they will be in no temper for a cowardly retreat—your absence will only make the movement more ungovernable. You are afraid of a civil war—your presence alone can prevent it—your absence will provoke it, and the more you endeavour to get rid of the responsibility that you have already incurred, the more heavily will it ultimately fall upon you.'—p. 39.

M. Marrast's argument was perfectly logical and just *ad hominem*; but prudence—we will not say *fear*, though circumstances would have justified both fear and remorse—prudence prevailed. Barrot, and the great majority of the parliamentary opposition, retreated from the public conflict, and contented themselves with the *brutum fulmen*—the leaden thunderbolt—of an impeachment before the Chambers for the ministerial measures which every one now saw were not merely a right, but an imperative duty. From this unsatisfactory meeting at M. Barrot's the Radicals proceeded at 11 at night to hold another at the office of the *Siècle* newspaper, where, encouraged by a growing effervescence in the public mind, they decided to carry forward the movement for the next morning, the 22nd, the day originally fixed for the now abandoned banquet.

'What they had foreseen was next morning realized even beyond their hopes: the people, called forth by the journals, excited by the speeches of the opposition, ignorant that the deputies had withdrawn from the movement, rose in a mass—all work was suspended as on a holiday, and all were directed towards the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, the announced locality of the banquet. The city was on foot, but as yet there was no actual disturbance.'—p. 40.

This state of things, which continued during the whole of the 22nd, progressed to several scenes of tumult during the 23rd, as the Republican clubs and associations, and the *clientèle* of the *Réforme*, seeing the chance of an insurrection, came forward to avail themselves of it.

'The Secret Republican Societies were always on the watch for an occasion to strike at a Government they detested, but they had at first looked with contempt at the banquets and the legal questions arising out of them—discussions of the *bourgeoisie* and the deputies, about which they gave themselves little trouble; but when a spirit of active resistance began to show itself, when they saw the Opposition deputies make an imprudent appeal to the population of Paris, they thought that

that the moment might be come for a *coup-de-main* against the Monarchy, and they resolved that the hesitation of the Dynasties should not prevent their availing themselves to the full extent of the opportunity. These societies had been long in communication with the writers of the *Réforme*, and they now held frequent conferences on the aspect of affairs so promising to the designs of both; they had resolved to make the projected banquet the opportunity of an insurrection, and accordingly had availed themselves of the agitation of the 22nd of February to throw up barricades in the most populous parts of the town, and, re-enforced by the workmen already belonging to their clubs, and by great numbers of young *émeutiers* which Paris has always ready for a commotion, they occupied a great portion of the city, and had numerous and successful conflicts with the public force.—p. 48.

Thus—exclusively of the Legitimists and Buonapartists, who had not yet intervened in the agitation—there were three distinct parties coalesced against the Government—the Parliamentary Opposition, that wanted the Ministerial places and nothing else—the party of the *National*, who wanted a new edition of the July Revolution, in which MM. Marrast and Garnier-Pagès should play the successful parts of Thiers and Lafitte—and the secret societies, who fancied that with Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Caussidière, and the other connexions of the *Réforme*, they should create a modern *Committee of Public Safety*, and revive new Dantons, St. Justs, and Robespierres. But of all these parties—as M. Marrast told them, and as M. Regnault proves—the heaviest responsibility lies on M. Barrot and his friends—the rash authors of a catastrophe of which within forty-eight hours they became the victims.

Amidst the details of the movement which M. Regnault gives there are some very characteristic anecdotes: for instance, there was one M. Degousée, a civil engineer, and a writer in the *National*, who had the command of a battalion in the 3rd legion of the National Guard of Paris:—

‘Early in the morning General Bedeau, going his rounds, stopped in front of this battalion, when the commandant stepped forward and expressed the painful surprise of the National Guard at the appointment of Marshal Bugeaud to the command of the army. The General attempting to quiet him, Degousée said, “General, tell the Marshal not to appear before our battalion; if he does do so, *I will have him shot in presence of his staff, and will nail his head on the corner of the Rue Transnonain.*”’—p. 53.

Our readers will recollect that the house at the corner of the Rue Transnonain was the scene of remarkable violences on the part of the troops in suppressing the insurrection of 1834. In point of fact, these excesses—the ordinary and, indeed, inevitable results of storming a house whence troops have been fired

on—

on—were erroneously connected with the name of Marshal Bugeaud, who was at that period in an inferior command in a different part of the town; but this vindictive allusion to the suppression of that insurrection is an additional proof that, in spite of the flimsy pretexts of *Banquets* or *Reform*, the spirit of the insurrection of 1848 was the same as that of 1834. This Degoussée was afterwards a very busy and prominent member of the Constituent Assembly, and, having obtained the comfortable place of *Questor*, became, of course, a *Moderate*.

The following piece of the secret history of the 24th February is new and still more curious:—

‘Early in the morning it was arranged between MM. Ledru-Rollin and Caussidière that Caussidière should collect the armed portion of the secret societies, march against the Chamber of Deputies, and, collecting all the bodies of insurgents by the way, force an entrance into the Assembly and expel the members, as Buonaparte had done on the 18th Brumaire.’—p. 57.

But this movement had been somehow delayed. A great portion of the day had already elapsed, and the regency of the Duchess of Orleans was favourably received at the Chambers, and would no doubt have been carried, if the question could have been put before the arrival of Caussidière and his levies:—

‘But M. Ledru-Rollin, not seeing the auxiliaries he expected, got into the tribune to create delay. He opposed the regency, and denied the right of the Chamber to confer it, in a speech which he spun out designedly to gain time for the arrival of Caussidière. M. Berryer, impatient of this long harangue, cried, “Question! come to a point.” But M. Ledru-Rollin was far from wishing to come to a point; he only wanted to waste time. At last, seeing that M. Lamartine showed a desire to speak, he made way for him. M. Lamartine pursued the same subject; and at last in the middle of his speech arrived Caussidière and his insurgents, who burst open the outward doors, and filled the galleries and the body of the house with an armed and turbulent mob. The President and a crowd of the members fled. A few devoted friends carried off the Duchess and her children. The deputies who wished to complete the revolutionary work remained and entered into conversations and conferences with the intruders. Several lists of a Provisional Government were made; but the difficulty was to make the crowd hear any list. One citizen, who had a list to propose, observing the loud harsh voice of M. Crémieux [the Jew lawyer], put it into his hands, requesting him to read it. Crémieux threw his eye on the list and returned it, saying, *I cannot; my name is not there*. The man then applied to Lamartine, who, after glancing his eyes over the list, also returned it, saying, *I cannot; my name is in it*.’—p. 63.

We need not notice M. Regnault’s account of the King’s abdication

cation and departure (correcting some of M. Lamartine's mistakes, but adopting others), because our article of April, 1850, has given an authentic, and, since the death of Louis Philippe, peculiarly valuable relation of those events. But we must observe that M. Regnault states that, as early as nine o'clock in the morning of that day, M. Marrast, on being consulted by a friend of M. Thiers as to what was to be done, answered with 'energetic coarseness,' 'Immediate abdication—an instant regency—or within an hour we shall blow up the whole concern—*ferons sauter toute la baraque*' (p. 55). At that time the result of the conflict in the streets was doubtful: the smallest accident might have turned the scale—and the prudent men of the *National* would have been satisfied with a Regency, as the first step to a Republic of their own colour; but the republicans of the *Réforme* and the fighting men of the barricades had no ideas of any compromise, and 'were resolved to get rid at once of the whole dynasty even to its last fragments and followers.'—(*ib.*)

Amidst the tragic or melodramatic scenes in the streets and the Chamber, M. Regnault exhibits a farcical one at the Department of the Interior, in the Rue de Grenelle, which, having the command of the telegraph, and the direct action over all the administrative authorities, was the point of the most immediate as well as permanent importance. M. Odillon Barrot, still fancying himself first minister of the Regency, named M. Leon Maleville, one of the dynastic opposition, to this office; and this gentleman proceeded to take possession, with all the confidence of his supposed popularity, and something of a pompous opinion of his own intrinsic merits, for which it seems he is noted:—

'He had scarcely installed himself at the ministerial desk when the office-messenger addressed him: "Sir, the minister would be glad to see you." "The minister!—what minister?" said Maleville, who thought that he was himself the minister. "M. le Comte Duchâtel." "Duchâtel!—what! is *he* still here?" "Yes, sir." "Tell him I am at his service." M. Duchâtel appeared. "How now!" exclaimed M. Maleville, "are you mad?" "Mad!—why?" "Why? and *you* still here!" "I have remained to receive and install my successor." "Your successor!—your successor will soon be here; your successor is the *people*—the armed and exasperated people. *They* will be here instantly. Be off directly—save yourself, *malheureux*!—leave this house—leave Paris—leave France even, if you can." At this moment in rushed Madame Duchâtel, crying, "All is lost—Pagnerre is in the Fauxbourg." "Ah, madame," said Maleville, "would to God that you may fall into no worse hands than Pagnerre's!—but there are others that will be less gentle. Again I tell you, for God's sake be off, be off!"—and he actually pushed them out through a garden-door that opened on to the office of Trade; whence they and M. de Salvandy, the minister

minister of that department,\* made a precipitate escape together.'—p. 64.

Was M. Maleville really afraid of anything *worse* than Pagnerre, or had he only the gallant design of frightening the lady to accelerate the departure of his *Sosie*? However that may be, he had hardly succeeded in getting rid of his predecessor when he himself was carried off by M. Garnier-Pagès—(lately a broker in the soap line, now a triumphant demagogue)—to the Hôtel de Ville where the frantic mob that filled the courts and corridors seized on them; elected Garnier-Pagès mayor of Paris; and would have elected 'his friend' Maleville as his *adjoint*; but the momentary Minister of the Interior (*ministre à la minute*, p. 150), mortified and dismayed at the confusion he had helped to create, declined the retrograde honour, and with great difficulty, and not without personal danger, made his escape back to the Rue de Grenelle; whence, however, about ten that night, he was finally expelled by Ledru-Rollin—destined to be himself, after a short and turbulent administration, extruded with still less ceremony than MM. Duchâtel and Maleville.

M. Regnault, in pursuing his main object—the apology of the Provisional Government—very naturally and logically justifies their proclamation of the Republic, and their assumption of a dictatorial power, by the ready and universal assent and adhesion of the whole nation; and he maliciously enough signalizes some of the most eminent and forward of these deserters—distinguished generals—eminent public functionaries—heads of the law—dignitaries of the church—legitimist and even Orleanist deputies,—and he quotes a number of piquant examples of what he calls perhaps too indiscriminately 'wretched specimens of cowardice' and 'lying declamations of ambition.'—(p. 89.)

As early as the 27th Marshal Bugeaud (whose pretended remonstrances against the *abdication* M. Regnault has copied from M. Lamartine's romance)

'considered it his duty to place his sword at the service of the Government which had been just established.'—p. 80.

And, in addition to this official offer, he wrote, says M. Regnault, repeated letters to M. Lamartine, 'professing the most absolute devotion to the Republic.' (*ib.*)

We cannot take upon us to deny this; but we know that the Marshal wrote a contemporaneous letter, to say that the offer of his sword was for the preservation of public order, and this offer was probably addressed to M. Lamartine, for a reason inadvertently

\* M. Regnault makes here a slight mistake. The Minister of Commerce, who occupied the hotel next to the Home Office, was M. Cunin-Gridaine. M. de Salvaudy was Minister of Public Instruction, and lived at the opposite side of the street.

given by M. Regnault himself—that Lamartine was at that moment notoriously struggling against the Radical portion of the new Government, and that those who hated and despised his antecedent folly were anxious at that moment to strengthen his hands against the terrors of the *red* Republic.

M. Thiers

‘to the first overtures made to him as to his adhesion to the Republic answered at once, “I adhere entirely. The monarchy is finished—completely finished. *Those people* [meaning, we suppose, the Orleans dynasty, who never had a worse friend than himself] have thrown themselves headlong into an abyss, *out of which they never can rise.*”’—p. 82.

‘When asked for a written adhesion [the poor Republic was already canvassing for recommendations], he answered, “What use of one? my adherence is complete, and without reserve; but I will send one to the Provisional Government, if it is desired.”’—*ib.*

And accordingly, next day, his friend M. Merruau, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, brought to the Hôtel de Ville and delivered to MM. Lamartine and Marrast the official adhesion of M. Thiers to the Republic.—*Ib.*

But the friends of M. Thiers will probably say that, like Marshal Bugeaud, he made this demonstration to M. Lamartine as the champion of order.

‘M. Isidore Lacroix, an old republican, happened to be on business at General Lamoricière’s, when an officer came in who protested, with extraordinary vehemence, his devotion to the republic. “He was,” he said, “a republican of ’93, and his principles had never varied.” He lavished some very disrespectful epithets on the ex-monarch when he was gone. M. Lacroix, who did not recognise him as an old republican, asked the name of this enthusiast. It was a general officer, a few days before aide-de-camp to the King.’—p. 83.

On this point we believe that M. Isidore Lacroix was, as ‘old Republicans’ so often happen to be, totally mistaken. There is not, we are satisfied, any one of the king’s aide-de-camps of whom anything of the kind *could* be true.

The conduct of some of the more prominent Clergy was not intrinsically more respectable, and was relatively less so, as they veiled their tergiversation under the commonplaces of religious cant. On the evening of the 24th February, the Archbishop of Paris excused, we may almost say applauded, this insurrection in a pastoral charge, beginning—

‘In presence of the great event of which the capital has been the theatre, *our first feeling* has been to weep over the lot (*de pleurer sur le sort*) of the victims whom death has struck in so unexpected a way. We weep for them *all*, because they are all our brothers; we weep for them because we have learned once more all that there is in the heart  
of

of the people of Paris, of disinterestedness, of respect for property, and of generosity of sentiment.'

Certainly M. Regnault is well justified in producing this as a specimen of the most abject subserviency and *tartufferie* that can be imagined; miserable in style, absurd in logic, and impudently false in facts: yet the prelate did not want personal courage, nor was he insensible to the higher calls of duty; for in the subsequent insurrection of June he braved and met death with distinguished courage; and, indeed, we may suppose that he might be the rather inclined to brave it on that occasion, as a compensation and penitence for this dastardly proclamation.

The Abbé Lacordaire, a celebrated preacher—because some individuals in the mob had the honesty and decency to convey the crucifix of the chapel of the Tuileries to the neighbouring church of St. Roch—took occasion to pronounce from the pulpit of Notre Dame a grand eulogium on

'the people—magnificent even in its anger (*superbe en sa colere*),—carrying God to his altar in the midst of universal respect and adorations.'—p. 84.

We know not what excuse this Abbé might have for thus flattering the plunderers of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, Neuilly, &c., but we know he had his reward—he was elected into the National Assembly, where he made a sensation by his clerical costume, and none by his talents, and he soon disappeared from the political scene. Happy if he had never come on it.

Some of the secular clergy also had the weakness to attend and baptize the newly-planted trees of liberty, and to repeat an impious formula, invented for them by the radical journalists, that 'the first tree of liberty was the cross of Calvary!'

The high Dignitaries of the Law were, if possible, worse.

M. Seguiet, *Premier Président* of the High Court of Appeal, on the occasion of the visit of the Minister of Justice (the Jew Crémieux) to the courts of law, addressed him in this servile style:—

'The Court of Appeal, elevated [*rehaussée*] at this moment by your presence, *M. le Ministre*, owes its institution nearly fifty years since to the French Republic. The magistrate who has the honour of addressing you *has seen from his seat five governments pass in succession*; the sixth era brings us back the Republic—to be this time established and consolidated wisely and permanently, and to become the happy rival of her prosperous sister—the American Republic.'—p. 87.

'The magistrate who had the *honour* of addressing' this mushroom minister did not mention that *he* himself had sworn to all those *five* Governments an oath of fidelity and had perjured himself

himself to all; and it is a remarkable instance of that signal retribution of which the whole French Revolution has afforded such a series of examples, that the first important measure of the minister thus indecently flattered was to strike the heaviest blow ever in any modern society aimed at the general administration of law and justice as well as at personal rights and interests, in the decree for the *amovibilité*—political dismissal—of the judges—a measure so monstrous that we do not believe that even such a man as Crémieux durst have proposed, or such madmen as the Provisional Government have sanctioned it, if the base conduct of the Courts on this and on former analogous occasions had not discredited the existing judges in the eyes of the people—even of the populace—who, whatever their own conduct may be, are shocked to see such *active apostacy* in men engaged by such a station, if by no higher motive, to something of dignity, or at least of decency.

In excuse for M. Seguier, it is alleged that he was doting; but what were all the other magistrates, in whose name and presence he spoke?

M. Dupin, now the foremost anti-revolutionist in France, was *Procureur Général* of the Court of Cassation, and moreover the confidential law adviser, and we may say private friend, of Louis Philippe; he too saluted the Jew minister with an eulogistic prospect of the new era, which included (*more suo*) a sharp and malicious innuendo against the very system of which he had been one of the main authors and supporters:—

‘The new Government will be the government of the country by the country. It will be the government of the Commonwealth itself—that of the rights of all—of the public interests prevailing over individual egotisms—a government of probity, that punishes corruption, rebukes venality, prosecutes malversation,’ &c. &c.

Our readers who recollect the cases of Gisquet, Teste, Cubières, &c., and that corruption was and still is the most common charge made against Louis Philippe’s administration, will see that every word of M. Dupin’s harangue was an epigram against the late Government. And when next day the Court of Cassation proceeded in a body to address the Provisional Government, M. Dupin signalized himself, according to M. Regnault, by the vociferous intonation with which he led the shouts of *Vive la République!*—but he shot, adds M. Regnault, beyond his mark. So violent a zeal seemed unnatural and suspicious. In so delicate a case the Provisional Government—as M. Regnault surmises—would have forgiven M. Dupin, the agent and friend of Louis Philippe, some degree at least of reserve—but they were disgusted at his zeal, and they came to a resolution to dismiss him (p. 89).

They, no doubt, wished to do so;—but they dared not; and it is

not improbable that M. Dupin may have taken the very prominent part assigned to him—and, perhaps, a little exaggerated by M. Regnault—in order that *they* might have no pretence for dismissing him from an office by which *he* thought he could apply some *drag* on the revolutionary engine.

M. Regnault goes on to add to these and other *tristes démonstrations de la peur*—some *mensongères déclamations* ‘of ambitious men endeavouring to captivate the electors’; and he gives extracts from the electioneering addresses of MM. Denjoy, De Falloux, and Montalembert, avowed and eminent Monarchists, professing the sincerity of their attachment to the Republic. We had before noticed with alarm and regret the conduct of so many gentlemen of high name and character who entered the National Assembly with the most solemn professions of fidelity to a form of government which they hated in their hearts, and only came into the Assembly to harass and overthrow. We are well aware of the apologies tendered in trim phrases for such conduct—the duty of endeavouring to save themselves and their country from impending massacre and anarchy—&c. &c.;—but it must be admitted that M. Regnault and the Republicans *de la veille* have here the advantage over the Republicans *du lendemain*; and however this grand tragi-comedy may end, we cannot but think that such an apparently spontaneous, nay zealous adhesion to the Republic of, not an ignorant and giddy populace only, but of those classes who, from their intelligence, their interests, and their feelings, were really adverse to it, seems at first sight the most disgraceful phenomenon in the whole history of France. The ferocities of the *St. Barthélemi*—of the *Dragonnades*—even of the Reign of Terror, had something of enthusiasm, of fanaticism—we do not say to excuse, but to account for them—they were terrible, atrocious, but at least not contemptible, like this modern *girouetterie*. On the other hand, justice requires us to add that the fact is not quite so bad as it *primâ facie* looks. It has not arisen (as we have formerly said) so much from pusillanimity as from indifference and apathy in the great mass of the people, and in some at least of the more prominent instances from a prudence and calculation which M. Regnault could hardly be expected to estimate with impartial candour. A series of authorities so easily overthrown as every Government since 1789 has successively been—but especially by the revolutions of the Hundred Days and of July—has, we fear, extinguished all idea of stability in France; after them, even the powerful intellect and steady hand of Louis Philippe failed to create in the public mind that idea of permanence to which alone the feeling of a country learns to attach itself. ‘Come like shadows, so depart,’ might be the motto of the history of Government

ment in France for the last 60 years. February, 1848, was the logical as well as chronological continuation of July, 1830, as that was of March, 1815, as that was of April, 1814, and so backwards to 1789. In countries subject to earthquakes people build of the lightest materials, and run out of their frail habitations—quite indifferent about them—at the first movement of the ground: so it is in France. We have repeated some explanations suggested by the friends of Marshal Bugeaud, M. Thiers, M. Dupin, and others, sarcastically noted by M. Regnault. Those who know the individual characters better than we can be supposed to do, think that, the only powers which afforded any chances against chaos being the Army, the Magistracy, and, in the provinces, the Clergy, it was the justifiable hope of maintaining and directing these conservative elements which prompted those adhesions to the young Republic. Such considerations—*valeant quantum valere possint*—may account for the conduct of some eminent individuals; but not at all for the surprising fact that, throughout all France, not a single hand or even voice should have been raised against an usurpation so flagrant.

But we must proceed with our anecdotes: and here is one that throws some light into the obscurity in which Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and other advocates of the revolution have obviously endeavoured to conceal the irregular and disreputable scramble by which the Provisional Government constituted itself at the Hôtel de Ville:—

‘Already had the *nominees of the people*—MM. Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc—installed themselves in the Hôtel de Ville when the members *named in the Chamber* arrived there. These last were seeking, in the midst of the tumult, a room to which they might retire and commence business, when they were apprized that there was already a Government at work hard by. With these they with some difficulty formed a junction. A question then arose as to their respective authorities, to which M. Garnier-Pagès at last put an end by saying, “These gentlemen shall be the *Secretaries of the Government*.” MM. Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc had something better to do at that moment than to stand on personal punctilios; they accepted in silence the secondary position, but, two days after, numerous remonstrances arose *from those who had elected them*, and they soon figured (*figurerent*) in the same rank and with the same title as their colleagues.’—p. 68.

‘Those who had elected them,’ being in fact *themselves* and the staff and hangers-on of the two newspapers.

We know not how M. Lamartine will reconcile the following statement with his account of the measures of the Government relative to the ex-King. M. Regnault would transfer to M.

Marrast all the credit of a decent desire to facilitate the royal departure, which M. Lamartine—so gratuitously as we have formerly shown—arrogates to himself :—

‘ M. Marrast was charged with the duty of following and finding the fugitive sovereign, and of escorting and superintending his embarkation. But he did not like the task. He had no mind to renew the mission of M. Odillon Barrot to Cherbourg [in 1830], and he resolved not to set out, unless the personal safety of Louis Philippe should be compromised by an unexpected arrest. In such a case MM. *Ferdinand* Lasteyrie and Oscar Lafayette were chosen to accompany M. Marrast. But for the moment M. Marrast contented himself with *sending agents to Havre*, with orders to watch and *facilitate* the embarkation.’—p. 103.

Our readers will see that this is at variance with M. Lamartine’s version of the affair in all its most essential points—but it is we believe equally inaccurate.

M. Regnault is very naturally anxious to exculpate *his own* party in the Provisional Government from any share in the odious measures meditated against the Duchess of Orleans, and boldly charges M. Lamartine with conduct much more seriously reprehensible in every point of view than we had before heard of :—

‘ On the 27th February the Government received information that the Duchess had been arrested at Nantes. It was not true—but the report was credited. M. *Jules* de Lasteyrie hurried to the Hôtel de Ville to solicit her release. All the members of the government consented—all *but one*—M. Lamartine. “The people alone,” said he, “has the power of such a decision.” To M. Lasteyrie’s further importunity M. Lamartine replied—“The safety of the country depends on my popularity. I will not risk it.” It was M. Albert who by a warm intervention decided M. Lamartine to relax his rigorous determination. \* \* \* M. Lamartine, however, was impatient of the Duchess’s proximity. He had been her warm friend in the discussion of the regency-law, and he feared that this might render him liable to the suspicion of some new connivance. \* \* \* He proposed to arrest the Duchess, and to retain her or release her as circumstances might turn out. His colleagues refused.’—p. 105.

This is clear, plain, and positive; but to a second edition of M. Lamartine’s so-called ‘Refutation’ of our article on the King’s escape (reviewed in our last Number), he has appended a Letter to Dr. Pichot—(in whose Journal our article had been translated)—which we suppose must be understood (though it is strangely worded) as a virtual denial of M. Regnault’s facts. The poet says :—

‘ I this moment am shown a page of the *Histoire du Gouvernement Provisoire*. This history is certainly not written with any unfavourable intentions towards me; but it contains the strangest, and I believe  
the

the most involuntary imputation that has reflected on my name, through I know not what aberration of facts, sense, or memory.

Then are quoted the foregoing statements of M. Regnault,—and M. Lamartine proceeds :—

‘To answer such *renversemens de sens et de faits* would be as *puerile* in me as to answer the charge of having, with a musket in my hand, presented the red flag at the Hôtel de Ville, when in fact I rejected it; or of having suggested the erection of the guillotine in the Place de la Révolution, while I was drawing up the decree for the abolition of the scaffold. It is for my colleagues, for the Ministers present, for the witnesses, for the facts, to answer. One need only read the account I have already given, and evoke the testimonies I have cited, living and present in such numbers all around me. All is there!’—*Lettre de Lamartine*, p. 9.

Now we beg leave to ask if, on an occasion in which he was forced to notice what he calls the strangest imputation ever made on his character, it would not have been more natural, more easy, and above all more satisfactory, instead of such rigmarole as we have just copied, to have simply said that M. Regnault's story was altogether a mistake or a falsehood for which there was no foundation whatsoever. Instead of this plain course, the strongest word of direct contradiction that he employs is *renversement*, which we cannot understand to mean more than *misrepresentation*—not absolute falsity. We wish he had stated the *facts* which he alleges were *misrepresented*. Then he rides off from the question to his own personal glorification, by recalling to our recollection his great *tricolor* speech, and his proposal for the abolition of the punishment of death, in reply to the imaginary charges of patronizing the red flag and the guillotine. Would it not have been as well to answer in one word the specific charge, as to conjure up imaginary ones? Then he appeals to numerous witnesses and abundant testimonies. Why does he not specify them? Why does he not quote any *one* of them fully and distinctly? It is but charitable to believe that it is M. Lamartine's poetical habit of amplification and verbiage that has made him put his answer in such ambiguous and slippery phrases; but we must take the liberty of telling him that such a kind of reply is much more ‘*puerile*’ (to use his own expression) than a simple and direct negative to so simple and direct a charge would have been. We shall be curious to see M. Regnault's rejoinder; for, evasive as M. Lamartine's denial may seem when critically examined, it is undoubtedly meant to convey to the public a contradiction of M. Regnault's facts. We confess that we put considerable confidence in M. Regnault's statements. He is, as M. Lamartine admits, personally favour-  
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able to him, and indeed does ample justice to the courage and eloquence by which he restrained and guided the first tumultuary impulses of the Revolution. We may add, too, that M. Regnault—though, of course, M. Ledru-Rollin is his special hero—is inclined to speak favourably of all the Provisional Government, and seems in general very impartial between them. In his book the whole sequence of Louis Blanc's pretensions and manœuvres, and the various steps and motives by which the Provisional Government came to divide itself into two parties, are stated with more precision and candour than we have elsewhere seen, and in this respect certainly the work will be to the historian a useful corrective of the rhodomontades of Lamartine and Louis Blanc.

He confesses that M. Ledru-Rollin's administration was violent and thorough-going—but adds that it was only what such times required. While his under-secretary, M. *Jules Favre*, had frequent 'scruples on the *legality* of this or that, Ledru-Rollin was inclined to make *very short work* of all such difficulties' (p. 157). M. Regnault evidently does not think that the strong political measures of Ledru-Rollin need any apology; on the contrary, he rather blames him for being occasionally too good-humouredly accessible to *moderate* influences—but he is very anxious to disculpate him from some personal imputations which have been made against him. For instance—in answer to the rumours of nocturnal orgies, in which floods of champagne inspired certain Bacchanalian ladies, M. Regnault admits that after the toils and troubles of the ministerial day, about midnight or even later, M. Ledru-Rollin was in the habit of receiving a few chosen friends—but asserts that their lively conversation constituted the whole entertainment—no liquor of any kind having ever been introduced but that innocent auxiliary to French parliamentary eloquence, *eau sucrée*. No female, it seems, ever appeared, except, if it be an exception, Madame Dudevant, alias *Monsieur George Sand*. She sometimes came—

'less, however, to join in the conversation than to take the opportunity of recommending some poor *protégés* to the minister's patronage. Sparing of words and reserved in her manners, the great writer played the solicitor with remarkable modesty; while, on his part, in these cordial meetings M. Ledru-Rollin seemed to hide away his portefeuille, and to abdicate the minister—all were equals.'—(p. 158.)

This last observation seems peculiarly superfluous under the proclaimed reign of *l'égalité*, and as applied to a little circle of pure republicans. What would be thought even in aristocratic England if some one should think it flattering to the Minister of the Home Department to record that in his evening society Sir George Grey appeared to forget Whitehall, and actually treated  
Mr.

Mr. Cornewall Lewis and Mr. Monckton Milnes as his equals? M. Regnault's observation seems to us rather to imply the very reverse of what it asserts.

The following answer to some scandal about Mlle. Rachel makes something of the same unfavourable impression:—

‘Twice M. Ledru-Rollin gave audiences to Mlle. Rachel. An enlightened admirer of talent, and himself a practitioner in the art of oratory, he took an interest in questioning the celebrated tragedian on the subtleties of an art which is the outward garment of eloquence. Here it must be admitted M. Ledru-Rollin was blameable. It would have been better not to have received at all a young woman of easy manners—(*mœurs faciles*); but the little mystery (*peu de mystère*) that was made, the free access which so many persons had at all moments to the minister's cabinet, seemed to protect such visits from any equivocal interpretation; yet his enemies were not slow in teaching him that a public man should respect even appearances.’—p. 159.

M. Regnault complains that M. Ledru-Rollin, as being the most prominent figure in the revolution, was loaded by the reactionists with the faults of others:—

‘Garnier-Pagès and Pagnerre took a fancy to go sporting to Chantilly.—This, *without being absolutely blameable*, was, it may be admitted, indiscreet, if not indecent. The impartial public wondered, the hostile public called it scandalous, but all agreed that the offender must needs be the luxurious minister of the Interior—the new Barras,—who chose to play the prince and take his royal diversion in the domains of the great Condé. M. Ledru-Rollin published a refutation of the calumny—but many who heard the charge did not see the denial, and still credit the accusation.’—p. 160.

M. Regnault is below the mark when he qualifies the princely pastimes of the broker and the bookseller, suddenly transformed into Ministers of State, and thus invading the private property of the Duc d'Aumale, as only indiscreet or indecent. They were, as the ‘hostile’ public—that is nine-tenths of mankind—thought, impudent and scandalous; and the more so as this very amusement of the *chasse* had been one of the commonplace topics of ridicule and odium lavished by the Garnier-Pagès, Pagnerres, and *tutti quanti* against the royal family; it used to be the subject of the most outrageous libels and the most brutal caricatures, and the fall of Charles X. was celebrated by a calembourg of the same stamp—‘*le Roi a été chassé (chasser) à Rambouillet.*’ It is some consolation to think how soon these *chasseurs de rois*, Pagès and Pagnerre, were *chassés* in their turn.

Another story was that an actress had treated herself to a set of ornaments of the price of 25,000 francs, but the jeweller—unable otherwise to obtain payment—was forced to have recourse to the law, upon which a powerful protector of the lady interfered and threatened

threatened the legal functionary with immediate dismissal if he should dare to execute his writ. 'Who could this powerful protector be, if not M. Ledru-Rollin?' Not at all, says M. Regnault; it was another eminent lawyer: one 'M. L... D...', who is in the habit of defending the widow and the orphan, extended his benevolence on this occasion to beauty in distress.'—p. 161. All these explanations may be very true, but it is unlucky for M. Ledru-Rollin that public opinion was so ready to credit such stories.

While M. Regnault takes the trouble to refute these peccadillos, he slurs over very slightly M. Ledru-Rollin's grand exploit—the invasion of all the Departments by those celebrated *Commissaires* of Government, of which Jerome Paturot gave an account so amusing, but much below the real enormity of that transaction. The selection and mission of these proconsuls was the most indecent and despotic act of the whole of M. Ledru-Rollin's administration. Caligula's choice of a consul was hardly less insane, and much more innocent. One of M. Regnault's excuses for M. Ledru-Rollin is the difficulty of finding all of a sudden eighty or ninety persons fit for such a mission; and then he adds that the worst choices were not M. Ledru-Rollin's own, and he instances the worst of all, which he says was made at the recommendation of the Archbishop of Paris (p. 306). As the Archbishop is dead, M. Regnault, we think, ought to have exhibited his proof of the Prelate's interference. We formerly alluded to this case as far as it was then developed. It deserves to be more fully told. A patriot, calling himself by the fanciful name of Riancourt, was appointed Commissary at Havre: but while there exercising his omnipotent authority he was recognised by an escaped *forçat* as a member of his own degraded class—a fellow-convict! This man, by name Fouqué, was not slow to avail himself of his discovery, and, obtaining a private audience, he menaced the great functionary with immediate detection and ruin unless he paid largely for his silence. Riancourt seems on this emergency to have preserved his presence of mind; he admitted that his old friend's expectations of sharing his good fortune were not unreasonable, and he appointed him his secretary. What afterwards may have passed between them we know not; but Riancourt soon found that his friend was an incubus whom it would be convenient to get rid of; and he did so—by enticing him, under a deep-laid pretence, into a wood a short distance from the town, and there *murdering* him! Such a case gives credibility to the terrible *romans* of Eugène Sue and Paul Féval, while its result exhibits an equally monstrous instance of the perversion of criminal law

law in France. The case and the crime were fully proved, and the jury, of course, found Riancourt (whose real name turned out to be *Martin*) guilty—but saved him from capital punishment by admitting *attenuating circumstances*—every *circumstance* of the case having been, in truth, an aggravation of the murder.

But even the recommendation of the Archbishop (which we see good reason to doubt that he ever gave\*) would not be any apology for such a headlong and improvident system of administration as created the possibility of such horrors. And indeed M. Regnault's apology seems to us to make matters worse. It pleads that M. Ledru-Rollin was forced by the necessity of the case to make in many instances a blind and adventurous choice, and yet it was to such unknown persons that he committed a dictatorial and irresponsible power over all the departments of France. Their commission contained this wonderful passage:—

'*Your powers are unlimited. Agents of a revolutionary authority, you are yourselves revolutionary. The victory of the people imposes upon you the duty of completing and consolidating its triumph. For the full execution of that purpose you are invested with its SOVEREIGNTY. You are independent (vous ne relevez) of all but your own conscience, and you are bound to do whatever circumstances and the public safety!*—[*salut public*—ominous reminiscence of '93!]*—may require.*'—*Circular of 12th March, p. 201.*

The paper proceeds specifically to say—'The army is under your orders,' though it suggests great *management* in the exercise of the *Commissaires'* powers over the generals; and with respect to the permanent magistracy, and even the judges, it says—'if any of them should appear publicly hostile, your sovereign authority gives you the right of suspension.'—p. 203.

M. Regnault's first defence of these instructions—that they were misunderstood, and that M. Ledru-Rollin did not mean what he said—is worth nothing in the face of such explicit and comprehensive terms; but another reason, though irreconcilable with the first, is better logic, namely, that if France was to have a Revolution and a Republic these violent measures were indispensable to that object; and it cannot be denied that the powers thus conferred on the *Commissaires* were not a whit more outrageous to law, justice, public policy, and even public opinion,

\* It was proved on Riancourt's trial that he had been wounded on the 24th of February, and that on the strength of this he was patronized by Dr. Buchèz, and obtained the office of *Commissaire*. He was a man of some education; and in the vicissitudes of an adventurous life he had once been a tutor or schoolmaster, and in that capacity he had, in 1846, written a letter to the Archbishop of Rouen, whose answer in *Latin* he used to make a parade of. But there is no mention of any recommendation from the Archbishop of Paris, and we suppose the letter from the other prelate was the ground of M. Regnault's mistake.

than those usurped by the Provisional Government itself. The whole Revolution was an amalgam of fraud and violence, and *Riancourt-Martin* at Havre was only an exaggerated instance of the principle that was at work in Paris—where to have been convicted of treason and rebellion was a title to place and power; and assassination itself was admitted as a claim to Government patronage.\*

For another of M. Ledru-Rollin's famous circulars M. Regnault makes an odder apology. It is that of the 15th of April, 1848—published in the height of M. Ledru-Rollin's dissent from the Moderate majority of the Government, and on the eve (literally) of the great Radical movement of the 16th of April; in which document the postponement of the elections (at that moment the first object of the *red* Republicans) was urged with great vehemence, and the people were told that if this point were not conceded 'it would be their duty to return to their barricades and save the Republic by *another revolution*.' This incendiary invitation to revolt, issued by the *Minister of the Interior*, created the highest astonishment and alarm in Paris, and great indignation even amongst his colleagues in the Government. M. Regnault does not defend it, but protests that M. Ledru-Rollin had nothing whatsoever to do with it—and he lays the blame on the following accidents:—Madame *George Sand* was, it seems, intrusted by the Minister with a great share in the composition of these periodical bulletins, under the supervision of the *Chef du Cabinet*, viz. M. Regnault himself; that gentleman having authority to modify or alter, as he should think necessary, the drafts of the epicene author, who, adds M. Regnault, was very good-humouredly submissive to his editorship. On this occasion *George Sand*, being suddenly called out of town, left her hasty sketch for M. Regnault in a blank cover, which reached him at the same moment with the news of his mother's being at the point of death. He had only time to forward the paper to the printer without even looking at it, and so this celebrated proclamation was published without the revision of the author, the correction of the *Chef du Cabinet*, or the knowledge of the Minister, the last of whom had to bear all the blame. Before the celebrated Committee of Inquiry (in the summer of 1849), MM. Jules Favre and Carteret, M. Ledru-Rollin's own Under-Secretaries of State, gave a different version of this affair; but accepting, as we are willing to do, that of M. Regnault, it constitutes no substantial defence for M. Ledru-Rollin—because, in the first place, M. Regnault admits that these bulletins were specially designed by that Minister to forward *his own views against those of the majority*

\* See Quarterly Review for March, 1850, p. 552.

of his colleagues, which was already a gross breach of confidence and duty; secondly, because both *Sand* and Regnault, his own selected confidants and instruments, were of course well aware of what line he wished them to take—and the whole course of the bulletins was accordingly what Lamartine designates as *incendiary*; and lastly, because M. Regnault cannot deny that the *spirit* of this bulletin was in perfect unison with all M. Ledru-Rollin's own conduct. He was, in fact, at the moment of its appearance, busy in the practical preparation of the sedition which the bulletin theoretically suggested.

Indeed by far the most curious and, for history, the most important portion of M. Regnault's work, is the candour with which he proves the complicity of M. Ledru-Rollin in *all* the submersive movements of the *red* party during the reign of the Provisional Government. This, we suppose any close observer must have early seen, and after the wild attempts of June, 1849, which sent M. Ledru-Rollin into exile, no one could doubt; but it was so strenuously denied before the *Enquête*, and at the trials at Bourges and Versailles—and so dissembled in the memoirs of Caussidière, Louis Blanc, &c., that it is worth while to give a short summary of M. Regnault's testimony. It is evident that M. Regnault does not think these machinations against a government of which M. Rollin formed a part any imputation against *his* character. Nor, to say the truth, do we. We abhor the whole principle of the Revolution. We deplored the imposition of the Republic. We look on M. Ledru-Rollin as a French translation of Catiline. We lament the evils produced by his first success, and rejoice at his subsequent failure. We have no doubt that the mainspring of his patriotism was personal ambition—all this is granted; but we cannot deny his political and personal consistency. Those who approved his conduct on the 24th of February can have no just ground to complain of the attempts of the 17th of March, the 16th of April, the 13th of June. These later insurrections were all mere corollaries of the first. In them M. Ledru-Rollin was only maintaining the principle of the 'social and democratic republic,' of which he had been the most active organ, and which the country had so readily accepted and as it were confided to his guardianship. Subsequent events have fully justified M. Ledru-Rollin's foresight and consistency. The Republic of February—such as it was promised and proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville—is already gone—*escamotée*—juggled away, and we find in the French papers of the week in which we write the cry of *Vive la République!* gravely denounced as a seditious cry! We are delighted at it; but we are not surprised that M. Ledru-Rollin should have been of a different opinion and have laboured

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to avert the overthrow of his principles and his power—mischievous principles—abused power—but not on that account less precious to him and his party. With these preliminary observations, which may afford some clue to the apparent *naïveté* of M. Regnault's revelations, we proceed to give—not even an abridgment of his general narrative, but a few extracts relative to what we think will be new to our readers—the part that M. Ledru-Rollin and his clique took in the successive seditions and insurrections against the Government of which the world thought him so influential a member.

The Provisional Government had no sooner attempted to take a regular shape than a dissension arose within itself. The majority on a moment's reflection were startled with the personal importance which the Ministry of the Interior and its direct influence both on Paris and the provinces gave to M. Ledru-Rollin. With his revolutionary ardour and his secret alliances, so large a share of power at the focus of all movements, seemed to those less extravagant spirits a very serious risk. Of this majority the leading men were Lamartine and Marrast, supported by Marie, Dupont, Garnier-Pagès, and what may be called the party of the *National*. The minority consisted only of Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert—the men of the *Réforme*. Flocon, however, though at first reckoned a follower of Ledru-Rollin, seems subsequently to have allied himself with Lamartine, so far at least as to dissuade Ledru-Rollin from violent measures. Arago and Crémieux seem also to have been at first somewhat undecided, and tending—and especially Crémieux—to the *Réforme* party, but to have ultimately joined the majority. The first attempt of the majority to diminish Ledru-Rollin's influence was to dislodge the most resolute of his friends and followers, Caussidière, from the prefecture of police. Dr. Récourt was named to succeed him; but Caussidière and his *montagnards* were not to be so dispossessed—they showed fight—Récourt and his patrons retreated before the risk of a collision, and Caussidière was tolerated for the moment (p. 184). The majority agreed to meet in the night between the 27th and 28th of February 'at M. Marie's to concert measures for reducing the power of their colleague of the Interior, or at least counteracting his tendencies.' Marie, Marrast, and Pagnerre appeared, as did the ministers Bethmont and Carnot; but Garnier-Pagès excused himself on the plea of fatigue, Arago on that of being summoned too late, and Lamartine on that of *mistaking the day*. We notice this ineffectual conspiracy not only—as M. Regnault does—as a proof of the serious discord which already, on the third day of its existence, divided the Government, but as some excuse for M. Ledru-Rollin's private plottings against colleagues who it seems had

had begun by plotting against him. It also gives us another indication of the trimming policy of Lamartine, and of the tendency of Arago towards the minority.

The next step was a public one; a decree of the 2nd of March took the Mayor of Paris out of the special jurisdiction of the Minister of the Interior, and brought him under the direct authority of the whole Government. M. Regnault thus describes the state of the parties at this moment:—

‘The majority—that is, the *Moderates*—had for them, besides their own preponderance in the Cabinet, a great portion of all the legality of the country—the functionaries, the magistrates, the leading officers of the army, the moderate and patient republicans [a small body we doubt], and by and by amongst the populace the legions of the *ateliers nationaux*, organized and guided by M. Marie. On the other hand, the Minister of the Interior, the representative of the extreme and more impatient republicanism, was backed by the whole force of the agitation, by all that was stirring, noisy, and audacious in Paris—a force formidable in every way—which was ready to follow him wherever he would lead them, but likely enough to drag him on further than he might wish to have gone.’—p. 189.

In pursuance of this antagonism, ‘whenever the Minister of the Interior felt himself thwarted by his colleagues, he tried some new scheme’ (p. 197)—and one of these was the creation and publication three times a-week of the *Bulletin de la République*, of the spirit of which we have just given some specimens. The very fact of one minister setting up an official journal without the concurrence of his colleagues dissatisfied them—its doctrines alarmed them. Meanwhile the old coat-and-waistcoat *bourgeoisie* of the National Guard had been exceedingly angered at the announcement of a complete swamping of their numbers through an unlimited interfusion of recruits from the classes of the *blouse*—and an edict of Ledru-Rollin’s abolishing the tall grenadier cap and other badges of their *flank* companies, as inconsistent with *equality*, having additionally wounded their vanity, they sent a deputation to the Government as a body to complain formally of this latter grievance—the former was too serious for open remonstrance. In his reply to this deputation on the 15th of March, M. Lamartine took occasion, as usual, to indulge himself in rhetorical *épanchements*, not very obviously suggested by the immediate business in hand; but one of his supererogatory sentences was in itself pregnant enough:—he told the deputation of the *bonnets à poil* that

‘The Provisional Government has not authorized any one to address the nation in its name, and, above all, in language overpowering that of the law.’—p. 209.

‘A direct

'A direct accusation,' adds M. Regnault—'almost a sentence of condemnation, against his colleague.' Encouraged by this, the National Guards, in a subsequent interview with the *Chef du Cabinet*, boldly declared their intention of making a *demonstration*. When M. Regnault reported this to his principal, Ledru-Rollin replied,—

'Very well; if they make a demonstration to-morrow, *I promise them another the day after that will serve them as a lesson.*'—p. 213.

On the morning of the 16th of March, 10,000 National Guards accordingly paraded, or rather endeavoured to parade themselves, their uniforms, and their grievances, before the sympathetic portion of the Government at the Hôtel de Ville; but found themselves gradually enveloped, hustled, and forced to an ignominious retreat, by the mere pressure, without a blow, of 100,000 *blouses*, adroitly collected and directed by M. Ledru-Rollin to give them the promised *lesson*. A second and still more formidable *lesson*, however, was given next day, the 17th March—and not to the National Guard, but to the Government: 150,000 men, at the instigation of the *Minister of the Interior* and of the *Prefect of the Police*, and headed by the clubs, besieged and menaced the Government—who very narrowly escaped a summary conclusion of all its dignities; but, says our author—

'By this demonstration M. Ledru-Rollin did not intend any act of violence nor the overthrow of the Government, but *simply* a deployment of his forces—a review of *his* battalions—a warning, and, as it were, a *petition* to his colleagues for more deference to *his* opinions.'—p. 223.

How completely does this simple explanation annihilate all the delusions and rhodomontade with which M. Louis Blanc has endeavoured to varnish over this movement of the 17th of March, which he so hyperbolically calls 'a day, the *greatest, perhaps, of all the days that live in the memories of mankind.*' (Pages, p. 92.) '*Et de Caron pas un mot.*' Not a word about Ledru-Rollin!

But that powerful minister found it easier to set his mob in motion than to manage them. Blanqui and the clubs outran Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, who, seeing that their own flank was turned by their still more violent allies, were at last driven, not without personal danger, to assist their colleagues in quelling the sedition which they themselves had created. They, however, so far succeeded in their original design, that the Government was frightened into a short postponement of the elections; and it disgraced itself by an equally pompous and cowardly proclamation,

mation, thanking the mob for the violence under which it was quailing. The diction, we need not say, was M. Lamartine's:—

‘Citizens! The Provisional Government thinks it its duty to thank you for the imposing manifestation of which you made yesterday so magnificent a display. . . . People of Paris! You have been as great in this manifestation—so regular, so well ordered—as you were brave on your barricades.’

And this to a mob so outrageous, that M. Regnault admits that they frightened Ledru-Rollin himself. He proceeds:—

‘This proclamation deceived nobody. The majority of the Government thought it prudent to appear to associate itself to what had really been a triumph to its enemies—but resentment sank deep in their hearts. They understood but too well the *lesson* that they had received, and they reckoned up with alarm the numerous battalions that were at the command of their haughty colleague. The official thanks to the people and the official proclamations were nothing but thin veils spread over a deep wound.’—p. 239.

This scene, adds M. Regnault, revealed to M. Ledru-Rollin the immense force he commanded—he not only hailed the clear proof that he was immeasurably stronger than his rivals in the Government, but, in the exaltation of his vanity, came back to the flattering notion that he should be able to control even his more radical allies; and the insurrections which had echoed that of Paris all over Europe were a further encouragement to his ultra-republican hopes:—Vienna on the 13th of March, Berlin on the 18th, Milan on the 19th. Venice, Parma, Modena, had overthrown their Governments; Tuscany, Rome, Sicily, had shown the revolutionary spirit; and Charles Albert had proclaimed himself the ally and agent of a general revolution in Italy (p. 242).

The majority of the Government, says our author, ‘saw these triumphs of the democratic principle with the sincerest pleasure, but they hesitated to adopt the warlike and aggressive policy of ’93, to which Ledru-Rollin and his friends urged them.’ The latter, therefore, had recourse to measures of their own both abroad and at home. With these views the attempt on Belgium was organized, under the connivance of Ledru-Rollin, by his creatures—Caussidière in Paris, and Delécluse, *Commissaire* at Lisle; and, ‘encouraged by these continental insurrections,’ the minority grew still more anxious to obtain a stronger position at home (p. 246). This produced the attempt of the 16th of April, avowedly to force the Government to postpone the elections for the Assembly, or rather in fact to overthrow and remodel it into the old ’93 type of a *Committee of Public Safety*. This was to have consisted of Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert

of

of the existing Government, with the addition of Raspail, Blanqui, Kersausie, and Cabet, all chiefs of Clubs called by their names. The details of the intrigues by which the two parties prepared for the attack and defence, are interesting; and bating some *réticences* and some colouring in favour of M. Ledru-Rollin, we have no doubt that they are essentially true; but they are too long for our space. The following sketch must suffice. Lamartine and Marrast were the most active of the majority. Lamartine hoped still to 'play the *paratonnerre*;' he endeavoured to cajole sundry heads of the clubs, Barbès, Blanqui, Sobrier, &c., and even took under his protection the band of ruffians with which the latter had garrisoned No. 16 in the Rue de Rivoli—a *succursale*, or outwork, as it were, of the Prefecture of Police.

'Caussidière and Sobrier allowed M. Lamartine to imagine that his underhand play was successful; they accepted his confidences, and profited by his connivance and assistance to collect arms in that singular citadel; and thus under the ostensible patronage of Lamartine concealed the real and effective influence and direction of M. Ledru-Rollin.'—p. 252.

The design of the agitators was to assemble the clubs and all the active hands of the Revolution in the Champ de Mars and to march on the Government at the Hôtel de Ville; and it would no doubt have succeeded but for the recurring hesitation of Ledru-Rollin, who seems to have been alarmed at Blanqui—between whom and Ledru-Rollin the publication in the *Revue Rétrospective* of Blanqui's revelations to the old police (which publication the latter attributed to the Minister of the Interior) had created irreconcilable hostility. To what we said on the subject of that publication in June, 1848, M. Regnault enables us to add that the interview in which Lamartine condescended to endeavour—and it seems with some success—to gain over Blanqui, had taken place several days before the appearance of the document 'which M. Taschereau published after numerous conferences at the Ministry of the Interior with Ledru-Rollin, Etienne Arago, and Barbès' (p. 249). From all this we are led to suspect that the publication of the charge (no doubt a true one) against Blanqui was a branch of the grand struggle between Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin. But, however that may be, M. Regnault asserts that Blanqui refused to accept Ledru-Rollin as one of the Committee of Public Safety, and was a man very likely, if the attack had been successful, to have confounded his hostile ally with the other victims. M. Regnault does not tell us this in direct terms, but he gives us strong indications that such was the cause of the failure of this movement,

ment, which exhibited the strange (if anything in those days were strange) anomaly of Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, at the very last moment, again going over to the colleagues they had proscribed, and endeavouring to resist the pressure they had been, all the day and night before, labouring to excite.

But in addition to whatever *soft soldier* Lamartine may have employed, Marrast, on his part, had prepared, by measures both adroit and energetic, for the military defence of the Hôtel de Ville. He had consulted the most experienced generals, and had laboured to conciliate the National Guards, and between his activity and Ledru-Rollin's indecision the result was that, as on the 17th of March the National Guards were surrounded and hustled down by the mob, so on the 16th of April the mob was surrounded and hustled down by the National Guards—the movements and results on both days were, as we said in a former Article, almost identical, only that the parties were transposed.

One of the generals to whom M. Marrast applied for advice and personal assistance—it was all that those officers could give, as the troops were still excluded from Paris—was General Changarnier; and the importance of the position he now holds induces us to extract the following graphic account of his appearance and services on this critical occasion:—

‘The Provisional Government had resolved not to assemble at the Hôtel de Ville, to prevent the risk of their being all caught in a trap together. M. Marrast, as Prefect of the Seine, occupied that post, and prepared himself for a defence which was thought desperate. It was still doubtful whether the National Guard would answer the *rappel* [which Ledru-Rollin, at Lamartine's instance, had most inconsistently consented to have beaten], and there were in the Hôtel only a handful of men to oppose the innumerable masses of the invaders. About noon M. Lamartine visited the Hôtel de Ville. “Well,” said M. Marrast, “what think you of the issue of the day?” “I have made my will,” replied Lamartine, “and placed Madame Lamartine in a place of safety, and am ready for everything.” General Changarnier arrived soon after, to offer his services for the defence of the Hôtel. They were joyfully accepted. Without loss of time he made a rapid inspection of the whole building—distributed his posts—animating, electrifying the soldiers with the flashing of his eye and the energy of his voice and gestures. Those who had seen General Changarnier on the field of battle knew that he had all the most brilliant qualities of a great officer. Those who now surrounded him at the Hôtel de Ville were astounded at the sudden metamorphose made in him from the moment that he assumed the military command of the place. It was no longer the same man—his eyes shot fire—his forehead seemed dilated—his physiognomy took a nobler air of enthusiasm and joy. His orders, equally rapid and precise, gave new life to the troops; when he commanded a movement they

leaped rather than marched to execute it. All hearts were magnetised by his influence, and the only anxiety was to close with the enemy. Never was seen a stronger instance of contagious courage and of the omnipotence of a master-mind. Amidst the greater preparations the General did not omit the small detail—the impetuosity of his movements did not disturb the accuracy of his coup-d'œil. At one moment he whispered Marrast: "Two of those officers looked disconcerted—I called them out from the ranks and said to them, I see you are men of head and heart, I attach you to my person. You shall be at my side during the action. And now," he added, "I can do what I will with them."—p. 296.

It seems very fortunate that General Changarnier placed himself at the disposal of the new Government. The National Guard answered the call that the hesitating and undecided Ledru-Rollin had ordered. Changarnier skilfully directed their general movements towards the Hôtel de Ville so as to intercept and outflank the masses of the insurgents, who were cut off from each other, intercepted, pressed back, and dispersed almost without a blow; their discomfiture was complete. The National Guard had its revenge. The Provisional Government was saved, and Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc took nothing by their movement but increased unpopularity with the National Guard, and the serious resentment of their own party, who attributed to them (very justly, it seems, as regarded Ledru-Rollin) this ridiculous defeat; which was followed by the recall of the army to Paris, and the exhibition, on the 20th April, at a grand review at the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*, of, as they said, 400,000 bayonets, all pledged to the support of the existing authorities, and finally, on the 24th of April, by the triumph of the Moderates in the general elections.

Some time before this there had occurred another incident which—believing as we do that the army is destined to play a great part in the solution of the enigmatical state in which France is now placed—is worth recording, as likely to be remembered by the two most influential officers of the opposite parties. It had become necessary to find a more competent Minister of War than General Subervie, who had we believe originally no other claim to office than that he was a grumbler against the old régime.\* The *porte-feuille* was pressed on General Lamoricière, who refused for the very bad reason that the army was in a wretched state as to discipline and efficiency, and that it would cost any officer his

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\* It is a slight but significant indication of the obscurity of this officer before the Revolution, and of his nullity in office, that we hardly know what his name really is. The *Chef du Cabinet* of the Home Department, and about half the books which mention him, call him Subervic, and the others have it Subervie, which latter, as it is the spelling of the official list of the army, we may presume to be the right one.

popularity to attempt to set matters right (p. 324). The Government still pressed him, but in vain—he persisted in his selfish refusal. They then thought of Cavaignac, a comparatively young officer, but who had distinguished himself in Africa, and been rapidly promoted by the late Government. At the revolution, his claims as son of one of the Conventionalist regicides, and brother of a noted conspirator lately deceased, with his being of the party of the *National*, recommended him to the government of Algeria, where he now was. But he too ‘not only rejected the offer, but did so with indignation, and in the highest and haughtiest tone’ (p. 325); so much so, that Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc—men of the *Réforme*—‘indignant in their turn at seeing a subordinate officer lecture the Government so cavalierly, urged his immediate dismissal. Their colleagues, however [most of them being of the *National* faction], stood by Cavaignac, alleging that it would be more prudent to permit the matter to go to sleep’ (p. 325). In anticipation of Cavaignac’s acceptance, General Changarnier had been despatched at a few hours’ notice to take the command at Algiers; but on his arrival Cavaignac informed him by a messenger that he would not give up the command, and sent him a formal order not even to land; and Changarnier had therefore the mortification of being forced to return without having quitted the ship. We can well believe that such incidents have not produced much cordiality between these two officers, and that their personal feelings are not likely to lessen their political antagonism.

The result of all these intrigues and manœuvres on the part of M. Ledru-Rollin was, as M. Regnault confesses, the very reverse of what he aimed at. The delay of the elections from the 9th April to the 24th—the fruit of his victory over the *bonnets à poil*—turned altogether to his disadvantage. The delay was improved by the other party; and he found himself low on the elected list, and with about half the votes of Lamartine. Of the inflation of M. Lamartine’s vanity on this occasion M. Regnault gives us a characteristic anecdote.

‘It was M. Marrast who brought M. Lamartine the news of his great triumph in the election for Paris. The poet, exhausted with the emotions of the day, and *palpitating with expectation*, was reposing stretched out on a sofa, with a *pet greyhound* at his side. When M. Marrast announced the number of votes, M. Lamartine started from the sofa, and drawing himself up to his full height, with his eyes raised and his arms extended to the sky, exclaimed, *Me voila donc plus grand de la tête qu’ Alexandre et César*; and then he added, “At least, they say so.”—p. 358.

*They!* Who? M. Lamartine himself! Such absurd arrogance,

gance, to be so speedily rebuked, would almost justify an application of La Fontaine's lines :—

——' *La chétive pécore  
S'enfla si bien qu'elle crêva.*'

But we will not speak so irreverently of one who, though *chétif* in his selfish vanity, is still a true poet and a great orator, and we content ourselves with repeating that the *bubble burst*, and that at the following elections Lamartine's name was not heard of throughout France, or only heard of to be contemptuously rejected. This reverse was, no doubt, as to *him* and the silly motives that had thrown him into the vortex, no more than retributive justice ; but on the part of the French people it was a flagrant instance of caprice, and, may we not add, ingratitude ? For, undoubtedly, he in the first days of the revolution averted the imminent perils of the Red Republic, and almost redeemed the folly that let loose such a monster by the courage with which he endeavoured to bridle it.

! The new Assembly met on the 4th of May, and the Provisional Government was dissolved ; and here M. Regnault closes his history of that mongrel usurpation, at once so insolent and so timid—so audacious and so incapable. This was no doubt a natural limit to M. Regnault's work ; but it was a convenient one also. It relieved him from the task of recording the events of the 4th and 15th of May and 23rd of June, 1848, and the 13th of June, 1849 ; from a large and, at all events, unfortunate share in which it would be very difficult in the mind of any impartial reader to disculpate his friends Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc—whom he has so clearly shown to have been the prime movers of all the antecedent attempts of which both the means and the object appear to us to have been almost identically the same. Without at all accepting as satisfactory M. Regnault's apology for his friends, or admitting the accuracy of all his assertions, we see, as we have said at the outset, sufficient fairness in his disposition to make us wish that he may continue his history to the close of his own official connexion with the Government. For he tells us that after the retirement of Ledru-Rollin from the Ministry he became *Chef du Cabinet* to the Prefect of the Seine, at the Hôtel de Ville : a position in which he was—particularly with his previous connexions and experience—almost as near to the real springs of action as he had been in the Rue de Grenelle.

ART. VIII.—1. *Young Italy*. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane, M.P. 12mo. 1850.

2. *République et Royauté en Italie*. Par J. Mazzini. Traduction et Préface, par George Sand. Paris, 8vo. 1850.

IN the unconnected series of tales and sketches to which Mr. Baillie Cochrane gives the general title of 'Young Italy,' he confines himself neither to Italy nor to modern days. He treats largely of France, and his observations extend from the sixteenth to the present century. The chief interest of his pages will, however, be found in the testimony he gives on the present political state of the Italian peninsula.

His first chapter describes a visit to 'Lælius' at Cannes—nor perhaps could any greater homage be paid to the genius of this extraordinary person than the halo it seems to have thrown over the scenes it has haunted. The delighted guest says :—

'I am persuaded of one fact, that the few square miles round Cannes and Nice, enclosed between the amphitheatre of the maritime Alps and the sea, is at once the perfection of climate and the garden of Europe. It is no slight merit to be able to add to the associations of a spot like Cannes; but Lælius has done so. It is curious to observe the number of travellers who linger about the gates, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of him, or who send up their names for permission to see the grounds or the house, with its classical and graceful inscriptions, the object assigned being only an excuse for looking at the man. In years long distant the spot itself will possess all the historical interest which attaches to the favoured residences of the most eminent in their generations, like Abbotsford and Newstead, Ferney and Coppet; people will make pilgrimages to the spot, and dwell with pleasure on every record of the great.'—p. 3.

And again :—

'Altogether ten days were passed delightfully at Cannes. To pass from the severest winter of France to more than Italian climate, as poets love to describe it, not as people generally find it, and to enjoy all this charm of nature in the society of one whose every word is worth remembering, and whose conversation could render an Arabia Petraea agreeable, is worthy of a grateful record; it is but adding one more to the many tributes of regard which he possesses, and nowhere more than at Cannes, where he may be seen surrounded with people of all classes, to all of whom he extends the same heartfelt courtesy, and by all of whom he is in his turn beloved. The memorials of his name among these simple people will not be the immortal productions of his master mind, but his unceasing acts of charity and kindness.'—p. 8.

Posterity will give Mr. Cochrane credit for exaggerating less the honours and captivations of 'Lælius' than he does the beauties of his distinguished friend's favourite residence. We hope  
meantime

meantime the tourist's invalid readers will not be so far misled by his amiable enthusiasm as to seek climate at Cannes, or to expect an Elysium in the arid plains of Provence—a country which, 'as people generally find it,' has nothing of the south but its glare and dust, or of the north but its bleakness and cold winds.

Next to its having been selected for the winter retreat of the British Lælius, the Honourable Member for Bridport values Cannes because near it 'the proudest type of human greatness' disembarked on his return from Elba. We will not quarrel with this young senator for the lofty eulogism he lavishes on the military hero of France. We are well aware that his strain is entirely in harmony with the prevailing taste of the continent and *candour* of England. It is for those who adopt such language to ask each other why, if monarchists, they worship an usurper—why, if republicans, the destroyer of all liberty. The French may settle among themselves whether they exhibited generosity or consistency in their treatment of their demigod, and explain, if they can, the equal promptitude with which, in April, 1814, they abandoned his falling greatness, and submitted, in March, 1815, to his reviving tyranny—why, again, upon his final overthrow his name was universally cursed, and yet after the lapse of a few years his bones were reclaimed and enshrined as the relics of a tutelary glory!

It appears that Mr. Cochrane had spent some interesting days at Paris on his way to the ex-Chancellor's villa:—

'Oh, that Elysée! What a long history it might tell of broken fortunes, and worse than broken faith! As I stand in its magnificent reception rooms, gazing on the nephew of that man *whose name illustrated not France alone but Europe*—observing that nephew installed there in almost regal splendour, with his pale and earnest countenance, yet always anxious steps, my heart recalls the past and trembles for the future. . . . After a long lapse of years the name of Napoleon is again uttered within these walls with more than admiration, with real affection . . . all speaks of Napoleon. Nor are the tribe of courtiers who grasp at any service wanting, nor the great ministers, who always stretch forth the hand, but never venture to accept the proffered gift. There are aides-de-camp in brilliant uniforms, gentlemen of the chamber in court costume; there is but one thing to make the resemblance to the imperial Elysée complete—that the title of President be exchanged for that of Emperor.'—p. 12.

In spite of his 'regal splendour,' the anxiety to which 'the nephew of his uncle' is a prey in the palace, or rather the caravanserai, of the Elysée, is but too natural, and we would earnestly hope for his own sake that he does not seriously entertain any of those visions which are attributed to him, nor will suffer himself to be made the cat's-paw of self-seeking partisans, and pay for the elevation of a day which may *possibly* be within his reach)

reach) by a sudden degradation and a subsequent life of mortified nullity—affording another example of weakness and ambition united, to point a moral which requires no fresh illustration, and adorn a tale in which there is neither romance nor interest. In the midst of so much faithlessness, our readers must be glad to hear that Lælius affords a practical lesson of steadiness by preserving the fleurs-de-lis on his richly wrought gates (p. 2). We may somewhat doubt, however, whether this act of homage is quite so disinterested as the bow which the freethinking philosopher of the last century made to the Jupiter of the Capitol—‘If ever you get your head above water, sir, remember I paid my respects to you in your adversity.’ Without affecting the ‘prophetic strain’ we more than ever doubt whether either peace or security can be restored to France till she returns to legitimate monarchy. It is not that we suspect our enlightened neighbours of harbouring the antiquated sentiment of loyalty, but events are stern monitors as respects practice, and a cycle of unsuccessful experiments may bring back the nation in despair to their point of departure. Moreover, though they have lost the old ennobling feeling, they have not lost the taste for the trappings of Royalty. How can we anticipate permanency for a republican government where already the cry of *Vive la République* is considered a sign of mutiny, and resented accordingly by the administrators of republican authority? A king may be easily displaced—but from the substitute, no matter by what title he is addressed,—consul, dictator, president—the assumption of kingly state is looked for not less than from him who had been supplanted. There is no taste for republican simplicity in France. By the elevation of Louis-Philippe the principle of *election* was anew proclaimed, and the *prestige* of the throne for ever, to all appearance, abolished; but if the people loved equality, would they not rejoice in the modesty of the appointments and demeanour of their first magistrate? The American President (though intrusted with at least as much patronage and power as can safely be left to an individual) has a very moderate salary, and assumes even less state than the Speaker of the English House of Commons; but the French President, disposing of a more than royal revenue, holds a court, is attended by a body-guard, flies from place to place reviewing troops and fleets, inspecting manufactories, haranguing corporations, hearing masses, asking silly questions, showering fulsome flatteries and tinsel decorations—in other words, the French have preserved all that republicans consider dangerous, as well as all that they call idle and valueless, in the royal prerogative. We are no enemies to the President—on the contrary, we believe there is much of good in his disposition, and give him sincere credit for the

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the desire to maintain order in France and peace in Europe ; but his recent progress must appear ridiculous and even disgraceful to the country. 'Hero-worship' has been condemned by a certain class of philosophers, and it will no doubt be discontinued when reason guides all our inclinations—when beauty of person in the other sex is postponed to that of the mind—but our neighbours have adopted a system of *puppet-worship* for which even their previous history had not prepared us.

It is time, however, to accompany Mr. Cochrane into Italy. His account of the condition to which it has been reduced by the seduction of French principle and example, is, on the whole, highly creditable to his acuteness of observation and the fairness of his judgment. His mode of writing, too, is in general very pleasing: his earlier works all showed liveliness of talent—now and then a very remarkable happiness of expression—but the improvement of his taste is visible; and if he will only study *Old English* models as diligently as he evidently has studied recent rhymesters and tale-spinners, foreign and domestic, we shall expect much from his maturer exertions. He seems to have entered Italy about the beginning of 1850, and, after a few weeks spent in the north, says:—

'It is quite unjust to suppose that Austria is regarded with unfavourable eyes by the population of Lombardy; Charles Albert found, to his dismay and surprise, that it was far otherwise; the nobility and upper classes of the Bourgeoisie retain all their ancient hereditary animosity to the name and habits of the Tedeschi; not so the people—with a happier, although uncultivated instinct, they perceived that the government which Austria organized at least preserved order, that the returns of their labour were secured to them, and that equal justice was administered. In the towns there were sects and clubs which *exploited* all the possible errors of the Austrian government for their own advantage; but throughout the provinces there is but one feeling—that the rule of some great power is the only possible means of saving the country from perpetual warfare and its attendant miseries.'

After glancing at the stimulants afforded to Lombard disaffection by the revolutionary triumphs elsewhere in the beginning of 1848, our traveller proceeds thus:—

'Charles Albert had sufficient keenness to perceive that now or never was his time. Austria was menaced in Hungary—even Vienna was in danger; France, as a republic, must assist the constitutional King of Italy, and, above all, England had intimated her support. I put this cause the last, but it was the most important of all. I am compelled to tell the truth, that it is universally believed that—if it had not been for the false hopes which England held out—Charles Albert would never have embarked in his dishonourable and perilous enterprise. True every hasty incitement to advance, urged by the English agents, was followed by the advice to abstain from such an ambitious course ;

course; the counsels given him were in the style of Antony's declamation over the body of Cæsar: "dear friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood of mutiny," &c.; and all that can be said is, that the king, when he undertook this ill-timed expedition, certainly thought that, if England would not interfere in his behalf, she could at least ward off any possible evil consequences of such a monstrous aggression.'—(p. 28.)

He is perfectly right when he states that the Austrian rule had not been unpopular with the peasantry of Lombardy, but he is wrong, we think, when he supposes Charles Albert to have been *surprised* by the evidences of that fact. The King was far too acute to have been unaware of it. He knew the people too well, however, to fear much from their active opposition; he trusted largely to their selfishness, and to the terror which a small but active majority inspired. The political and the religious creed of that artful prince had ever been guided by his sense of personal interest. From his accession to the throne until about two years before the French Revolution of February, he had been to all appearance a zealous adherent of Austrian policy. It was not till then that he began to waver and give some indication of views which must, if ever developed, place him in collision with the Imperial power: the policy of the Pope, and the recent discontents of Lombardy, promised the chance of some favourable opportunity for forwarding such views; but the downfall of Louis-Philippe surprised him as much as the rest of the world, precipitated the outbreak in Lombardy, excited the radicals in his own dominions to overweening audacity, and altogether left him, he thought, no choice but to declare himself, without further delay, the champion of a cause which would otherwise triumph by its own exertions, and involve him in the ruin prepared for the rest of the Italian Sovereigns. The key to his conduct will be found in a despatch communicated by the Marquis Ricci, Sardinian minister at Vienna, on the 31st of March, 1848: after a clumsy attempt to establish a grievance in the treaties entered into between Austria, Modena, and Parma, it concludes with these words:—

'Il est naturel de penser que la situation de Piémont est telle que d'un moment à l'autre, à l'annonce que la république a été proclamée en Lombardie, un mouvement semblable éclaterait aussi dans les états de S. M. le Roi de Sardaigne, ou que du moins il y aurait quelque grave commotion qui mettrait en danger le trône de S. M.'

Though he may have been in error, he thought he understood his situation, and no man ever more deliberately trod the road to destruction. Mr. Cochrane is quite wrong in attributing 'slender capacity' to him. His capacity would have amply sufficed to place

place him among the distinguished members of his great house, if it had been directed by an honest heart. He had a thorough knowledge of men, and entertained a cynical contempt for them—he possessed an exquisite sense of the ridiculous; he was one who

‘Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,  
But is whate’er he hates and ridicules.’

While he has been reproached for treachery to the Italian cause—for which he died—Mazzini with more justice upbraids him for his duplicity to Austria:—

‘Ce roi, qui, le 22, avait fait donner par son ministre, au comte de Boul, ambassadeur d’Autriche à Turin, l’assurance qu’il désirait le seconder en tout ce qui pouvait confirmer les rapports d’amitié et de bon voisinage existants entre les deux états, dans la soirée du 23 signa la proclamation de guerre.’—*République et Royauté*, p. 40.

The King’s own only apology for this piece of treachery was expressed in terms of admirable simplicity:—

‘La défaite par la guerre est moins ignominieuse qu’une fin dans une honteuse inaction par l’anarchie.’—(*L’Italie depuis 1815*, p. 184.)

We are satisfied, however, that his moral timidity (brave as he was in another sense) had greatly exaggerated his domestic danger; in fact, he was not unpopular with his army, and would probably, had his persistence in the faith of treaties roused his own radicals to insurrection, have been supported and saved by the many friends of order throughout his dominions; but there were other elements of danger about him—and he was tempted, not driven, to his fate. If he had turned a deaf ear to the suggestions of the English resident at his court, and to the more authoritative advice of Lord Minto, he would not have died in exile, or bequeathed a broken sceptre to his son. As things stand, if we may trust our author, and indeed all our other information, the Sardinian State is all but hopelessly revolutionized:—

‘The people are now never satisfied, unless daily concessions are made to them. Victor Emanuel is allowed to possess the crown, and a sufficient civil list, on condition that he will adopt all the schemes and views of the Utopian financial reformers. Piedmont is to all intents and purposes a republic, with a timid sovereign at the head; he can originate nothing, and refuse nothing; his throne entirely depends on his subserviency to the popular party. A stranger on arriving at Turin is surprised to find in a city full of palaces, and where carriages with scarlet liveries and royal trappings are flitting by him at every corner, that the people are as insolent in their demeanour as they could have been in the days of the great Republic, one and indivisible. In the cafés the waiters will sit down at the same table, take the paper out of your hands, and smile contemptuously at any expression of indignation called forth by such lapses of social etiquette.’—p. 37.

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Mr. Cochrane might have added another element of mischief to his long list—a quarrel between the Government and the Church. The Italian liberals are well aware that their subversive theories have no more powerful enemy than religion. The priesthood of Piedmont is not rich, as it pleases some writers to represent, but it is respectable and respected; it retains very extensively its hold on the affections of the people; and that these last are not completely demoralised and corrupted by the efforts of the demagogues during the last three years is to be attributed wholly to the hold that religion yet retains over them. The relations between Piedmont and the Court of Rome were settled by a concordat, and had long been conducted in decency and tranquillity—till the Legislative Chamber arrogated to itself the right of abrogating that convention without proposing a substitute and without asking the consent of the other contracting party. The clergy refused to obey the commands of a schismatic council, and the Primate, M. Franzoni, archbishop of Turin, having signified his approbation of their conduct in a pastoral letter, was seized, tried for libel before an incompetent tribunal, condemned to a fine and imprisonment, and was actually carried through the public streets to jail, with no consideration for his rank, age, and condition. After his release he again incurred civil punishment—for it was hardly probable that the treatment he had experienced would reconcile him to the supremacy of secular tribunals in ecclesiastical matters)—and he is at this present moment in a dungeon at Fenestrelles. Such is the first proof of the wisdom and moderation that the Liberal ministry and the Piedmontese legislators have afforded, and such is the fresh complication into which their tyranny has plunged the affairs of their country. That such folly and injustice will be visited on the heads of the perpetrators is inevitable; it will serve but to place a weapon in the hands of the powerful party opposed to the constitution, and hasten its downfall. Such will doubtless be the immediate result; but the ultimate fate of Piedmont must depend upon the Government of France, and the comparative strength of the French and Austrians in Italy.

The English ministry, by cunningly encouraging a line of conduct thus ruinous to Charles Albert, his house, and his kingdom, has not won for itself any semblance even of compensation. It has earned nothing but disappointment and mortification. The assistance it could not extend to Piedmont by its friendship, it has afforded to Austria by its hostility. The Austrian monarchy was saved from dismemberment no less by the ignorant enmity of Lord Palmerston than by the moral courage of Marshal Radetzky—for the former refused his mediation to treat for the cession of Lombardy, and the last

last neglected the reiterated orders of the timid ministry of Vienna to purchase peace upon that dishonourable condition.

We have already cited a recent pamphlet by Signor Mazzini (spiritedly translated by Madame George Sand), containing a frank development of the principles of the writer and his party; we conclude he was not quite so explicit with Lord Minto when that nobleman delivered him his credentials in Switzerland in 1847.\* He now says:—

‘Entre le supplice des frères Bandiera et la mort de Grégoire XVI., une race d’esprits avait surgi, qui, élevée à moitié dans le matérialisme sceptique du dix-huitième siècle, à moitié dans l’électisme Français, *radotait néanmoins de christianisme et de religion*, et se paraît du nom de *modérés*. . . . Ces gens-là s’étaient posé pour problème à résoudre, la conciliation des inconciliables: *la liberté avec la royauté, la nationalité avec le démembrement*. . . . Ils n’avaient pas conscience de la mission Italienne.’—*République et Royauté*, p. 16.

The monarchy of the north of Italy under Charles-Albert was the object of these short-sighted politicians, and it is for this (the greatest of crimes in his eyes) that they fall under the lash of Signor Mazzini. ‘Metternich,’ says the same writer, ‘esprit non puissant, mais logique,’ had judged correctly both of the views of the King and the parties that supported him, and of their probability of success. He might have added that Prince Metternich had timeously and distinctly warned Lord Palmerston on all these points.† He then proceeds thus:—

‘La monarchie Italienne n’entre pas dans les desseins des *factieux*. Un fait positif doit les détourner de l’idée d’une Italie monarchique; le roi possible de cette monarchie n’existe ni au delà ni en deça des Alpes. Ils marchent à la République sous le drapeau des réformes administratives: les *factieux* tâchent d’accomplir une œuvre qui ne pourrait rester circonscrite dans les états de l’Eglise, ni dans les limites d’aucun des états dont l’ensemble forme la péninsule Italienne. Les *factieux* cherchent à réunir ces états dans un seul corps politique, ou, au moins, dans une confédération d’états soumise à la direction d’un pouvoir central suprême! . . . *Metternich disait vrai—seulement toute l’Italie était faction.*’—*Ib.*, pp. 16, 30.

Such were the Republicans; nor, if Signor Mazzini represents them fairly, have the *modérés* deserved much more confidence:—

‘A nous,’ he says, ‘ils tendaient la main avec mystère, en murmurant à demi-voix, *Laissez faire—chaque chose a son temps; pour le moment il nous faut profiter des hommes qui ont des canons et des armées: après, nous les renverserons*. Je ne me rappelle pas un seul d’entr’eux qui ne m’ait dit ou écrit, *Je suis en théorie aussi républicain*

\* See Lord Palmerston’s despatch to Lord Minto, July 18, 1847.

† See Prince Metternich’s clear despatch of the 2nd, and Lord Palmerston’s contemptuous reply of the 12th August, 1847.

*que vous l'êtes vous-même, et qui en même temps ne calomniât de son mieux notre parti et nos intentions.*—*Ib.*, p. 23.

We trust, after this explicit declaration of the views of the Italian Liberals by their own chief, that English candour will not persist in attributing to them the moderate and constitutional opinions which they so utterly eschew. Mazzini furnishes us with a standard whereby to measure the integrity of his party. It will seem strange that the *good faith* of Charles-Albert should have exposed him to reproach, but small as it was, that prince exhibited more than can be tolerated in the moral code of the true Republican; Mazzini, in deploring the ill success of the war in Lombardy, enumerates amongst its causes '*le respect de la diplomatie étrangère, le respect des pactes, des traités, des prétentions gouvernementales qui remontent à l'époque de 1815, lors même que ces traités eussent entravé des opérations décisives.*'—p. 51.

'Posterity,' says Mazzini (p. 30), 'will judge Charles-Albert with equal severity whether they consider his apostacy in 1821, his conduct in 1833, or his capitulation at Milan in 1848.' It is, especially, for this last act that he has incurred the mortal hatred of the Republicans. Mazzini had taken up his residence in Milan several weeks earlier, and by his influence with the Socialists and the secret societies he had contributed very materially to the catastrophe. A curious work lately published under the title of *Histoire de l'Insurrection et de la Campagne de 1848*, will supply many valuable details as to these events. Signor Mazzini had excited the susceptible jealousy of the Milanese—suggested doubts as to the sincerity of the King—thwarted the endeavours of the royal commissioners to procure men and money—and fed the republican animosities towards the Piedmontese in every part of the peninsula. The King was perfectly aware of the manoeuvres of the Republican party; he well knew *how* they intended turning his misfortunes to account, and these intentions he very skilfully succeeded in baffling. Had he negotiated immediately after his defeat, or had he retreated from Pavia into his own dominions, he would have exposed himself to the clamours of the 'Italian party,' who would have accused him of selfishly throwing up the cause, and exposing Milan unprotected to the fury of the barbarian army. The Milanese patriots at the same time would have had it in their power to enumerate the deeds they would have performed, and the victories that they must have gained, and the Piedmontese party would thus be covered with irretrievable unpopularity. Moreover the chiefs of the Republican faction were persuaded that the military failure of the King, and his imputed desertion of Lombardy, would secure the immediate intervention of a French

a French army; and henceforward to promote the disasters of their own champion, and to force him to abandon or seem to abandon their cause, became the real object of their tortuous policy. This also explains the treachery of Romorino in the subsequent campaign. By falling back with his forces upon Genoa, he would have it in his power to support the staunch republicans who had selected that convenient sea-port for their destined battle-field, while his defection would facilitate the success of Radetzky, and hasten the interference of France. But, alas! Europe will not learn that France can sympathise only with good fortune.\*

These wily patriots have served their cause as badly with their pens as with their swords, and they have exposed that treachery in their own party which they falsely impute to their opponents. A clever republican, who played a conspicuous part in the last disgraceful scenes in the Lombard capital, has given us a most instructive revelation both of the infamous tactics of his party and of his own bitter wrath that they were defeated by the superior dexterity of the King.

‘Le plan de conquête de Charles-Albert avait avorté: il fallait rentrer dans ses Etats; la question était de pouvoir s’assurer l’impunité. Pour l’obtenir, il suffisait de l’engager à rendre à l’Autriche le pays occupé. Enfin, si, en rentrant en Piémont et en abandonnant les Lombards à la vengeance de leurs ennemis, il pouvait s’assurer la tranquillité, il avait encore de quoi se consoler: *n’avait-il pas empêché la formation d’une république, et arrêté l’influence Française au seuil de l’Italie? Mais la France avait dit que si elle entendait le cri de détresse de l’Italie, elle interviendrait*: il ne fallait donc pas le lui laisser pousser.’—*Insurrection de Milan en 1848*, par Charles Cattaneo, p. 201.

It was with a fury which they could neither conceal nor explain, that the Republicans saw the King fall back upon Milan and offer to the city and his partisans in it such protection as his discomfited army could afford. His troops, exhausted more by hunger than by defeat, and chilled more by the ingratitude of the Lombards than by terror of the Austrians, might still have offered a respectable resistance at Milan had the citizens exhibited any corresponding disposition. But this was so far from being the case that the magazines were empty, provisions were scarce, and finally the populace hardly refrained from open hostility towards the Piedmontese soldiers, while the municipality actually despatched negotiators to Radetzky’s camp to treat of a separate capitulation. Had they effected their purpose, or rather had not the obstinate humanity and inveterate good faith of the Marshal defeated it, the Piedmontese army would have been exposed to utter annihilation and the King to captivity or

\* See Campagne de 1848, p. 80.

death. The people, excited to fury by the demagogues, menaced and insulted the King, who had compromised both his dignity and his safety to benefit them, and he only escaped from assassination by the devotion of his body-guard, who cut a way for him through the streets of Milan to his indignant and famishing army. So little were the motives of the Austrian marshal understood, or so far from candid are even the more temperate of the Piedmontese partisans, that the author of the *Histoire de l'Insurrection*, already quoted, either mistakes or misrepresents them.

'Soit impatience trop vive,' he says, 'de rentrer en vainqueur dans une ville dont il avait été chassé par l'insurrection, soit manque de hardiesse et connaissance encore imparfaite de la situation des Piémontais, le maréchal se montra trop facile dans un moment où il pouvait certainement faire mettre bas les armes au roi, ou bien lui faire éprouver un sanglant échec.'—P. 163.

The same writer states that '*au premier bruit de la capitulation on avait vu s'enfuir des premiers Mazzini et tous ces démagogues qui avaient tant contribué à la catastrophe.*' Signor Mazzini, in addressing himself to foreign nations, is obliged to attempt some reply to an accusation so repeatedly brought against him—and what is his defence?—

'*Les républicains devaient combattre, et ils discutent—voilà l'accusation qui circule aujourd'hui encore à l'étranger et en Italie. . . . .* Je quittai Milan, Dieu seul sait avec quelle douleur, et j'allai à Bergame rejoindre la colonne de Garibaldi—Garibaldi et Medici, qui abandonnèrent les derniers le Roi de la Lombardie, sans se soucier des traités ou des armistices.'—p. 100.

This is what the patriot-hero, the lofty scorner of treaties and armistices, says; but our readers are not to suppose, as his words may seem to imply, that he incurred whatever risks the column of Garibaldi was exposed to in its irregular warfare; he simply sought protection with that band till he could fix on some other seat of government where he might promote the cause of mischief—and he was not slow in discovering one. It was to Rome, from whence the Pope had just been expelled by his own unwise policy and the counsels of his foreign supporters, that Mazzini now repaired to take the supreme direction of a city which had just declared him, by a vote of its senate, the most deserving of the sons of Italy!

We have no intention of following Mr. Cochrane through his sketch of the Roman revolution. It is, as far as it goes, correct, and some passages supply new and striking details—but we have already, as he admits, done our part in elucidating the subject, and if we notice his interesting chapters at all, it is only to make a few remarks upon the difficulties that have since opposed the  
Pope's

Pope's attempts to re-establish his temporal authority. Mr. Cochrane devotes many pages to speculations on the best method of preserving to the Pope that independence which is necessary to his efficiency as head of his Church. On this topic we cannot agree with—nor even well understand—our traveller's reasoning. We may observe that he seems to be of that particular section of 'Young England' which, to speak gently, rather leans to the Romish system than otherwise; but still he argues as if claiming to be recognized as a steady Anglican, while censuring sternly the blindness of any Christian sect which can consider it an advantage to their own form of Christianity that injury should be inflicted on the spiritual authority of the Pope. 'No form of Christian creed, whatever that form may be, can suffer without all Christianity feeling the shock' (p. 218). If this be true indeed, we are deeply sorry for it, as we think a blow has been struck at the Roman Catholic form of Christianity from which it can never recover. Nor, if we were partakers in the writer's apparent anxiety for the influence of the triple crown, should we find it possible to derive any comfort from the opinion which he thus expresses:—

'It will be well for the Church, while there is yet time, to set herself free from the trammels of temporal sovereignty, which only gilds, but does not strengthen her position. Thus, placed high above the contests, the factions, the bitternesses of party spirit, she will become greater than she has hitherto been, and by the sacrifice of temporal objects her sphere of utility will be greatly increased.'—p. 219.

We are not convinced. We do not comprehend how the Pope can remain ecclesiastically efficient if he be separated from Rome, nor how he is to be supported in it without the greater part of the temporalities of the see. Without a fixed revenue, the decencies of his court and the pomp that Romish worship requires could not be maintained; and supposing that, in lieu of his dominions, a pension were subscribed for his support by the great Catholic powers of Europe, how long does Mr. Cochrane think a republican chamber would cheerfully submit to the burden—how long would the infidel and the lukewarm be in discovering the uselessness of such a rent-charge—and how could free action belong to a supreme Pontiff, *ex-officio* the high arbiter of the Catholic world, were he dependent for his support on the charity of countries owing him no temporal allegiance? That the Pope will not long retain his temporal sovereignty we firmly believe—we have ever been of that opinion, and we are persuaded that his recent restoration by a French army will hurry rather than retard the event; but we are equally sure that it is the heaviest blow that can be dealt to Catholicism, and moreover that it is so considered by all the

Socialists

Socialists and Republicans in Europe, and for that reason hailed by them with such undisguised satisfaction.

The position of the Pope, at all times one of great difficulty, is now involved in unprecedented embarrassment. Every untoward occurrence inevitable in a country so divided by faction, so depressed by poverty, and so torn by revolution, is instantly attributed to the original sin of a priestly government. Newsmongers from every part of the world have congregated in his capital to criticise his actions—his words—his silence; condemning each project before its nature is explained, and announcing its failure before it has been brought into activity; his administration secretly and skilfully undermined by the Republicans—coldly supported by the priesthood—jealously watched by Austria—betrayed by the subaltern agents of the French party, and the support afforded by the government in Paris just enough to prevent him from falling into the power of his enemies, or seeking refuge and protection among the bayonets of Radetzky. Mr. Cochrane takes no account of these peculiar difficulties in his philosophical speculations, which we cannot but think his clear-sighted and practical friend 'Melvius' would class with those visionary fabrics which he accuses our traveller of loving to build up.

Of the same class, and of not more value, are the divers schemes of Signor Durando di Mendone for the settlement of Italy, which Mr. Cochrane evidently thinks deserving of general attention (p. 216). By this politician's proposed division of the Italian peninsula, the Pope would be confined to Rome and Civita-Vecchia, with the intervening patch of territory; but this would leave him very poor—nor do we think his treasury would be filled or his tranquillity secured by bestowing on him in addition, as is benevolently suggested, the islands of Elba and Sardinia, which have always proved a heavy expense to the two wealthy sovereigns in whose dominions they are included. Sicily again, so evidently indisposed to remaining under the same crown as Naples, with which it has so many and such ancient ties, would hardly endure the supremacy of distant Tuscany, with which this statesman wishes to combine it; and we can hardly see how Lucca and Savoy would be enabled to cement *their* proposed union, considering that they are separated by several hundred miles of foreign territory, by a range of the loftiest Alps, and still more effectually by a difference of language. 'Well may M. Durando remark,' says Mr. Cochrane, 'that more unreasonable and fantastical combinations were executed on a larger scale by the great king-makers and kingdom-founders of 1814.' It may, for aught we know, become the sincerity of M. Durando to make such an assertion, and it would suit his purpose no doubt to have it believed, but an Eng-

lish Conservative might well have hesitated to countenance it. With the limits of other states, as determined at that epoch, we have at present no concern; our attention is confined to Italy, to which country also the remarks of M. Durando and Mr. Cochrane exclusively relate. 'The king-makers of 1814' found a 'kingdom of Italy'—including the Mantuan and Milanese duchies, the Italian provinces of the republic of Venice, and the papal legations—the crown of which kingdom had been worn by Napoleon; while Rome (with the patrimony of St. Peter), Tuscany, Lucca, Turin, the stronghold of Alessandria, the greater part of Piedmont, and all the Illyrian provinces of Venice from Trieste to Cattaro inclusive, were incorporated with Imperial *France*, and formed *departments* of it. On the defeat of Buonaparte a fresh distribution became necessary, and in the dismemberment of his colossal empire the victors exhibited a disinterestedness of which history affords no example. The Emperor of Austria resigned his claims to Belgium, and in exchange received the moderate compensation of the Venetian provinces, which were not transferred to him on the subversion of a native government, but were cut off from the overgrown dominions of an intrusive power. The Pope—whom Mr. Abercrombie agrees with the late King of Sardinia in thinking, besides that monarch himself, the only *Italian* sovereign in Italy—was restored to the possessions of which he had been deprived. Naples and Sicily were again united—Lucca was ultimately to fall to Tuscany—and Genoa was annexed to Piedmont:—the King of Sardinia alone, of all Italian sovereigns, finding himself a gainer after the troubles of Europe were pacified. Such was the new settlement. We might ask, had Italy ever been before so little divided into separate states? At all events, was this arrangement or the French monopoly which had been just put down the more favourable to Italian independence—to Italian nationality? Did the union of Genoa with Piedmont, of Naples with Sicily, or the disconnection of those territories respectively, most promote the cause of Italian unity? But we are combating shadows—mere words. In the recent Italian troubles the strongest efforts have been made by the natives of Genoa and Sicily to shake themselves free from the Italian states to which they had been tied. In point of fact, unity is what Italians most dread and abhor, and among their numerous antipathies none are so strong as those with which they regard their nearest neighbours.

We do not ask Mr. Cochrane to believe *us*—but we would refer him to Mazzini, the arch-director of all Italian revolutions. Let him ascertain from that great man what his opinion is of any that still '*radotent de Christianisme et de religion*;'—let him witness whether

whether it is territorial redistributions, administrative reforms, or the downfall of all crowns and all mitres that would satisfy his party? Does Mr. Cochrane seriously believe that any fresh division of Italian provinces, or any administrative reforms effected by Italian princes, would content those agitators? Can he have any doubt as to their real purposes—when their acknowledged chief proclaims that the man who does not recognise ‘l’impuissance absolue de la monarchie, la mort de toutes les illusions dynastiques, aristocratiques, et modérées, n’a ni intelligence, ni cœur, ni amour vrai pour l’Italie, ni espoir d’avenir’?—(*Rép. et Roy.*, p. 139.)

The Pope, we presume, is not to be again deluded either by the shouts of the mob who betrayed, or the whispers of the *moderates* who deserted him. We are no admirers of Pius IX., and no friends to the Roman Catholic religion: we have ever deplored the errors of that Church, and we should be the last to accede to any scheme for extending its influence; but we cannot deny a fact because we lament it, nor pretend to think we are strengthening an establishment while we are undermining it. It is our honest conviction that, though economical and judicial reforms might be introduced with effect into the Papal government, that government cannot be essentially altered, and that the advocates for a representative system at Rome may be divided into two classes—those who are profoundly ignorant of the country, and those who desire to revolutionise it in the full sense of Mazzini.

Mr. Cochrane offers some shrewd and just remarks, but is on the whole too severe, on the character of Gregory XVI. Gregory had neither shining abilities nor shining virtues, but he had a strict sense of justice: he was sincerely devout, and zealously attached to the Church of which he was the head, and his first desire was that the interests of that Church should suffer no detriment through his means. He was anxious to extend the benefits of Christianity, while he did not neglect the temporal interests of his people. Much was done during his reign to promote the cause of material prosperity, and no one laboured harder to adorn and beautify the city. Mr. Cochrane charges him with excess of timidity, and expatiates on the unnecessary and ridiculous precautions with which he surrounded himself. We really thought nobody excepting Lord Palmerston could be ignorant that the whole reign of Gregory was one prolonged struggle against revolution—that on the very day of his accession, before his character was known—nay, before his very name had been disclosed—he had been met by conspiracy and revolt, and that the military assistance both of France and Austria had been necessary to secure him on the throne. Can Mr. Cochrane need to be reminded that the Italian

exiles had organised revolutionary committees in England and in France, and that their emissaries were found in every part of the Papal states—that frequent attempts at insurrection had been made in Romagna, and that the death of Gregory himself delayed another which was just ripe for action? That Pontiff was aware, though Lord Palmerston and Mr. Cochrane are not, that the King of Sardinia had accorded more than tacit support to these subversive schemes. And truly the malcontents beyond the Alps had made very little secret of their purposes and of their hopes. Every coffee-house and every theatre rang with discussions, which, if ‘opinions’ were punished in Italy, would certainly have recommended their promoters to prison. Whatever crime is committed by a revolutionist in Italy, when seized by justice he is said to be confined for his ‘opinions.’ This phrase, misinterpreted by tourists, has been the cause of much waste of sympathy; every felon who professed liberality and practised larceny was instantly transformed into a political martyr. But enough of this. Mr. Cochrane, who is so eloquent on the many bad features of the Roman government, might have learned, we should have thought, in the course even of his brief parliamentary career, how much easier it is to denounce abuses than to reform them. Many of these Gregory did succeed in amending—many more he tried to amend. He was economical and even parsimonious in his own personal expenses; he did not suffer his family to be a burden to the country, and the court in his day exhibited none of the pomp with which so many popes had surrounded it. The administration of the state he placed in the hands of Cardinal Lambruschini, a man whose disinterestedness gave more annoyance to his suitors than it excited admiration in the public—a man whom Mr. Cochrane himself describes as possessing ‘superior merit, strong intellect, and a grave resolution—who would have arrested, if it could have been arrested, the headlong progress towards anarchy, and therefore naturally most unpopular with the demagogues’ (69). This man, Mr. Cochrane must remember, was the all-powerful minister during the greater part of the reign which he so mercilessly vituperates. Gregory XVI. is the scape-goat upon whom all the sins of the papacy have been cast—even the upholders of the papal government insist on exhibiting their liberality by loading his memory with unmerited obloquy—and Mr. Cochrane has allowed himself to echo a cant which he should have despised.

Pius IX. from the first took no steps towards administrative reform, and—whatever may have been his own wishes or inclinations—no abuses were amended. He soon lost the power of naming or dismissing his ministers, and the mismanagement of those forced upon him by the clubs made the errors of their obnoxious

obnoxious predecessors sink into insignificance. His imprudent amnesty brought all the conspirators against his power to his capital, where no promise, even, of amendment was exacted to curb the violence of their proceedings; and the popularity with which this measure seemed to invest the Pope was principally—if not wholly—a contrivance of the demagogues to lure him on to destruction. It was necessary, moreover, to drill the populace into obedience to their self-elected chiefs, and to teach them to take an active part in public affairs. '*You must bring the people into the streets,*' was the direction of the master-mind; '*they must be accustomed to see the influence of their voices and the efficacy of their numerical strength; any excuse that enables you to do this must be seized; the popularity of Pio Nono is an unexpected piece of good fortune.*' In pursuance of Signor Mazzini's advice, the Pope was daily, nay, hourly, assailed by his hypocritical admirers; they marched and sang at the sign of their fuglemen, and soon convinced even the weak and vain Pio Nono that his popularity would last only as long as he suffered himself to be the instrument of his own ruin.

The character of these mobs changed as visibly as their purpose. Strangers flocked from all parts of Italy to Rome, and took the most conspicuous part in these *national* exhibitions; 'men (writes Mr. Cochrane) with coarse and degraded countenances, whose lives are a mystery, and who crawl forth from the ruins of societies like foul things that are engendered by decay' (70). The leader of these choice troops and the subaltern agent of sedition was the noted Cicerovacchio—to whom we should hardly have recurred but to correct a little inaccuracy in the volume before us. We are quite ready to admit that he was 'a gross, thick-set fellow, of a bold and uncouth appearance, with a head disproportioned to his body' (70); and without troubling 'the immortal author of Timon,' we dare say that such an exterior would not shock the good taste of the mob; but we dissent from Mr. Cochrane in ascribing to him 'the simplicity and earnestness which produce conviction,'—and with regard to the personal courage also conceded to him, we can only say that our traveller differs from those who had observed him narrowly. He lived in more terror of assassination than Gregory XVI., always went abroad with a well-armed body-guard, and rarely ventured at all to the 'Monti' or the 'Trastevere' regions, where his person and his cause were unpopular. Impudence he possessed in a very great degree; but to which of his qualities it was that he owed the affections of the people we will not venture to surmise—still less to fix upon that which recommended him to 'the personal friendship of Lord Minto, her Majesty's plenipotentiary' (71): an honour, by

by the by, to which, we strongly suspect, the burly corn-chandler attached much less value than Mr. Cochrane seems to imagine.

We may here pause a moment on a question which our tourist passes *sub silentio*, though of no small consequence in estimating the instructions Lord Minto received, the timing of his arrival, and the part he played in the tragic farce already in progress. The Papal Government has formally denied having ever invited his lordship to Rome: to refute which a ministerial newspaper has published some extracts from the voluminous correspondence of the Blue-Books. The sense ascribed to these extracts is, however, far from commanding our acceptance. It must at once strike any calm reader that, even had the Pope desired the countenance of an English cabinet-minister, he could never have wished his illustrious guest to constitute himself the interpreter between him and his rebellious subjects: much less that he should lend his aid to advance the measures urged by such parties. But in truth the whole scheme was concocted, not at Rome, but at Paris by our ambassador Lord Normanby, and at Turin by our envoy Mr. Abercrombie, the son-in-law of Lord Minto. This last-named gentleman was perfectly aware of the desire of the Foreign Secretary to mortify Louis-Philippe and M. Guizot, and he suggested that no fitter means could be taken than that England should afford that countenance to the revolutionists of Italy which could not be expected from France. But the serious question is as to the *res gestæ* of the Marquis of Normanby; and here it will be perceived, by a careful examination of the correspondence so triumphantly reproduced, that our Ambassador represents himself, in his despatch of the 19th of April, 1847, as having paid a visit of simple courtesy to the Papal Nuncio at Paris, then confined by illness to his bed-chamber, whom he much alarmed by giving political importance to some vague expressions dropped in the course of conversation. Then he admits that 'the Nuncio guarded himself against making in any shape a definite communication from his government, only conveying to me privately what he knew to have been *long* their constant wish.' It will be observed that M. Fornari, the Nuncio, spoke of what had *long been* the wish of the Papal court—that is, long before it was presided over by Pius IX. The hint, however, was sufficient for Lord Palmerston, and on the 27th of April he writes to Lord Normanby desiring him to ask the Nuncio to explain precisely *the nature of the support that his government would wish to receive from England*. It is obvious enough, even in the confused and wordy despatch of the noble Ambassador, that the Nuncio was now thoroughly alarmed at the use which had been made of his unguarded observations, and that

that he hastened to explain away the peculiar meaning which his impetuous colleague had attached to them. 'His Excellency replied,' writes Lord Normanby, 'that, being without any precise instructions from *his government*, it was difficult for him at this moment to do more than express *his own feelings*, which, however, he had *every reason to believe* were in accordance with the sentiments of the Holy See.' The Nuncio took care, moreover, on this occasion to repeat, in terms entirely clear and distinct, that the desire for direct communication with England 'was no novel idea arising merely from the difficulties of the present Pope's position, but had been strongly felt by *his predecessor*.' So very cautious was this diplomatist to mark to our Ambassador that it was not the actual and accidental position of the Papedom which had suggested a wish for special countenance on the part of England. The Nuncio, the Marquis says in continuation, 'was much pleased' with the commonplace expressions of politeness and regard which were addressed to him—replying, 'that he would write upon the subject to Rome'—from whence, be it noted, he had certainly received no authority to open any communication whatever with the English Ambassador—and finally, throwing out '*as his own suggestion*, that if a minister could not be established at Rome, it would at least be a great support to his Holiness if some one in the confidence of her Majesty's government could have a temporary opportunity of personally communicating with the Pope and his ministers.' Such was the negotiation; and can any candid man maintain, after considering it as told by the precious Blue Book itself, that it is at all inconsistent with the Papal version of the fact,—that is, the distinct contradiction which Rome has given to Lord Palmerston's assertion of an invitation from *Rome*?

A number of excellent reasons suggested Lord Minto for that very delicate mission—which included, it must be allowed, objects that could never have been dreamt of by 'the Pope and his ministers.' He was everywhere received with courtesy, and by the revolutionary party with enthusiasm. Patiently overlooking the extraordinary violation of all rules of etiquette—even of common decency—in the manner of the Earl's personal approach (see *Cochrane*, p. 77), the well-bred Pius received him with the respect due to the representative of Great Britain, and conversed freely with him; but if either he or the Foreign Secretary still dreams that his conduct as Ambassador, the company he frequented, the language he held, or the measures he suggested, were agreeable to the Pope, or to any person not engaged (like themselves) in the revolutionary propaganda, the mistake is complete. When those noble Lords are better acquainted  
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with the people in whose internal concerns they thought it advisable to intrude themselves, they will be aware that civil language and courteous professions are no proofs of affection or gratitude, and they will not again expose themselves to the ridicule of forcing unwelcome assistance, and of then having their officiousness contemptuously rebuked. We do full justice to the high abilities of her Majesty's chief adviser on her foreign relations, and we still more admire the boundless confidence he himself places in them; but we cannot think he was peculiarly qualified to intervene as the counsellor of an infallible sovereign, when his knowledge of that sovereign's merely sublunary position was so limited that he believed the college of cardinals to be *self-elected* (see his despatch, January 5, 1849, Blue Book). How would the British public appreciate the advice on our own insular affairs volunteered by a foreign official who had so accurately studied our Constitution as to be satisfied that her Majesty's privy-councillors are elected by ballot among the aldermen of London?

'The arrival of Lord Minto,' says our author, 'was hailed by the Republican party as a great triumph; a large crowd loudly cheered him in the Piazza di Spagna, while from the windows of the Europa hotel he made a short speech in favour of Italian independence. It was not long before he became intimately acquainted with Sterbini, Canino, Massi, and, above all, Cicerovacchio. On the evening of the 11th of November (1847) a grand banquet was given at the Théâtre d'Apollon, at which the ministers, the council of state; and, most important of all, Lord Minto were present. The people rose and cheered Lord Minto, when the arch-agitator, the modern Rienzi—Cicerovacchio—entered his box and was welcomed by the English minister. In fact, no step was left untaken to prove to the populace that the mob, led on by ambitious demagogues and mischievous agitators, possessed the sympathy of the British Government.'—p. 74.

This passage, no doubt, will be rather indigestible to the noble Earl who has so stiffly denied, in his place in the House of Lords, that he lent any support to the measures which precipitated the fall of the papacy, or even in any way fostered the aversion to Austria. We entirely acquit him of having intentionally done what he so stoutly denies; but he really should not be surprised if a great weight of responsibility is cast upon his shoulders and those of the Secretary whose policy he represented. Foreigners cannot be persuaded, of what we know to be quite true, that Lord M. was totally unqualified by a very unusual degree of ignorance of the country for the difficult task he had so eagerly undertaken, while he was made a mere tool and catspaw in the hands of artful men who laughed at his simplicity and abused his credulity. Childishly elated with the popularity he seemed to enjoy, the mysti-  
fied

fied Earl conveyed false impressions to his employers;\* and though no suspicion of his own incapacity seems to have shadowed his hour of triumph, the baleful effect of his advice must have been as apparent to himself ere he recrossed the Alps, as it was to every one else before he had quitted Rome.

'On the 8th of March,' says Mr. Cochrane, 'Mazzini arrived in Rome. A system of wanton spoliation, of unbridled excess, of cruelty perhaps without parallel, commenced. . . . The only difference between the Roman revolution and that of 1789 is, that the French one was directed by men of greater courage and more thorough determination. . . . There was not much open violence manifested at Rome, but it is quite undeniable that murders, and those of the blackest and most fearful description, were hourly committed—that the people groaned under a reign of terror, that no property was safe, that no respect was shown to rank, age, or profession; we have only to turn to the debates which took place in the Constituent to comprehend the spirit that animated these worthless men, who are now, by the curious in historical readings, exalted as patriots.'—pp. 107-109.

To appreciate the conduct of these men—to read aright either what they did or what they refrained from doing—it must be remembered that no one believed in the possible durability of the Roman Republic,—least of all its own supreme directors. Neither should it be forgotten that Rome was surrounded on every side by foreign armies and hostile populations. The Austrians were in possession of the Legations and of Tuscany—the French menaced an attack on the capital—the Neapolitans were encamped in the Agro Romano—a Spanish force was approaching Latium. Caution was forced upon the revolutionary government; immediate punishment was at hand, and would, they feared, be inflicted. It was not then surmised that the protection of England hovered over them, and that a consul would descend, like the heathen divinities of the Iliad, to protect his discomfited favourites, and render them invisible or invulnerable in the hour of their defeat!

After a clever sketch of Garibaldi and his myrmidons, Mr. Cochrane says—

'There was another body of troops to whom it would be great injustice not to assign no very honourable place—we mean the *financieri*, or revenue officers—who were organised into a regiment under a man whose name will go down for ever to posterity, not associated with Danton, Saint Just, or Couthon, but with Maillard, Santerre, and Carrier. Slight as is the interest generally taken in Italian politics, this name has acquired a European celebrity—it is *Zambianchi*. Of his previous

\* Thus (as Mr. Cochrane kindly reminds him) on the 13th of January, 1848, he writes to Lord Palmerston that the '*authorities*' are frightened at an '*imaginary danger*'; and on the 14th of April ensuing, that '*nothing like popular dissatisfaction is to be apprehended at Rome.*'

life but little is known. In appearance and manner he was one of those wretched beings bred in foul places and obscurity, who crawl out, vampire-like, from their fetid lurking-places, when the times are dark and confused, to fatten on the decay of their fellow-men. His ghastly, vulgar countenance and sordid habits of life, and free, brutal, and disgusting language, at once procured him a high place amongst those men with whom such qualities are esteemed virtues. These financiers, under the command of this demagogue, were in the immediate service and under the immediate patronage of the triumvirs. The extreme treachery of the character of these men, the secret nature of their assassinations, has been urged in their defence. It is not possible, say the defenders of the republic, to give a list of the murdered. . . . But not to make vague assertions, there are some particular instances in which the murders can be brought home directly to Zambianchi himself, or his immediate followers. He was quartered at the convent of S. Calisto, in Trastevere. The Quarterly Review (No. 170, p. 594) speaks of five executions which took place at this convent; and this is one of the assertions for which the writer has been most severely attacked: it was therefore not an unfavourable one by which to test his general accuracy. It so happens that the French detachment now stationed there is the same that entered the city on the morning of its surrender, and I therefore went there, and had some conversation not only with the officers in command, but with the sergeants and common soldiers, and I learned that the number of bodies of priests discovered, either buried, or with half the body out of the ground, but all in some measure concealed, in one small garden attached to the convent, but within the compass of its walls, could not be reckoned as less than fourteen: some said twelve, while others computed them as high as twenty. In a matter of this kind there may be some exaggeration—indeed it is almost unavoidable; but even the smallest number, twelve, is sufficient to justify the language used in the Quarterly Review, and to cast grave suspicion on the character of those who dispute the existence of these atrocities.’—p. 115.

We confined our testimony to five murders—not that we believed them to have been so limited, but because we had for the number specified a distinct warrant on which we could implicitly rely. But what mattered it, as to our argument, whether the murders of that particular group were in number five or twelve or twenty? It was the lawless violence inherent in the whole system of transactions, which we abhorred, denounced, and exemplified. We still consider assassination as the most odious feature in all the late insurrections on the continent; but we can no longer flatter ourselves—if we ever did so—that it is a crime from which, even under the utmost excitements of political delusion, our own fellow-countrymen would instinctively shrink. We have been taught otherwise. This great capital has most narrowly escaped being stained with the lifeblood of an eminent foreign soldier, who, superseded by the Government which he had zealously and signally

nally served, chose to devote some of his unwonted leisure to visiting England. The brewers' men, who all but consummated their foul purpose on his person, were no more qualified to judge of the merits of parties in the Hungarian civil war, or to verify or fairly estimate one-sided statements connected with it, than were the brewers' horses stabled within the same walls. It is, we observe, the conviction of the leading journalists both in France and Germany, that those rough fellows themselves could have known as little and cared less about General Haynau than about the man in the moon—and that they must have been incited by some foreign emissaries—the agents of that *red committee* which, there seems to be no doubt, has established itself in London. We are much inclined to believe this—and at all events hold that Sir George Grey will neither do justice to our character at home or abroad, if he does not institute a searching inquiry as to the secret history of the case.\* But one point is unhappily clear—namely, that, whoever may have been the *immediate* instigators of the assault, it was precisely what had been recommended deliberately, during some preceding months, in several of our own newspapers—including, we are sorry to say, one of considerable literary reputation, and commonly supposed to be not without a rather close participation in the advantages of official connexion and advice. Our readers may, perhaps, remember that we quoted in March last (*Q. R.*, No. 172, pp. 500-514) some specimens of that odious teaching, set forth in the pedantic dialect of Mr. Landor, which has at last been reduced to practice in a shape alike ferocious and cowardly. We need not tell them how largely the same spirit has been shown in newspaper comments on what has just occurred—nor ask whether they have not participated in our own indignant surprise and sorrow at finding the display not confined to prints avowedly of the revolutionary colour? A journal considered during very many years as a respectable ally of the Conservative party, and which we find spoken of as its 'organ' in reference to this very matter, has adopted the tone which we should, but a few months ago, have expected to see repudiated by every writer, of whatever political school, above the lowest purveyors of the pothouse and the rabble. This last circumstance is indeed most painful. But let it not be overrated; most certainly the long-esteemed journalist in question has been the 'organ' of nothing but his own short-sighted spleen—a spleen of which there has been some slighter previous manifestations;—all Europe, monarchical or

\* A Frankfort journal designates by initials a German clerk employed by the Brewing firm—a gentleman who had been captain in the *Garde Mobile* of Vienna during the October insurrection. Is there such a clerk?

republican, may be well assured that—excepting among our avowed zealots of sedition, and some few fretful *socialists in disguise*—the brutalities in question have been loathed and execrated by every rank and order of *British* society.\*

Mr. Cochrane quotes some striking words from a late speech of Lord John Russell—words in every respect worthy of his position—*Oh! Si sic omnia!*

‘Another lesson,’ says Lord John, ‘has been taught us since governments have been disturbed and overthrown in their course; we have seen in other countries of Europe the cause of liberty endangered, and the cause of good government injured, by those who came forward in the name of liberty and democratic government; we have seen in Italy a venerable Pontiff, whose benevolence and good intentions no one can doubt, obliged to fly from his capital; we have seen that capital stained with the blood of the minister who had been assassinated; and we have seen the wild establishment of a republic followed by a foreign bombardment and foreign occupation.’

‘Lord Palmerston must have writhed,’ pursues Mr. Cochrane, ‘as he listened to this sentence. Why did not Lord Palmerston anticipate the advice of the first minister of the Crown in counselling the Pope not to do too much?’—p. 93.

Why, *we* rather ask, did Lord Palmerston think himself called upon to give any advice at all in a matter as to which we have under his own hand such astounding proofs of his ignorance? Who constituted him the oracle of the revolutionists of Europe? and why was the minister of Queen Victoria to offer advice to a Sovereign with whom all communication was—according to *his own version* of the law—prohibited under the penalty of a *præmunire*?

The foreign policy of Britain has been recently discussed in the high council of the nation at great length, and with temper, intelligence, and sound judgment. The result has been a condemnation of it by a large majority in one house, and an acquittal by a very narrow majority in the other. The dexterity of the noble Lord whose conduct was the subject of discussion in evading the points of attack has been much, and we dare say justly, praised; we are not the best judges of merit in such strategics; we may however take the liberty of hinting, that had his talents been as conspicuously exhibited in answering objections as in evading them, the results of his administration would not be the less disastrous. His professed object in sacrificing all those interests and connexions which had hitherto been deemed most important, while compromising our national reputation for honesty and fair dealing, was to preserve the friendship of republican France. What are our present relations with that power the

\* We say nothing of London Jews. One of them (an Austrian Baron too) has published a letter declining ‘to offer any opinion, one way or another, on the occurrence’!!!  
noble

noble Lord best knows himself; and if he is inclined to pardon the slights with which he has been treated, we will only observe that on former occasions he has shown himself less tolerant of smaller injuries. With Russia it is probable he will not profess a desire to cherish any good understanding, since he considers international policy a matter rather of sentiment than of expediency. From the United States he has endured usage which few of his fellow subjects could read of without a blush. With Austria we are on terms that cannot be called amicable—and yet with the liberals of Germany, of Italy, of all Europe, the name of the noble Lord is hardly less odious than that of Prince Metternich. A mighty storm is looming on our horizon; as the straw that shows the direction of the wind, petty persecutions are multiplying on our countrymen abroad;—and we much fear, should the government of France gain consistency and acquire the confidence of neighbouring countries, we shall find that the *système continental* is not abandoned, and that a long debt of vengeance will be exacted. It is, in the present condition of political parties, very far from agreeable to us to dwell with censure on any part of the Ministry's proceedings. We have, on the contrary, every disposition to support, if it were in our power, the responsible advisers of our Sovereign; for some of whom individually, indeed, we entertain feelings of very high respect. But if such men as Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne will stoop to follow, as to one great branch of policy, the guidance of Lord Palmerston—the excesses of whose radicalism are to us at this hour perfectly unaccountable—it is impossible that they should not pay for the partnership in character and dignity, or that they should avoid the ultimate responsibility of that national disaster to which, we are forced to believe, his policy is rapidly tending.

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ART. IX.—*Une Visite au Roi Louis-Philippe*, pp. 32. Paris, 1849.

WE have in our successive numbers traced so closely the political life of Louis-Philippe, even from his earlier days to his recent exile, that our readers will, we think, expect us to follow him to the tomb with the interest and respect due to one of the most extraordinary men of modern times. A general reference to the articles containing successive portions of his history must dispense us from repeating on this occasion the various phases in which we have seen his character. There have been portions of his conduct, and of his policy, for which we have not concealed our regret, and even disapprobation; but we have, on the other hand,

hand, had more frequently the satisfaction of doing ample justice to his many great qualities, his varied talents, his vast public services, and the unblemished virtues of his private life. Indeed, we cannot better remind our readers of our feelings towards him than by extracting the following passage from the conclusion of an article on French literature, in our Number for April, 1836:—

‘Our best, we had almost said our only hope of France’s being saved from a catastrophe of which we see so many various symptoms—light and grave—is, we confess, in the personal character of the King. We know not whether he was quite blameless in all the circumstances which have led to the present alarming state of affairs; we incline to believe that he was; but we are satisfied that he is now desirous, and we trust that he may be able, to arrest the mischief. He is a man of talents, of courage, and of virtue; his whole life has been a series of trials, through which he has passed always with respectability, generally with honour; he has been a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good prince—and, we trust we are justified in adding, a good Christian; he was so in his youth, and no man ever lived, we believe, whose experience was more calculated to strengthen religious convictions. If we are not mistaken in his character, and if it shall please God to continue to preserve his life, and to fortify his heart, there is still hope for France and the European world.’—*Quart. Review*, vol. lvi. p. 130.

Our Number of March last conducted Louis-Philippe from the Tuileries to Claremont; we now propose to follow him into his retirement and to his grave.

On their arrival in England the King and Queen assumed the *incognito* of Count and Countess de Neuilly; and though within their own circle all the respect and some though very little of the etiquette of royalty were maintained, the King fell easily, and indeed we may say *naturally*, into the character and manners of a private gentleman. The vicissitudes of his earlier days, and the very circumstances under which he accepted the crown, had confirmed the innate simplicity of his personal tastes; and no man certainly that ever existed could have stepped from a throne into the mediocrity of private life with less sacrifice of his ordinary habits than Louis-Philippe. We must, however, add, that he (and indeed the whole Royal Family) was everywhere in England, and *by all classes*, treated with the most respectful sympathy.

The course of his day was this. He was not an early riser—it being his habit to write and do a good deal of his business at night—and so to go to bed late. He breakfasted with his whole family about ten or eleven. He then read his letters or the newspapers till about one, when he received visitors, of whom, both French and English, there was a pretty constant succession, and with whom he conversed upon all subjects with a fluency and propriety

propriety of diction and a copiousness of information, and, above all, with an unreserve and a frankness that surprised those who were not already intimate with him, and—when the subject happened to be peculiarly important or exciting—would occasionally astonish even those who were.

Of one of these conversations we have a curious account in the little pamphlet which affords its title to this article, and from which we shall make some extracts, because, being as we believe *substantially* accurate, it gives not merely a lively idea of the King's style of conversation, but is from his own mouth as it were a defence of some portions of his conduct which have been unfavourably criticised both in France and England. The pamphlet is anonymous, but it contains so many details as to the author's visit that it was not difficult to find that he was a Monsieur Lemoine. He tells us himself that he had no previous acquaintance, nor, in fact, any business with the King; but that, having been commissioned by a friend in Paris to convey to the London post-office some letters for Louis-Philippe and the Princes, and hearing on his arrival in London (on the first day of November, 1848) that some kind of epidemic illness (occasioned by the oxydation of a leaden cistern that supplied the water for domestic use) had attacked all the inmates of Claremont, and the Queen most seriously of all, he resolved to proceed to deliver the letters in person, and to inquire after the health of the Royal Family—not without some diffidence as to being allowed to reach even the aide-de-camp in waiting—but with no intention or expectation whatsoever of seeing the King himself. We shall abridge (but always preserving his own expressions) his account of what followed, which is in every way characteristic of the exiled monarch.

The visitor, whose memory associated the King with the *faste* of the Tuileries, was surprised at the easy access to the royal residence:—

‘I knew not a word of English, but at the Esher station, on hearing the words *Clerefont, Clerefont*, eagerly pronounced by a crowd of fly drivers, I guessed—with that intuitive sagacity that distinguishes every Frenchman—that by getting into one of their carriages I should probably reach my destination without having to speak a word. My conjecture was right. After a drive of fifteen minutes through a delightful country, which was in all its details as trim and as gay as the landscape scene of an *Opéra Comique*, I saw that we had arrived at the iron palisades and gates of a handsome domain, and here I expected to be stopped. But no. The gates were wide open; the fly driver drove boldly through; and when I put my head out of the window to propitiate the porter that had emerged from his lodge, we had already passed the gate, and his good-humoured countenance and a friendly wave of his hand indicated that a Frenchman was not an intruder

intruder at Claremont. As we pursued the avenue that winds through the park, I expected to meet some sentinel, or at least some servant on the watch. I saw nobody. The last asylum of the Royal Family appeared to be wide open to whoever might please to enter. At last the carriage stopped at a high and wide flight of steps; my coachman said a few words, probably of well intended directions, but my reader guesses why I made him no answer. Seeing nobody, I ascended the steps and found myself in front of a large glass door, half open, that seemed to invite me to enter; I did so, and found myself in a fine vestibule, in a corner of which a servant in the Orleans livery was fast asleep. I took the liberty of waking him and asking whether I could see one of the aides-de-camp.'—p. 9.

The only 'aide-de-camp then in waiting, General D——' (no doubt the King's faithful and intelligent friend and constant attendant, General Dumas), happened to be at the moment watching by the bedside of poor M. Vatout, who died a few days after; but the servant took M. Lemoine's card and showed him into a library, where he had hardly time to look about him when in came the King himself, and a conversation took place of which, as it extends over a couple of dozen pages, we can only extract some of the most characteristic passages:—

'The King had my card in his hand, and addressed me—"Good morning, M. L——; they tell me that you have been so kind as to come to Claremont to inquire after all our healths. I thank you for your kindness, and I am come to answer you in person. Have you a quarter of an hour to spare? Sit down and *causons*. . . . *Causons de la France*. Let us talk of France. Poor France!" and covering with his hand that countenance of which neither age nor misfortune had changed either the great lines or the strong expression, he was for a few moments silent, and then suddenly went on as if in continuation of his silent thought.

"And what do they say of me?"

"Who, Sire, your friends or enemies?"

"Oh, as to my enemies I know pretty well what they think of me, and care very little; but I am anxious about the opinions of my friends."

'I hesitated a moment; the King saw it, and tapping me with a gracious familiarity on the knee, said, "Do you doubt that I can bear to hear the truth? I never feared it; and now, more than ever, have a right to hear it. Come, tell me."

"Well, Sir," said I, frankly, "your friends complain that in those days of February you gave up the game too soon."

'He gave a sudden start back on his chair, and, with a vivacity that one would not expect at his age, he exclaimed—

"There, again!—twice within these twenty-four hours I have heard this reproach! Well, to you I answer as I did to Z——, who came here yesterday from Paris, and held me the same painful language.

guage. Never was there a more unfounded reproach. They don't know then—(*on ne sait pas donc*) what really happened. They don't know then—that everybody—ministers, friends, servants—*everybody*, I repeat, told me, 'If you yield, not a drop of blood will be shed!' They don't know then—that it was by this persuasion that I was at first induced to change the ministry. They don't know then—that it was by this persuasion that my abdication was obtained! Could I—ought I to have done, in opposition to everybody, otherwise than I did? It was urged upon me that we were on the brink of a civil war. I would not have the crown at the price of a civil war. They told me, 'The National Guard demand *Reform*; if it is refused them 'blood must flow—the blood not of the *émeutiers*, of the agitators only, 'but of the National Guard; the well-disposed workmen, the *honnêtes gens*—the real people; all these are bent, rightly or wrongly we will 'not stop to inquire, but they are bent on reform; give them a re- 'forming ministry and all will be settled—*all*, not a shot will be fired.' It was then that I consented to sign the order for the retreat of the troops, to prevent the pretext for a collision. When that had been done, everybody—do you hear?—*everybody*—said that the insurrection was over, and that in a few hours all would be quiet."—p. 14.

Here we suspect that M. Lemoine's recollection failed him, or that he misunderstood the King, for we know that he has often said that he was not aware of the orders given for the non-resistance of the troops; that they were given by the new ministry without even consulting him. He no doubt must constitutionally have concurred in the order if his ministers had insisted on it; but, in point of fact, he did not hear of it till it had been done. The King went on:—

"You know how this promise was kept! The same persons soon returned to tell me that the 'National Guard was exasperated—that it 'would be no longer satisfied with a Thiers-Barrot Ministry—that my 'own abdication was now the ultimatum.' They added, that 'it was 'true that resistance was still possible—that the troops would be eventually successful—but that it would cost dear, and be the commencement of a *civil war*.' That idea decided me. . . . Some pamphleteers have said that I was under the influence of personal fear—they did not believe it—none but blockheads could—no, no one in France, in Europe, not even my most rancorous enemies."

M. Lemoine attempted a corresponding compliment, but the King interrupted him by saying, that 'so low a calumny was not worth a second word.' What seemed to touch him more nearly was the silence, the indifference with which his abdication and departure had been regarded, or rather disregarded.

"When I was on the throne they would say to me—'Sire! you are the key-stone of the arch on which rests the peace of Europe and the world.' I smiled internally at the exaggeration, and thought my shoulders hardly broad enough 'to support the peace of the world.'

These, I said to myself, are either flatterers or over-partial friends who exaggerate my influence. Well; a day came that seemed in some sort to justify that opinion. I fell; and at that moment an explosion of revolutionary wars burst forth throughout Europe—at Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Munich—in Sicily, Lombardy, and Hungary; yet not a voice—not one—was heard to ask whether ‘this man, whom we have just condemned to die in exile, had not, after all, some little share in that general tranquillity and prosperity of nations which were so generally and so deplorably interrupted by his fall.’ Was there due to him no parting word of condolence—no regret—not even a remembrance—*nothing?*”

“In uttering these last words, the King, excited by his feelings, had risen from his chair, paced rapidly up and down the library, and seeming to forget that there was any witness of his emotion, while I followed with a wondering eye the vigour and activity of one whom our Opposition papers had long ago described as in a state of caducity. I could not but admire the energy of that iron frame, the strength of that sonorous voice, and the mingled vivacity and dignity of his air and gestures. . . . I ventured to say that France might yet enjoy many happy days under his influence. “France,” replied he with a smile, “does not seem to care for happiness. They are so very Athenian, that they get tired of being made happy, as the Athenians were tired of hearing Aristides called the Just.” Then, resuming his gravity, he went on. “I may have some reason to complain of the apathy of my friends, and to wonder at that of the better-informed periodical press—but it would be hardly just to blame the *people* of France. They, indeed, saw my fall, and were indifferent to my loss—they saw me go and showed no regret at my departure. It was quite natural. For eighteen years they had been taught to despise, to detest, the personification in me of that public authority which is the real safeguard of the people. For eighteen years they had been told daily by a hundred journals and in every variety of form, that the King was the living summary of every vice—that the King was greedy and miserly—that the King was faithless and shameless—that the King’s heart was cold and unrelenting—and, finally, that if successive ministers failed to ameliorate the condition of the suffering classes, it was all owing to the narrow, severe, and selfish policy of the King. So when the people saw me go, it was without hatred, without anger, but with a perfect belief in the creed they had been taught, that I was the obstacle to their happiness. ‘All our sufferings,’ thought they, ‘are at an end! The King is gone, and with him vice, despotism, the sufferings of the people—the shame of the country; above all, that plague, which France has been taught to consider as the most intolerable calamity and disgrace—*authority*. Authority is gone—all’s right!’ Who can say that poor people were wrong in reasoning thus on the fall of a King whom everybody attacked every hour of his life, and whom nobody ever defended?”—  
p. 19.

He then went on to complain of particular misrepresentations which

which he never could persuade his ministers to rectify, as, for instance, those concerning the *Programme of the Hôtel de Ville*, and the other republican promises and pledges alleged to have been given to facilitate his usurpation. On this point he said—

‘The truth is, I ascended the throne with reluctance—with a sort of presentiment of what would be the consequence. It required the urgent instances of all those in whom I had confidence, and the most decisive assurances that I, and I alone, could save the country from the horrors of anarchy.’—p. 21.

When the King complained so feelingly of the neglect of his successive ministers in making his personal defence on such points, he did not, perhaps, take sufficiently into account the individual share that most of those ministers had had in the July revolution, and how personally some of them must have felt the awkwardness and perhaps the danger of pulling down any of the scaffolding by which they themselves had risen into power. William III. of England made much the same kind of complaint of the ministers that had originally placed him on the throne; and in both cases it must be remembered, in justice to all parties, that the ministers were the representatives of the democratic principle on which the revolutions had been made, while the monarchs very soon convinced themselves of the necessity of restoring and asserting the monarchical principle, and of exercising an authority which their ministers had formerly opposed in James II. and Charles X.

The following passage of M. Lemoine’s conversation illustrates this theory. M. Lemoine said that he had imagined that the King had always managed his ministers as he pleased.

‘Ah!’ replied he, ‘there you are, like all the rest! You have read so much about the invincible tenacity of the King to his personal opinions, that you believe that I always had my own way—but not so. My opinions were opposed on all points and by all sides—and it was right that they should be so. I had, no doubt, my own personal views of political subjects, and when questions were debated before me in the Cabinet, I endeavoured to support that side which in my conscience as King and as a Frenchman I thought the best; but my suggestions were always freely and often very warmly opposed by those of the Cabinet who differed, and when I was in the minority I, of course, gave way. This happened *very frequently* on political questions, great and small—but it happened *always* on points that concerned me personally. For instance, on that very question of the pretended *Programme of the Hôtel de Ville*, I made incredible efforts to have it publicly and authoritatively refuted. I never could succeed; at last, wearied out by this neglect or delay, I took up my own defence and wrote with my own hand an answer to the charge, which I signed *UN BOURGEOIS DE PARIS*, and intended to print, but I thought it right, out of a constitutional scrupulosity, to show it previously to

Casimir Perier, then my first minister. Casimir Perier read my paper and praised it highly. "It was admirable, unanswerable." "Very well," said I, "then let us have it printed." "Printed!" exclaimed he, "God forbid! What! subject the King's work, his name, his person, to polemic discussion!" "But I don't give my name." "What of that? It will be known immediately to be yours. In these days everything is known, particularly what one tries to conceal. Everybody will know that *le Bourgeois de Paris* is no less than His Majesty Louis-Philippe, and then what attacks, what sarcasms!" "You are right," I answered, "but how then shall we publish the fact? for I am resolved not to lie any longer under this falsehood; it will grow to be a truth, and that I will not endure. The dignity of the Monarchy, of *authority*, which needs respect even more than force, requires this explanation." "Well," said Perier, "give me the paper, and I promise you shall have entire satisfaction." "Then you'll publish it?" "Yes, I'll publish it!" "So that all France shall read it?" "All Europe! for I shall read it from the *Tribune* of the Chamber as part of a very important speech which I am preparing." "Excellent!"—said I, "this is much better than my own plan, and I thank you sincerely for the suggestion." Casimir Perier took my paper and put it into his portfolio—whence it never reappeared.—p. 24.

It is not, to us, at all surprising that Casimir Perier, and still more some of his colleagues, should have thought it very inconvenient to revive any discussion on the falsehoods promulgated at the Hôtel de Ville. But the King had often, he said, to complain of a like neglect when there could be no such excuse. There had been a long account current between the Civil List and the State which the King wished to settle, and obtain a *quietus*. The Opposition, both in the Chambers and the newspapers, laid hold of this affair to charge the King with an enormous fraud on the public.

'You remember,' said the King to M. Lemoine, 'the violent debates on the affair of the *quietus* which afforded such a good opportunity for attacks on my cupidity—that vice from which even my friends do not venture to defend me, for the *cupidity of King Louis-Philippe* is become a proverb. The Minister of Finance struck a balance by which it appeared that the King was indebted to the State in four millions of francs [160,000*l.*]. M. de Montalivet, the Minister of the Civil List—who knew the real merits of the case—appealed from this decision to the Council of State, where it was strictly examined; and lo! that great affair, which had made so much noise, was never again heard of. Do you know why? Simply because the Council of State, after an investigation of the accounts, reduced the balance from 160,000*l.* sterling against me to about 2000*l.* in my favour. When the Minister of Finance communicated this result to me, I asked him when he intended to bring forward the affair for the ratification of the Chamber? "Never," said he, "for if I was to talk to the Chamber of the *quietus*, "but still more if I was to venture on such an audacity as to assert  
"that

"that we were 2000*l.* in your debt, we should find black balls enough in the ballot-box to overthrow on the spot the Ministry of which I have the honour to be a part." This was policy, ministerial policy, and you see what it has produced. It discredited the Monarch—it prepared the fall of the Monarchy. It traced a channel for the torrent of February, and you have seen with what facility this incredible overthrow was accomplished.

'Nay, you have seen that, even after my fall, which one might have expected to appease calumny, it still pursued me. We all left France in absolute penury—we had nothing: but the public press endowed me with millions, which, foreseeing my misfortune, I had, forsooth, sent abroad to ensure myself a *golden exile*. These gentlemen knew to within a few francs how many millions I had in America and in England. They had my bankers' names. They could point out the Street in New York, nay, the Square in London, which I had bought with the immense savings of my Civil List! And—as such a foreign Croesus could, of course, have no possible want of anything from France—they sequestered all my property—the patrimony, the private fortune of my children. Poor children! what had *they* done? Is there in France any one citizen, I say any *one*, high or low, who can love his country better than they do? Is there a soldier who has been more ready to shed his blood for it? But they were my sons—that was crime enough. Public vengeance required that those great criminals—the King, the Queen, and their children—the House of Orleans in short—should suffer want in addition to exile. Well, this vengeance has been satisfied. We *have* suffered want. Not, good God! that in this noble country which has afforded us refuge we have not also had offers of whatever other assistance we might need. These generous propositions crowded upon me, disguised under the kindest and most ingenious and most delicate forms—but I declined them all. I preferred its being known that King Louis-Philippe, who had raised in Versailles so magnificent a monument to all the glories of his country, had been reduced—he and his—to suffer real privations, and *that* because the new Governors of France would satisfy themselves, before they restored a doit of his property, as to the full extent of the wealth of this European *nabob*. Sagacious curiosity! for it turned out on examination by impartial men—or who at least were no friends of mine—that the parsimonious *nabob* had so strangely exercised his economical talents that he descended from the throne with, by their accounts, thirty millions [near a million and a quarter sterling] of debt.—p. 29.

On this latter point we may add that the King has often been heard to say that when he ascended the throne he did not owe a sous. We may also add that, subsequent to this conversation, he was authorised by law to contract a loan on the credit of his patrimonial estates for the immediate payment of his debts, bearing an interest of 5*l.* per cent., and a sinking fund which is to pay it off in eleven years. We are not informed of the details

of

of this affair, but we have heard that, by the too ready admission of debts for which the King could not be equitably held responsible, as well as by other hard measures, the liquidation will be exceedingly and unjustly onerous to the House of Orleans. M. Lemoine thus concludes his narrative:—

‘I want words to describe the vivacity, the energy, the obvious and unmistakeable sincerity of the King during the whole of this latter portion of the conversation. Sometimes the voice, usually so clear, faltered under an emotion which the noble old man strove in vain to conceal. Sometimes too his eyes filled—but it was a momentary feeling—the resolution of the *King* mastered the sensibility of the *man*. . . . While I was under the charm of this allocution, so abundant, so facile, so rich in its varied intonations, and so curious and interesting in its matter, General D— appeared to announce that Lord John Russell was in the saloon. “A minister!” said the King smiling. “I never kept one waiting in France; and still less will I do so here.”

‘He then took a kind leave of me . . . . but after a few steps returned and said, “Kings can never plead their own cause; but for my own part, I fancy that if I could personally plead my own cause in the face of France I should gain it. Talent is no doubt powerful, and I know that the orators and writers who are opposed to me have a great deal of it; but truth, after all, is still more powerful than talent.” He then again took leave of me with a gracious wish to see me again.’—p. 34.

That, however, did not happen. When M. Lemoine was about to return to Paris he repeated his visit—but to the Star and Garter Inn at Richmond—where, however, he did not venture to ask to see the King, who was attending the bedside of the Prince de Joinville, then seriously ill from the cause before mentioned. M. Lemoine was somewhat scandalized at finding the Royal Family of France cooped up at an *inn*; but his indignation was much inflamed when he happened to return to Paris on the day of that ‘*snowy, flowy, blowy*’ \* fête of the Constitution.—‘I had left royalty,’ he exclaims, ‘in a village inn, and I found *M. Marrast* under a canopy of state!’

We have made large extracts from this little pamphlet, because we have reason to believe that, bating some little mistakes, from which the recollection of so long and varied a conversation could hardly be exempt, it is accurate enough in its general character and style; and we know that Louis-Philippe was in the habit of talking very much in the same strain and spirit to other visitors when the conversation happened to take the like turn.

His conversation was, however, as diversified as his visitors, and, amusing and often instructive to all, it was appropriate to

\* Our early friend Mr. George Ellis’s translation of the *Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose* of the Republican calendar.

each. His own life was a fruitful topic, on which he was always ready to speak with frankness, and with a singular indulgence to the curiosity or even the criticism of his auditors. Like kings much his inferiors in general powers, he had an excellent memory for family history, as well as for the events of his own long and varied times. His mere book learning he had not, it seems, much improved since his early days; but he was familiar with current literature, and he surprised his English friends by a more accurate acquaintance with and habitual quotation from Shakspeare than they had heard from any foreigner, or, indeed, from many well-educated Englishmen. Within the last few weeks of his life MM. Scribe and Halévy came to England to bring out their opera founded on *The Tempest*. Louis-Philippe had a fondness for the theatre, and took a great interest in this opera, not merely as a work of art, but for the sake of the authors, for one, at least, of whom it seems he had some private motives of kindness. He received them at his bedside at Claremont, and entered into all the details of their piece, and made a judicious critique on their work as compared with Shakspeare's original, some passages of which he explained to them; and he then ran through some other of Shakspeare's plays—Henry VIII. for instance—in which he saw great operatical capabilities, and he opened the matter so vividly to them, that we have heard that M. Scribe immediately set about realizing his idea. A little before these gentlemen took their leave an English visitor came in, with whom he continued in English the conversation on Shakspeare, with a feeling for the poet's characteristic excellences which his auditor would probably never have suspected but for his accidental arrival when the subject happened to be on the *tapis*.

In truth, the King both spoke and wrote English with singular correctness: there are sentences in the account of his escape, in our last March number, which were entirely written by him, and which are not, in point of Anglicism, distinguishable, we think, from the rest. He certainly had acquired a more idiomatic use of English than any that we ever knew of the many thousand emigrants whom the first revolution threw upon our shores. This may be specially attributed to the early proficiency that he attained in our language under the judicious direction of Madame de Genlis (though she herself hardly knew three words of English), and from his subsequent residences in America and England. But he had a natural and general turn for languages—he spoke, we are assured, like a native, German, Italian, and Spanish; and we have heard that last year at a private concert he surprised Mademoiselle Jenny Lind by making her a compliment

pliment in very good Swedish. We have heard a curious anecdote which was brought to light by a gentleman's jocularly calling him *Mr. William Smith*, in allusion to his having made his escape from France in that character which his knowledge of English enabled him to support so well. 'Oh!' said the King gaily, 'I have another and earlier English name: I am also *Mr. George White*, at your service.' 'How so, Sir?'—'Why, after the Hundred Days I drew up a relation of my own share in the transactions of that time, and I wished to have it printed for a very limited and confidential circulation to a few friends. So I had a press set up in my house at Twickenham, and hired a couple of journey-men printers, who worked it under lock and key; but after all these precautions, I was taken quite aback by being told that if any single copy should get, either by treachery or negligence, into strange hands, the volume might be reprinted and published with impunity; and that the only remedy for this was to enter the book at Stationers' Hall. So I lost no time in hastening to Stationers' Hall, where for, I think, the fee of two shillings, I entered my work as the property of *George White, of Twickenham.*'

This is the work of which some copies were found in the sack of the Tuileries by the mob, which the poor Archbishop of Paris especially eulogized for its 'respect for property;' and one, falling into the hands of a printer, has been republished in two volumes under the title of '*Mon Journal—Evénemens de 1815, par Louis-Philippe d'Orléans, Ex-Roi des Français.*'

But we must return to Louis-Philippe's daily life in his exile. After some hours thus employed in receiving visits or in business, he took in fine weather a walk—frequently a long one—with the Queen, and almost in all weathers a drive, with her Majesty and one of her ladies—ordinarily in an equipage only remarkable for its plainness. Amongst the first remittances of property that he received from France was one of his handsome carriages; but that was seldom used. At half-past six dinner was served—in the first days, like all the rest of his domestic establishment, of *extreme frugality*—which he alludes to in his conversation with M. Lemonne. Subsequently it was like a good country gentleman's table—plenty of plain good things, but no ostentation or profusion. All his children and grandchildren, even the very youngest, dined at the same time and table with him. He had something particularly *fatherly* in his character, and was never so happy as when he had his children about him. It was something new to a visitor's eye to see all these children, two or three of them almost infants, sitting at table intermixed with the elder members of the royal family, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and

and a few English and many French occasional guests. The King (whether from an early imitation of English manners we know not) always carved (as he used to do at the Tuileries) the *pièce de résistance*, and seemed to take a kind of good-humoured pride in the dexterity and attention with which he helped everybody all round the table. He himself was moderate, though not abstemious, both in eating and drinking; and immediately at the end of the dessert all rose from table at a movement by the Queen, and followed their Majesties into the saloon.

When there, coffee was immediately served, and afterwards a tea-table. This was the joyous hour for the children. One of the elder Princes would amuse them with some new toy—a magic lantern, a lottery, or some general game—or they would riot about the room, and escalade and storm the King's chair as if it were a breach in a fortress. This seemed to delight the King. The Queen, the Princesses, and the ladies worked at a round table; sometimes her Majesty had a table of whist. The King generally sat in another part of the room, and either read the newspapers or conversed—especially with any visitor. If amidst the vast variety of his conversation a doubt should happen to occur on any topic, he would appeal to the excellent memory and judgment of the Queen, on which he seemed to place the most entire reliance, or to such one of the Princes as he thought likely to be best acquainted with the topic in hand;—to the Duke de Nemours on general subjects of policy—to the Duke d'Aumale on points of antiquity or literature or of Africa—to the Prince de Joinville on naval or mechanical matters, or places that he had happened to see—and so on. He seemed to take a pleasure in bringing forwards the special accomplishments of each, and they in general answered his appeals with an intelligence and accuracy that justified his paternal pride, which was evidently one of his strongest feelings. It was impossible to be half an hour in his company without seeing some indication of his remarkable respect for the Queen and affection for his children.

In spite of the heavy thoughts that must have weighed upon his mind, his conversation had a strong tendency to cheerfulness and even gaiety; and he enlivened even graver topics by a ready abundance of pleasant illustrations and anecdotes of all the remarkable men he had seen or known—and he had seen and known every man who has made any figure in the world for the last seventy years; except, we believe, Buonaparte—about whom, however, he had a considerable store of anecdotes.

He was, chiefly perhaps from his original temper, but partly no doubt from the vicissitudes of his own life, very lenient in his opinions

opinions of others, and placable even towards his enemies. One unpremeditated and unostentatious instance of this feeling is worth preserving. One evening at Claremont, when the French papers had brought an account of the National Assembly's having passed the law of banishment against the House of Orleans—a measure which every individual of the family felt to be ‘the *unkindest cut of all*’—the person who was reading the paper began with, of course, the list of the majority who had carried the vote of exclusion, and very soon came to a name that *ought not* to have been on that side; at this name one of the Princes made an exclamation of surprise and indignation—‘*Comment—celui-là ?*’ The King quietly interposed, saying to the reader, ‘*Laissez là cette liste ; passez à ceux qui ont voté pour nous*’—(and turning to the Princes), ‘*oublions les autres.*’

His body had always been as vigorous as his mind. He had of late years begun to stoop a little; but he was remarkably active and firm on his limbs, and showed more of the peculiar vivacity of his country in his movements than, we think, in any other point. This, as well as his nice tact and courteous temper, was strongly shown by a visit which he paid to Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor in the winter of 1848. When the illness of the Royal Family rendered it advisable to remove from Claremont, Sir Robert had, very considerably, placed Drayton at their disposal; the King, though he did not accept the offer, was very grateful for such an attention, and thought he could not more appropriately acknowledge it than by a visit, which would afford Sir Robert the opportunity of showing him the place itself, of the creation of which, and the collection of the works of art it contained, he was justly proud. Accordingly, and to mark the compliment more strongly, he made the journey and back—about 260 miles—in one day: almost the shortest of the year, the 18th of December, leaving Claremont in the morning and returning at night—a great effort for a man of seventy-five!

This state of strength, health, and spirits seemed, to ordinary observers at least, unimpaired till about the end of February last, when he was slightly indisposed, and removed to Richmond for change of scene. He returned to Claremont in March, apparently much improved; in the first week of May, however, he was seized with a general debility, but particularly of the legs, which, without any considerable pain or any diminution of his mental activity, had so immediate an effect on his countenance, that a person who revisited him after a week's absence was much shocked with the change. He for a short time kept his bed; but he seemed to rally again, and on the 22nd May removed for a few weeks to St. Leonard's; and as no positive complaint was apparent but the

the weakness of his legs, and that his spirits and general health seemed to maintain themselves, there was no very serious alarm felt, or at least publicly avowed—though certainly his physicians and his confidential attendants had been from the beginning of the year apprehensive that there was some organic disease; and it is to the impression of some immediate danger that must be attributed the visits paid to St. Leonard's in the course of the month of June by MM. Thiers, Guizot, and Duchâtel; but even those gentlemen left England, we believe, with hopes that the danger had been exaggerated, and that a recovery was probable. On the 18th July he left St. Leonard's for London, where he was particularly anxious to assist at the *first communion* of the young Count de Paris. The ceremony—which took place in the French Chapel on the 20th of July—besides its high religious import, was striking. On one side of the choir were ranged the venerable aspects of the King and Queen, with their numerous family and attendants; on the other, opposite to them, a number of young gentlemen of noble families—contemporaries and former play-fellows of the Prince—who had come from France expressly to be witnesses of the rite. It looked like a kind of inauguration of the heir of the monarchy. This was the last appearance of the King in anything like public.—On his return to Claremont he seemed to improve; there was at least no visible increase of apprehension; though no doubt the fears of his more immediate attendants must have been little diminished. On the 23rd he dined as usual with his family—for the last time.

On the evening of the 24th August a lady for whom the King had a particular regard dined at Claremont. He did not appear at table, but, anxious to show her attention, he came after dinner into the saloon, and conversed with his usual cheerful affability. But the exertion was too much for him; and just as he was about to retire from the saloon he fainted, but very soon recovered his senses, and being put to bed had above ten hours of placid and refreshing sleep. He said he had never before in his whole life slept so long and so soundly. But it was doomed to be his last repose in this world.

About noon, on the 25th of August, his physician found that a sharp fever had supervened, and with great tact discovered at once that the fatal hour was at hand. After a short deliberation he resolved to communicate the intelligence to his patient, which he did in presence of the Queen. The King received the announcement with—for a moment—something of incredulous surprise and regret, but quickly recovered his *sang-froid*, and accepted his destiny with the calmness and resolution which had characterised his whole life. He remained alone with the Queen for

for some time: no one can tell what passed between that royal couple, than which there, perhaps, never existed one in any rank of life so long, so uninterruptedly, and so entirely happy in each other—bound together by so many domestic ties—by the participation of such exalted fortunes, and by the dearer trials of such reverses and vicissitudes. When at last one of the King's confidential attendants was permitted to enter the room, he saw the aged couple—the King sitting in his usual chair, and the Queen standing opposite to him—motionless and tearless, with eyes fixed on each other—like statues. Not a word was spoken till the King, with a firm yet interrupted voice, said to him (we give the account in the very words repeated to us), '*Vous avez, sans doute, mon ami, appris ce qui vient de se passer . . . On m'a donné mon congé. Il faut partir . . . Il faut se séparer. . . . Il paraît que le bon Dieu va me rappeler à lui.*' This he repeated with an increasing tenderness of voice two or three times. He then recollected that about four months before he had been writing some notes—relative (we believe) to his return to France in 1814—and he said that he had stopped in the middle of an anecdote which he wished to have finished. He asked for the bunch of keys he always wore, and told General Dumas, who was now at his bedside, to go to such a cabinet where he should find the paper. The General seemed not to know which key to use, upon which the King said with a smile, 'I could never teach you to distinguish my keys,' and, taking the bunch with a trembling hand that did not answer to the energy of the mind, he took off the key, and gave the General exact directions as to the shape and place of the paper. When the paper was brought, the King said, 'My hand is *already* too cold to write, but I will dictate to you.' The General sat down at the bedside and began to write; and then followed two small incidents which showed the perfect—the minute—possession of his faculties even in this supreme moment. Without looking at the paper, or asking what was the last word he had written, now four months since, he went on with his narrative with the very next word that the sense required; and when he saw the General writing, as he thought, on his own original paper, he said, 'You are not writing on my manuscript, I hope;' but the General showed him that it was a loose sheet which he had only placed on the manuscript to enable him to hold it more steadily. We have gathered that the anecdote itself was of no great importance, and was one which he had often told; but in the manuscript it had broken off in the middle of a sentence, and as it completed a chapter of his Memoirs he did not choose to leave it imperfect.

When this affair, which occupied but a short time, was over, he dictated to the Queen a kind of codicil to his will, 'to leave testimony

mony of his affectionate remembrance of the services of some of the oldest and most faithful of his friends, followers, and servants.' He then announced his desire to receive the Sacraments of the Church—caused his chaplain, the Abbé Guelle, to be summoned—and desired that all his children and grandchildren then at Claremont, with his and their attendants, and in short the whole household, should be assembled to witness these last acts of devotion; and in their presence 'he discharged,' says the official announcement of the event, 'all the duties of religion with the most perfect Christian resignation, a stoical firmness, and a simplicity which is the real evidence of human greatness.' The Queen and all their children remained for a long time, kneeling, weeping, and praying around the bed, the King appearing perfectly sensible and tranquil, and recognising with a look of affection every eye that occasionally was raised to him. The fever increased in the night, but did not in the slightest degree affect his mental composure: nay, he seemed at one moment to feel so much better as to give a gleam of hope, which he accepted with alacrity. About four o'clock in the morning of the 26th he called his physician, and said, '*En vérité, Docteur, je me trouve bien—je crois que vous vous trompez, et que je ne partirai pas cette fois-ci.*' The Doctor's answer was only to feel his pulse and to shake his head; but the King replied with some vivacity, '*Ah, mon cher Docteur, ceci n'est pas un fair trial (so), car je viens de tousser, et cela agite le poulx*'—so clear was his mind and so tenacious of hope. These were nearly the last words he spoke; but even after he ceased to speak, his eye distinguished benignantly the persons around. At length he closed his eyes, and after half an hour of sighs, but with no apparent pain, he expired (at 8 A.M.), still surrounded by his family and friends. '*Il est mort,*' repeated to us an eye-witness of the scene, '*comme un Chrétien doit mourir—comme un sage et un soldat savent mourir.*'

It was observed as a kind of consolation, that he did not expire on the 25th—the day of *St. Louis*, a great family festival—the fête, indeed, of his whole race, of all that have borne, or are to bear, the name of *Louis*—over which his death on that day would have thrown a long and gloomy shade.

His remains were conveyed on Monday, the 2nd of September, with as little parade as possible, to a private Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge, and there deposited temporarily, in the expectation that the reproach to an ancient Republic may not be in this case applicable to France—'*Ingrata patria, ne quidem ossa habebis,*' but, on the contrary, agreeably to the hope expressed in the inscription on their present resting-place—'*Hic jacent donec*

*in patriam, avitos inter cineres, Deo adjuvante, transferentur*—that they may be hereafter conveyed to the Chapel of Dreux, which his piety had raised over the remains of his maternal ancestors, where he had already laid some of his children, and where he hoped that he himself, his partner, and their descendants, might ultimately repose.

Some sensation was made by the sympathy evinced by the Count de Chambord ordering the celebration of the rites of the Church for the soul of his deceased kinsman;—this was decent and becoming, and what might be expected—but a still more serious one has been produced by masses spontaneously celebrated in several parts of France—at Versailles, in the cathedral of Amiens, and many other important places, but, above all, one ordered by General Changarnier in the Chapel of the Tuileries, and attended by a number of the most distinguished men in France, under circumstances that give it, as well as the other demonstrations, considerable political importance as a solemn protest against the Revolution.

The singular anxiety to finish the anecdote which he had been writing has given rise to an idea that he has left a Journal, day by day, of his whole life. This we understand is not exactly so. Our readers know that one of the points of the singular but admirable education that Madame de Genlis gave Louis-Philippe and his brothers was to teach them to examine and regulate their mind and conduct by the keeping a Journal; and this Louis-Philippe had done, not, we suppose, continuously, not even perhaps for the greater part of his busy life, but for particular periods—during seasons either of peculiar interest or of unusual leisure. A fragment of his early Journal, extending from the autumn of 1790 to the summer of 1791, was lost or stolen in the tumults and pillage of the first Revolution, as the memoirs of 1815 have been in the late one, and, like these, were published by an illegitimate possessor. That most curious little tract had become very rare—so rare, indeed, that Louis-Philippe himself had not a copy, till a friend of ours lately presented him the copy from which we ourselves had made a translation, which was published *in extenso* in our article on *The Personal History of Louis-Philippe*. (Quar. Rev. vol. lii.) The King had also written and printed the Journal of the Hundred Days, just mentioned; and we were permitted to see and make extracts in our last March Number from his Journal of February and March, 1848. It is known too that during his residence at Claremont, as at former intervals of repose, he amused himself in recording his recollections; but no information has yet transpired of the extent (either as to bulk or time) of what he may have left—beyond the conjecture (which

(which is, however, only founded on an accidental expression of his which was repeated to us some months ago) that the portion which he was so anxious to complete related to his return to France in 1814. We confess, however, that we have in any case less curiosity about recollected memoirs than about those written from day to day in the frankness of youth, or under the vivid impression of the living events. The former class must inevitably partake somewhat of a more partial or perhaps controversial character. But whatever Louis-Philippe may have left, it will still be curious and valuable as the production of so powerful a mind always engaged in, and for a long period actually directing, the most extraordinary series of events in the history of the modern world. Its publication, however, must be of course a matter of great delicacy, and of mature deliberation, and we have not as yet heard even a rumour on the subject.

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\* \* *Note to the article on the Life of Mr. Ward, in No. 173.*

WE have received a letter from Mr. H. B. Ward, of Cowes, only surviving son of Mr. George Ward, the elder brother of Mr. Robert Plumer Ward, complaining of a paragraph in this article, p. 242. He says, after quoting some of our words:—

‘According to this statement—1. John Ward, the father of R. P. Ward, realized a large fortune; 2. George, the eldest son, inherited that fortune; and 3. Robert, the younger, consequently and comparatively had next to nothing. Now I reply to these assertions, that—1. John, the father, left a fortune of about, and never was reputed to be worth more than, 7000*l.*; 2. George, the eldest son, so far from inheriting this fortune, was actually disinherited; and 3. Robert, of course, lost nothing by the preference shown towards his elder brother.’

‘In your paragraph it is admitted that Robert was indebted to his brothers for assistance at Oxford, and by them “enabled to eat his way through the Inner Temple to the Bar;” but this is a poor concession after the premises, and conveys a most inadequate idea of my father’s unbounded generosity to a brother who received *many, many* thousands from him—the father of fifteen children, and indebted exclusively, under Providence, to his own superior talents and unwearied industry for the fortune *he* realized.’

As respects the history of the late Mr. George Ward’s fortune, we readily accept his son’s correction. The rest of this explanation might better have been addressed to Mr. Phipps than to us, who relied on the book before us, our only authority, and are surprised to find ourselves spoken of as *admitting* this, and *conceding* that, when we had not been *aware* of any ground for a controversy. But, after all, we do not now see that our statement insinuated anything whatever to the disadvantage of any of Mr. Plumer Ward’s family.